

For a
Queen
tions by
Fairy
Gentle-
nette by

T.
p. 8vo.
is day.
FES.
crown

ENRY
May.
NTRY
Faith-
Church
s day.

8vo.

E to
idge in
Special
muster.
s day.

CE.
in some
shop of
Peter's,
ntly.

By
n 8vo.
day.

the
Master
Crown
day.

IER,
day.

of
mbent
day.

CEER,
lved in
ence in

of
ALMER,

UES-
terable
a stated

E.

M.A.

all the
All the
er, in a
year is
shed at
critical
page.
age of
of the
Editors
n other

at the
70

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 394, Vol. 15.

May 16, 1863.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

M. DE PERSIGNY'S CIRCULAR.

M. DE PERSIGNY has given very stringent instructions to the agents of the Government, and his orders are most positive, that no one with the slightest pretence to independence is to be elected. There is now no more talk of the wisdom of conciliating men belonging to the old political parties, or of the wish of the EMPEROR to be served and helped by all able and honest men without distinction. The adherents of the ancient political parties are now re-established in their familiar character, and are recognised as the enemies of Imperialism and France. They are not at all of the right pattern for well-disposed *Préfets* to recommend to constituencies. They are disturbers of the public peace, vain dreamers of an impossible, wild, confused dream, restless spirits sighing for a return of civil strife and anarchy. Short work is to be made of such people. They are, if possible, to be deterred from offering themselves, and if they do offer themselves they are to be immediately put down. The right men are to be returned, and only the right men, and the right men are those who go exactly as the Government wishes, and in the way it wishes. The names of those who have shown any turn for exaggeration, or excessive feeling of any kind, are to be sternly blotted out from the list of Deputies. M. KELLER, for example, has spoken too strongly in favour of the Church. In thinking of his God, he forgot his EMPEROR, and got confused between the claims of the Providence of the Christian world and the Providence that knows exactly how to take care of the POPE. This will not do. A Catholic who does not see that the EMPEROR must know best whether the POPE ought or ought not to be a puppet in the hands of an earthly sovereign, is not the sort of man a *Préfet* ought to bless. The real model Deputy leaves the Church and the world, the raising up of the POPE and the putting down, the destruction or the maintenance of ecclesiastical property, all to the EMPEROR. Whose dog is he, as the Orientals say, that he should know these things better than his master? Therefore it is as bad to be an Ultramontane as to be a Democrat; for both these foolish sets of peoples have beliefs, and, as they suppose, principles of their own, and this leads to perpetual trouble. And if the theory is that the EMPEROR is to think for France, there can be no wonder that every effort should be made to exclude all exceptions from its operations. A red-hot Catholic from Alsace, primed by fanatical ladies, and egged on by priests, is much better at home. He can tell the EMPEROR nothing which the EMPEROR does not know already, and nothing which the EMPEROR does not think very silly. He cannot be allowed to be a Deputy any more. For there is no coquetting now either with the Church or with the representatives of any political party, whenever the great principle of having all the Deputies of the right sort can be supposed to be at stake. The priests are expected generally to support the Government; for on the EMPEROR it entirely depends whether the POPE stays at Rome or not. But they are not allowed to return any persons to tell their tale to the world, and to breathe their hot opinions in the ears of Europe. Religious fervour is as much out of place in a Deputy as a passionate desire for freedom. If French extremes wish to meet, they must meet outside of the Chamber of Deputies.

We have no reason to suppose that France thinks the worse of the Government for resolutely insisting that none but its own unqualified supporters shall be chosen, nor does it appear that the theory on which M. DE PERSIGNY'S Circular is based is at all an untenable one. France is not, so far as appearances go, discontented with Imperialism. But then it must be remembered what French Imperialism is at present. The EMPEROR claims to think and act for France, and the claim is allowed—partly, of course, because any one who did not allow it would be shot, but also, in a great measure,

because the EMPEROR thinks and acts with vigour, and in a way that pleases his countrymen. Whether Frenchmen would stand a more imbecile despot is an open question. At any rate, they flatter themselves they would not, and would laugh to scorn the notion that they would put up with the degradations and insults from stupid, blundering, ridiculous old soldiers which Germans bear so meekly. A Frenchman has no reason to be ashamed if he looks across the Rhine. If he has to pay for a big army, he pays for an army that really fights. If he leaves the policy of his country to his EMPEROR, he gets in return the satisfaction of thinking that his EMPEROR'S policy commands the respectful attention, if not the approbation, of Europe. He is willing to make great allowances for a Sovereign who can do this, and he acquiesces in the assumption that this Sovereign could not act successfully if he were opposed. If the EMPEROR is to do everything for France, it seems better to many Frenchmen that he should be left alone. They do not feel attracted by the spectacle of a sham Constitutional liberty which they see on the other side of their Eastern boundary. They have no fancy for a Chamber that quarrels with a Minister only to be well kicked by him, and to be openly told to grin and bear it. For the most part, Frenchmen have no strong political feeling on any point except the glory of their country. They would be happy with a cigarette and a glass of *absinthe*, though the POPE were at an hotel in Malta, provided only that their EMPEROR had driven him there, and that it were generally understood their EMPEROR could drive him back again. And the EMPEROR has evidently come to the conclusion that, if he is to drive Popes backwards and forwards at his pleasure, and to the glory of France, he must not allow any kind of opposition at home. Theoretically, perhaps, he is not averse to some sort of political liberty, and would not be sorry to crown his edifice, and to raise up some sort of government which would render the future of his dynasty less precarious. There is no reason to think that he was insincere when he invited his old enemies to forget ancient differences and serve under him. But he has found out that the EMPEROR must be before all things an Imperialist, and that Imperialism cannot allow itself to be under any checks, however slight. He is expected to act, and he wants to be free to act. Much as he personally loves the vague and soothing mystery of indecision, and amply as he prizes the advantages of doing nothing so long as nothing can be done, he must still every now and then take some decisive step and do something, and he wishes to avoid such obstacles as adverse criticism, speaking from a place of privilege, can set in his way.

The interest, however, of France in the elections is indisputably growing, and there is a very rude and determined opposition to the triumph of the Imperialist theory of representation. If there are not very many Frenchmen who care much about political liberty, those few are men of courage, and eloquence, and eminent ability. They may fascinate and delude weak and unenlightened constituencies, although those constituencies are steadily reminded that the *Préfet's* friend is the only real genuine candidate of the right sort. The Democratic party have apparently decided to contest all the divisions of Paris, and M. THIERS is said to have yielded to the fervid appeals of his countrymen, and to be willing to be a candidate at no less than three places. M. CASIMIR PERIER not only comes forward with the prestige of a personal reputation and an historical name, but he broaches very mischievous doctrines, and spreads them abroad under cover of his wish to tell the electors what he thinks. He goes so far as to show how rapidly the Public Debt of France has increased under the Empire, and to hint how much money is wasted in distant and useless military expeditions. Clearly he is not a man who fulfils the mission of revealing the views of the EMPEROR to ignorant provincials, and the *Préfet* ought

to extinguish him at once. Most of these independent candidates will, we may be sure, be extinguished by the *Préfets*. It is hard to kick against the pricks of universal suffrage. It requires nerve and an assured social position to confront an angry *Préfet* before the election begins; when it does begin, the electors are so guided, and guarded, and bullied, that they must have breasts of brass to vote for the wrong man; and, lastly, if the wrong man is elected, who is to know it? There is a power above that of the ballot-box—there is the power of the man who opens it. Unless, therefore, an obnoxious man is returned by so overwhelming and notorious a majority that it would be absurd to give the victory to his opponent, there is no reason why he should be a Deputy simply because he happens to be elected. The independent candidates, however, have one great consolation. The presence of a very few of them will give the Government an infinity of trouble. It is not an adverse vote, but adverse criticism, that the EMPEROR fears in the Chamber; and the engine of adverse criticism is one that can be worked efficiently by a very few hands, if they are of the right sort. Accordingly, it may not be improbable that M. DE PERSIGNY'S Circular may fail in effecting its object. It may ensure that nineteen out of twenty elections will go as they ought to do. But the twentieth Deputy may be a black sheep; and a few black sheep will spoil the nicest and whitest flock in the eyes of a shepherd who pines for uniformity.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE objections raised by the Porte to the proceedings of the Suez Canal Company will of course be attributed by the whole French nation to English influence. It is, perhaps, fortunate that Sir HENRY BULWER lately failed in his effort to prevent the SULTAN from incurring the great expense of his journey to Egypt. The French Ambassador naturally opposed the recommendations of his English colleague, and for once he enjoyed the triumph of inducing the SULTAN to do what he himself wished; but his counsels would perhaps have been less zealous if he had foreseen the effect of a visit to the neighbourhood of the Suez Canal. The Government of Constantinople still cherishes its nominal supremacy over the great and flourishing province where MEHMET ALI founded an almost independent sovereignty; and it is more remarkable that successive Viceroy of Egypt have thought it expedient to preserve, and even to cherish, a limited subordination to the recognised chief of their race and their religion. When England or France is too urgent, there is a convenience in the disability which impedes an unqualified compliance with troublesome demands. In constitutional countries, prudent Ministers fall back on the necessity of obtaining the consent of Parliament, and a distant Sultan may be similarly employed in the East as a political court of appeal. The Suez Canal Company, though it has long since commenced its works, has never established a complete legal title to the property which it intends to create; for the concessions of the Egyptian Government have been made subject to the approval of the SULTAN, who has now, for the first time, actively interfered in the business. The promoters of the undertaking have thought it safe to dispense with a preliminary sanction which they may have deemed wholly unnecessary; and, if they had been heartily supported by the VICEROY, they would probably have been justified in treating the Imperial ratification as an unimportant form. The sovereignty of the SULTAN would perhaps scarcely be recognised if he attempted to thwart the internal policy of his powerful vassal. It is only when Egypt and Turkey are heartily agreed that the protest of the Porte against the encroachments of a French joint-stock Company is likely to produce a practical result. The SULTAN contributes to the common object his legal authority, and the local Government will find means of obeying the welcome mandate of the supreme ruler. Both potentates are disturbed by the same alarm at a project which establishes a foreign colony on the frontier of Egypt.

It is unlucky that England should have been forced to take a prominent part in the exposure of the Suez delusion. If M. DE LESSEPS were engaged in a merely commercial speculation, it would be needless to criticize either his engineering or his economical mistakes. It is always a pity that money should be thrown away; but, after all, it is only French money which is sunk in the Suez Canal. It is certain that, if the passage were opened, it would only be available to steamers, and that the greater part of the trade to Asia would still pass round the Cape of Good Hope. The enterprise of building piers at either end of the canal, extending into the deep water, may be extravagant or impracticable; but it is impossible to deny that the canal, if it were once

opened, would be a valuable addition to existing modes of communication. Passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental boats would be grateful to the engineers who had relieved them from the necessity of a land journey, including a transshipment into less roomy and comfortable vessels. England would, as usual, take the lion's share of any maritime facilities which might be created. Merchants would save something in the freight of goods expensive enough to bear conveyance in steamboats, and transports with reliefs for the Indian army would save half the time and expense of the voyage. It is scarcely surprising that ordinary Frenchmen attribute the distaste of Englishmen for the Suez enterprise to an indigenous malignity founded on envy and selfishness.

The excuse of the opponents of the scheme is that they are denouncing, not a canal, but a political intrigue founded on a landjobbing speculation. The Company may possibly not dig through the Isthmus, but it is founding villages and establishing vested interests. In the language of the Turkish despatch, two or three towns and the entire frontier of Syria are passing into the hands of a foreign joint-stock Association. As fresh-water canals are necessary for the supply of the workmen engaged on the principal undertaking, there is scarcely a limit to the extent of the district which the undertakers may occupy; for, according to the terms of their contract, they are entitled to the land on the banks of their various cuttings. It is at least conceivable that the enterprise may be directed to the acquisition of territory rather than to the facilitation of commerce, and it is on the more unfavourable assumption that English objections to the scheme have been invariably founded. The Turkish MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS uses almost the same arguments which have often been urged by Lord PALMERSTON, and, on the whole, it must be admitted that the suspicion becomes the sovereign of the menaced dominion better than his vigilant ally. It is, of course, from the French Government, and not from the Directors of the Company, that future usurpation is to be expected; but the right of rulers to protect the interests of their subjects is conveniently elastic. In Turkey, as in Mexico, a disputed claim might possibly expand into a cause of war, and the canal which is to unite the Eastern and Western Oceans would be a more respectable cause of quarrel than a packet of JEKER bonds.

Popular feeling in England has concerned itself more earnestly with the modified slavery which is involved in the system of forced labour. To do the French projectors justice, they pay wages to their workmen, and it can scarcely be doubted that their expenditure increases the general prosperity; but the markets of Eastern labour are imperfectly organized, and the peasantry of Egypt scarcely understand that they ought at once to supply a remunerative demand. Their own Government has long been in the habit of compelling their services, and it has not paid any excessive attention to providing an equivalent for their labour. Nothing can be more natural than that foreign contractors should adopt the system which they find in operation, and that they should, with the aid of the authorities, apply the necessary coercion to the recalcitrant labourers. The late Pacha of Egypt was deeply engaged in the enterprise, and it was not likely that a dealer in negro regiments required for service in Mexico should discontinue the custom of forced labour at home. His successor took an early opportunity of announcing that the practice must be discontinued; and he has probably seized the opportunity of the SULTAN'S visit to concert measures with the Turkish Government. According to the FOREIGN MINISTER, twenty thousand unwilling workmen are always engaged on the canal, and forty thousand more are moving to or from the scene of operations. It is perhaps unfair to attribute to the Company an irregularity which could only have been rendered possible by the local administration; nor will Frenchmen implicitly believe in the humane indignation of the SULTAN. The announcement that the canal must be made by voluntary labour is equivalent to a declaration that it is not to be made at all. If the projectors could have hired the gangs of workmen who are always available in England or France, they would certainly not have embarrassed themselves with Oriental methods of despotism.

The SULTAN peremptorily insists on the discontinuance of forced labour, on a diplomatic guarantee for the neutrality of the canal, and on the revocation of the clause which vests reclaimed lands in the Canal Company. His demands are perhaps not wholly irreconcilable with the professions of the promoters, who have always repudiated the charge of coercing their labourers, while they ostensibly look for remuneration to the legitimate tolls to be levied on the canal. Although, however, the Western Governments would willingly agree that the

transit should be neutral, it would be impossible to exclude ships of war from the canal by stipulations borrowed from the treaties which regulate the passage of the Dardanelles. The fleets of England and France have, in ordinary times, little business in the Black Sea, but if they could sail through the Isthmus of Suez, they would certainly not round the Cape of Good Hope in their way to the Persian Gulf or to China. As modern men of war are always propelled by steam, there would be an additional absurdity in excluding them from a canal which sailing vessels would seldom traverse.

The Turkish Government prudently abstains from the expression of any doubt as to the mechanical possibility of the undertaking. It would not have been expedient to propose an issue which could only be decided by the result, or by the conflicting opinions of engineers. On the contrary, the SULTAN offers to refund the money expended by the Company, and to proceed, if necessary, with the work on his own account. The proposal implies a belief that the conditions imposed on the confirmation of the contract are altogether inadmissible; and it might have been more judicious to assume that the projectors could dispense both with forced labour and with the possession of the land on the banks of the canal. The Porte has not been so successful or enterprising in ordinary public works as to render its prosecution of the Suez Canal in any degree likely. If the enterprise were attempted, it would certainly be carried on with forced labour, and the incidental element of wages might not improbably be forgotten. It is by no means certain that the Viceroy of Egypt would tolerate the interference of the Turkish Government in a matter properly belonging to his own jurisdiction. The SULTAN may have a right to protest against the encroachments of foreigners, but the Turkish occupation of Egyptian soil would be almost as obnoxious as French usurpation. As, however, the SULTAN and the VICEROY are evidently acting in concert, there can be no doubt of the joint intention to discountenance and abandon the construction of the canal. If the undertaking is really impracticable, it is unfortunate that the experiment should be interrupted by artificial or arbitrary impediments; for all France and half Europe will regard the SULTAN's interference as an admission that the enterprise was feasible. The English Government would perhaps have acted more wisely if it had countenanced the undertaking so far as to acquire the right of demanding guarantees against the territorial aggrandizement of France.

THE PASSING OF THE BUDGET.

AT last, somewhat pared and clipped, the Budget has been accepted by the House of Commons. It issues from that ordeal substantially the same as when it was introduced, but stripped of all the philosophic ornaments with which Mr. GLADSTONE's symmetrical mind had decked it. He has every reason to congratulate himself on the result. The fact that so much of the superficial garnish has been ruthlessly torn off should make him thankful that no essential portion of the fabric itself has been carried away at the same time. A well-ordered mind will take comfort for irreparable losses from a contemplation of the blessings that are left. Mr. GLADSTONE's feelings are probably much in the condition of those with which an old maid, who has only just caught the train, and has secured her seat with difficulty after a desperate verbal engagement with the guard, watches the fragments of her abandoned packages as they lie scattered upon the receding platform. The triumph of having caught the train at all enables her to contemplate without emotion crushed bonnet-boxes, dropped books, and sandwiches dispersed far and wide among the porters. If she is philosophical, she reflects that it was almost a moral impossibility that she should succeed in getting so many loose packages into the train. In spite of their obvious disadvantages, however, old maids always affect them; and so do symmetrical Chancellors of the Exchequer. Mr. GLADSTONE has never yet brought in a budget without piling upon the top of it a heap of these financial odds and ends. He hardly ever succeeds in carrying the bundle through without the loss of one or two of them, though his mishaps have seldom been so numerous and important as in the present year. Last year he only dropped the brewing-tax that was to be exacted from the butlers of private gentlemen. The melancholy catalogue of this year—income-tax on charities, legacy-duty on Irish charities, licenses on clubs, and duties on carriers—is a much more serious affair. There would be some consolation in this wholesale slaughter if it were possible to hope that the race of these financial mosquitoes was exterminated at last. But the productiveness of Mr. GLADSTONE, like that of the country over which he rules, is inexhaustible. No

one who has watched his career can doubt that next year will see him with a fresh list of minute but ingenious projects, carefully calculated to keep the taxpayer in a condition of salutary irritation, without giving him the solace of reflecting that he is appreciably adding to the revenue.

It is unquestionably this inveterate passion for microscopic symmetry which neutralizes the influence that Mr. GLADSTONE's great powers ought to exercise. It is singularly uncongenial to the nation with which he has to do. Englishmen cannot be accused in these days of an "ignorant impatience of taxation." They bear their enormous burden with great good humour, and more often force a Minister to increase it than to lighten it. The position of Chancellor of the Exchequer does not of itself, therefore, involve any special unpopularity. They know that he must take his pound of flesh, and they contentedly bare their breasts for the operation. What they object to is, that he should be perpetually taking additional snips in order to cut it square. Inartistic though it may seem, they prefer that the edges of the inevitable wound should be left uneven. He is himself aware by this time that these refinements of financial surgery are far from popular. But he cannot eradicate the inveterate taste for them from his own mind. He is, therefore, in the habit of offering a sort of compromise to his patient. Drawing a distinction between cuts for the purposes of revenue and cuts for the sake of neatness, he proposes that, whenever he foregoes a little of the one, he should be rewarded by being allowed, as a luxury, to indulge himself in a little of the other. Whenever he proposes any considerable remission of taxation to gratify the taxpayer, he usually accompanies it with the imposition of a crowd of these minuter blisters to gratify himself. His Budget of 1860 conferred a great relief on commerce, part of which was legitimate, while part was borrowed from the future, and had to be paid for by heavier burdens. But, at the time, its relieving provisions excited great and general gratitude among the commercial classes. Yet he contrived to fasten on to it a tax so ingeniously and causelessly aggravating as nearly to neutralize the popularity which his, or rather Mr. CONDEN's, French treaty had won for him. The penny tax on packages, and the stamps upon dock-warrants, irritated probably as large a class of persons as it was possible to do for so small a yield to the revenue. He did not, of course, deliberately seek to draw their ill-will upon himself. But he could not resist the fascination presented by a tax so faultlessly logical as one that should exactly raise from commercial transactions the cost of commercial statistics. The Budget of the present year seemed to him a favourable opportunity for carrying out the same principle of distribution. It was a year in which great remissions of taxation could hardly have been avoided. They had been called for so loudly by the public that they had already been offered by the Opposition; and therefore, when the Session opened, it was certain that the gracious task of taking off a portion of the war taxes must fall upon the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. But he was resolved to sell his remissions as dear as they could be sold. If he had been satisfied to play so commonplace a part as simply to remit the war tea-duties, and twopence off the Income-tax, his Budget would have been enthusiastically received, and might have produced a considerable accession of popularity to the Government. But he stuck fast to the view that the chief use of remissions of taxation is to sweeten the minute aggravation of existing taxes which it is his constant mission to accomplish. He treats the public much as the owner of a Tommy-shop treats his workmen. He utterly refuses to let them carry off their remissions in hard cash, unless they are content to take some of his peculiar financial wares at the same time. The consequence has been, that a Budget which by its nature should have been essentially popular has called forth as much resistance as it has been Mr. GLADSTONE's fate to meet with for many a year.

The Budget of the present year differs from the earlier type to which his Budgets were wont to conform, in an absolute absence of the prophetic element. He makes no attempt to bind future Parliaments, or to pave the way for prospective remissions of taxation. In many points of view, this is an advantage. It is not creditable that Parliament should constantly employ itself in making promises the performance of which it has absolutely no power to secure. Moreover, the scene of the world's politics shifts so rapidly in these days, that it is impossible to calculate the expenditure or the savings even of one succeeding year. Yet it is impossible to avoid noticing that this is the first year in which the Income-tax has been reimposed without any assurance, however faint, of its early disappearance from our finance. For a good twenty years the farce has been steadily main-

tained. Successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, for very various purposes, and amid many changing circumstances, have obtained from the House of Commons successive leases of the Income-tax, on the strength of reiterated assurances that it should cease. That device appears now to have been worn threadbare at last. The opinion seems to be gaining ground among the soundest financiers, that a moderate Income-tax might justly form a permanent feature of our finance. But that was not the view taken by the House of Commons, or the Minister who induced them to grant it, either in 1842, when it was given for three years, or in 1853, when it was given for seven years. This year, a change has been embodied in the Statute-book, which amounts to a confession that the Income-tax must last. That has been done to it which in more sanguine days Mr. GLADSTONE described as "destroying" it—its burden has been lightened for the more indigent classes of society. Parliament cannot be said to have broken faith, for one Parliament cannot bind its successors. But the individual Minister who, by promising that the tax should cease, gained the assent of the House of Commons to many important changes, has certainly, by acquiescing contentedly in its continuance, precluded the most simple Parliament from any future belief in his financial promises.

RUSSIA AND EUROPE.

IT would be interesting, if not useful, to ascertain the real impression made by the recent communications to Russia on the minds of the Emperor ALEXANDER and his Ministers. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's despatches are so framed as to involve no shadow of a pledge or of a concession. The Governments of Europe are, one after the other, reminded that the EMPEROR has already proved the benevolent intentions which he has been courteously invited to cultivate towards his Polish subjects. If the insurgents will submit, they may count on a continuance of that mild administration which has lately forced them into almost hopeless resistance; but in the meantime, it is necessary, in the general interest of Sovereigns, to combat that all-pervading revolution which, in the mythical creed of diplomacy, is always supposed to threaten every existing Government from abroad. Even VICTOR EMMANUEL is, with an odd forgetfulness of recent history, cited as a witness of the evils which are to be dreaded from revolutionary agitation. The Italian Government might reply that, in their experience, just revolutions have for the most part succeeded, and that the establishment of liberty and national independence has rendered the promoters of anarchy powerless. England receives the merited compliment of an exceptional exemption from the commonplaces which are thought good enough for Continental Courts; and arguments about the Treaty of Vienna and the rights of conquest, if they are not more serious than denunciations of revolution, have at least a more business-like appearance. In substance, the Russian Government offers no satisfaction to the indignant remonstrances of foreign Powers, although their right of verbal interference is practically admitted. Believers in the vague influence which is popularly attributed to public opinion may perhaps imagine that Russia will be unwilling to incur the general condemnation of Europe. It is not impossible that the Emperor ALEXANDER may begin to suspect that he has erred in copying the demeanour and policy of his tyrannical predecessor towards the inhabitants of Poland; but, thus far, no indication has been afforded of intended repentance. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF only expands, in his despatches, the EMPEROR's notorious declaration that all that his father had done was done well, and that the Poles must abandon illusions. In the language of despotism, an illusion means a belief in right, in freedom, and in the inviolability of law. The boasted institutions of Poland, although they were limited and insufficient, might have temporarily satisfied the nation, if they had been respected by the Government. The conscription was as illegal in Warsaw as it would have been in London; but the Russian Minister seems not even to understand that any law can override an arbitrary prerogative. Thus far, public opinion has been altogether powerless, and, before it will produce any visible effect, it must be backed by some material force.

Lord RUSSELL only discharged an obvious duty in warning the House of Lords that the English Government is not at present prepared to offer the Poles armed assistance. Lord SHAFTESBURY, however, may have been justified in appealing to popular indignation and sympathy, although a responsible Minister must not threaten force unless he is prepared to employ it. Public opinion, directed against the policy of a foreign Power, is for the most part effective only in the ulterior

possibility of action which it may sometimes indicate; and Lord SHAFTESBURY has considerable influence with a large section of the community, which may at some future time assist in determining the Government to go to war. Incidentally it may be observed, that even the narrowest and most bigoted form of Protestantism is compatible in English minds with an impartial abhorrence of tyranny. Mr. HENNESSY, who supports the Poles because they are orthodox, and who would enslave the Italians in the interest of the POPE, may take a lesson from a sectarian opponent not less earnest than himself. Lord SHAFTESBURY honestly applauds Pope GREGORY's reproof of the Emperor NICHOLAS, and he admits that Poland has received few benefits either from Protestant England or from Protestant Prussia. In the cause which he at present advocates, he disregards all irrelevant religious questions, taking his stand on the common ground of humanity and justice; and Russia will do well not altogether to despise the censure of a speaker who shares and expresses the feelings of the English middle classes. Lord SHAFTESBURY performed a useful service at the beginning of the late war by proclaiming, in the House of Lords, that the SULTAN was the best friend of Evangelical Christianity, and that it had always been persecuted or discountenanced by the Emperor NICHOLAS. Many persons who might have hesitated before they participated in the general enthusiasm for war willingly accepted an excuse or a reason for swimming with the stream. If a question ever arises of a war for the liberation of Poland, the inclination of Exeter Hall to succour the oppressed nation will deserve consideration; for the Russian Government has good reason to know that in England questions of peace and war are often determined by popular enthusiasm. For the present, the nation approves the inaction of the Government, but circumstances may change, and the vague cloud of public opinion may condense into a policy of active interference.

Some of Lord RUSSELL's statements forcibly illustrated the difficulties of diplomatic remonstrances in behalf of Poland. It seems that, after the former insurrection, the protests of the English Government on behalf of the inhabitants of the Kingdom were not absolutely ineffectual. Only a limited number of the survivors suffered the extreme rigour of Russian vengeance, because it was admitted that England was entitled to intercede for that part of the population which came within the limits of the Treaty of Vienna. More barbarous and comprehensive severities were exercised on the insurgents of those Polish provinces which had been previously annexed to Russia, and the English Ambassador was powerless to moderate a cruelty which infringed no compact with his own Government. It has been argued that the more general terms of the Treaty include all the Polish subjects of Russia, although the promised Constitution only applies to the Kingdom. The Emperor ALEXANDER I., perhaps intentionally, sanctioned the use of doubtful phrases, as he seems at the time to have intended to enlarge the Kingdom at the expense of the Russian Empire. It has, however, since been held by diplomatists that the stipulations refer only to the district conceded by the Congress, and Lord RUSSELL appears to have confined his exertions within the narrower legal limits. As the discontent, if not the insurrection, far transcends the boundary of the Kingdom, it is evidently almost useless to stipulate for rights which are not coextensive with the demands of the nation. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF understands the technical advantage of his position; but he ought also to understand that English sympathy with Poland is but remotely connected with the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna. The disapprobation of Europe may at any moment become dangerous; and those American Federalists who, in their devotion to Russia, repudiate the cause of Poland, are too much occupied with an insurrection at home to join in suppressing a foreign secession.

It is, unfortunately, but too probable that the revolt will be ultimately suppressed, unless the French Government takes part in the war. The disasters which the Poles have suffered on the Galician frontier and in other parts of the country are not so fatal as the inevitable accumulation of the Russian forces. From distant parts of the Empire troops are already in motion, and before the end of the year an immense army will be ready, as in 1831, to overpower the resistance of the patriots. A successful national rising can only be effected by a unanimous population. Those Poles who may justly claim to represent the rights and the history of their country, are but a minority in the midst of a corrupted or intimidated community; and they have, therefore, no sufficient recruiting-ground from which they can draw troops to meet the Russian reinforcements. Their courage is kept alive by the circulation of real or apocryphal promises from Paris; but the final abandonment

of all hope of foreign interference would probably reduce them to despair. Their best chance of aid has arisen from the incredible baseness of the Russian Government, and from the precedent which has been set of intervention in the quarrel. If France goes to war with Russia, Sweden and Italy will probably join in the enterprise—one for the purpose of recovering Finland, and the other in the hope of establishing a claim to the good will of France. The result of the conflict could scarcely be doubted; but it is still uncertain whether Russia will not be allowed to suppress the insurrection at leisure.

ITALY.

THE friends of the Italian Government can never regret that public attention should be directed to the present state of things in the peninsula. If the Government is honestly trying to do its duty, it can scarcely fail to gain by the world knowing how great are the difficulties with which it has to contend, and by the issue being distinctly raised whether it is or is not making a sincere effort to introduce a better state of things. It is so easy to point to blots and errors and shortcomings of all kinds—it is so ready a weapon of attack to recall the professions of those who have been the authors of the last great political change, and to ask whether the result has corresponded with their pledges and expectations—that public opinion in England might soon be made to turn against the new Government, were it not that common sense readily dictates the true question to be decided. Is Italy changed for the better or the worse? In Southern Italy, is the people with the Government or against it, and is a sincere effort being made to introduce law, and justice, and education? Undoubtedly there is much to regret in Naples and Sicily. There is a police accustomed to act as the police is bred up to act in the greater part of the Continent. There are hurried and unjust seizures of persons suspected of political offences. The prisons are unfortunately full, and more than full. It is hard to get a trial, and officials are corrupt, tyrannical, and servile. Rome was not built, and Naples has not been purified, in a day. The Government has to protect itself, and to secure the first of objects—its own existence. It has to govern Southern Italians by the aid of officials from Northern Italy. It has to contend with an organized conspiracy sheltered under the protection of the POPE. It has to try to manage, and coerce, and improve a population of idle, reckless vagabonds in the towns, and of stupid, ignorant fanatics in the rural districts. This is enough to tax the energies of the most rich, stable, and well-established of Governments. It is a harder task than England has to discharge in Ireland, and more cannot be said. But the Italian Government is young, unversed in business, deeply in debt, occupied constantly with grave difficulties in its relations to foreign Powers. It is, therefore, childish to ask, that, because VICTOR EMMANUEL reigns at Naples, all abuses should instantly disappear, all officials should instantly become honest, vigorous, and pure, and all ignorance and disaffection should fade away like the dew before the sun.

Impartial spectators and critics feel this, and cannot suffer themselves to be led away by the most harrowing accounts of Neapolitan prisoners and Neapolitan brigandage. They are content to ask whether the Italian Government is on the right path, doing all it can, and bent on doing more and more. The answer to this is satisfactory. Things are much better than they were. There are honest and enlightened officials in the higher posts; the Government has made great efforts to begin trial by jury; it has set itself vigorously to restrain brigandage; and the stories of cruelties committed by the army will not bear examination, for, if lamentable errors have been committed, they have always been regretted, and, as far as possible, repaired at head-quarters. A system of popular education has been introduced. The population of the Southern provinces has responded to the appeal which the Government has made to it; and although many of the petty officials of country towns are old friends of the brigands, and play into their hands, yet the authorities generally, and the National Guard, are strongly on the side of the Government, which is not afraid to arm them, and looks confidently to them to assist it in restoring tranquillity. It is an excellent thing that Italy should be reminded that, as it professes to have a just and free Government, it must not put up with the abuses which still exist; but it is one thing to ask that further improvements should be made, and another to deny that any good has been done.

The case of Mr. BISHOP broke down altogether in the hands

of Lord NORMANBY. It would seem that the Italians—hearing that there is an English Lord ever alive to detect and expose all their mistakes, constantly declaiming against their Government, and making bitter speeches to be reported in the newspapers—have taken it into their heads that this must be a great and powerful enemy; and they fight against him, and dread him as the Turks fear the overbearing representative of a great Power at Constantinople. They little know what is under the lion's skin which Lord NORMANBY wears. They cannot understand that a Whig Marquis may have been a diplomatist for many years, and have been in familiar relations with the Ministry of the day, and yet live to be thought as silly and be as impotent as Lord NORMANBY is. The treatment which Mr. BISHOP received appears to have been far better than could have been expected. His friends say that, although he carried treasonable correspondence from Naples to Rome, and did his best to stir up a civil war, yet he ought not to be punished, because he was almost idiotic, and because he was an Englishman. They forget that Italians who are imprisoned or shot for doing less than Mr. BISHOP did may reasonably complain if a half-witted foreigner is allowed to do with impunity what costs them so dear. However, Mr. BISHOP has been more lucky than he deserved to be, and Lord RUSSELL has begged him off as a personal favour to himself. It is gratifying that the wishes or caprices of our Foreign Secretary should receive so much attention, but it is a serious matter that justice should be interfered with because an English culprit happens to be a poor sickly creature.

Nor has Mr. POPE HENNESSY made much more of his case of the Roman brigands than Lord NORMANBY made of that of Mr. BISHOP. Whether a force of two to three hundred men passed the Italian frontier in the disguise of French soldiers, is more than any one here can undertake to say. It is obviously natural that the French General should wish that the story should be untrue, but all he can know is that he knows nothing about it. But whether this particular story is true or false, no one can for an instant doubt that armed bodies of brigands do pass from the Roman territory to try their chance in the Neapolitan provinces, and that the head-quarters of the brigands are at Rome. This is so notorious that the friends of the fallen dynasty deny that these combatants, being so numerous, and having a fallen king in the secret of their movements, ought to be called brigands. They are not robbers and murderers, but the heroes of a just and holy civil war. If this is so, the POPE is even more responsible; and the French, by tolerating what is going on, share his responsibility. Lord PALMERSTON, when he protests against this toleration being continued, is on ground where he is unassailable; and it can scarcely be doubted that a protest so distinctly and publicly made will have its effect. The great expedition which was to leave Rome for Naples before the end of this month can scarcely cross the frontier now without the sanction or connivance of the French authorities; and the EMPEROR will scarcely like to take a step of such open hostility to Italy, or to disregard so entirely the censure of England. The recent debate on Italian affairs, however, showed conclusively how very much the weight and severity of this censure would vary if the Opposition were in office. It is now laid down as the cardinal maxim of the Conservative policy with regard to Italy, that the EMPEROR should be allowed to do exactly as he pleases there, and that the great thing is not to make him angry. He is to divide Italy as he pleases, make or unmake the POPE, sow broadcast the seeds of civil war, restore or cashier the old royal houses, while England is to stand humbly by, and pretend to like whatever he does. It would scarcely be possible to trace any line of policy which would be more distasteful to Englishmen, and it is obvious that the Opposition could not venture to pursue it for a week, with the present Ministry watching them, and in the present temper of the press and the people of England. It is difficult to see how it can answer for any aspirants to office to swallow gratuitously an imaginary humble-pie. Nor are the leaders of the Opposition consistent. They cannot bear that the Government should enjoy all the popularity attaching to the supporters of Italy. Sometimes, therefore, they blow hot on Italy, and sometimes cold. They are the kind friends of Italy whose sad duty it is to say all the bitterest truths possible about her; and yet they alone love her with a rational and wise love. In fact, they do not know what to do with this fatal Italian question, and cannot make up their minds which line will pay best in the long-run. Mr. GLADSTONE was never more triumphant than in his withering exposure of the vacillations, the inconsistencies, and the imbecility of Mr. DISRAELI's Italian policy. Certainly the present Government ought to do all they can for Italy, and to

speak and write vigorously on her side; for she has been the making of them, and interposes now as effectual a barrier between their opponents and office as she did two years ago.

THE MISCARRIED PERSECUTION.

THE storm of persecution which was threatening to disturb the peace of the Church of England appears to have passed harmlessly over our heads. To the credit of Dr. PUSEY and his coadjutors, it seems that they were not dexterous in the use of the obsolete weapons which they had disinterred from the depths of the Laudian armoury, and that the blow which they had aimed has failed. We will hope that unconscious reluctance as well as unskilfulness went for something among the causes of its miscarriage. Professor JOWETT, therefore, may be congratulated as being for the present secure from the unsavoury imprisonment in which it seemed at one time probable that his martyrdom would be consummated. Dr. COLENSO has as yet escaped scatheless, except so far as his sensibilities may have been wounded by the various puns and epigrams of which his religious adventures have been the cause. Now that there is a lull in the uproar, it may not be unprofitable for those who raised it to take stock of the advantages which they have secured to the Church of England by their zealous and energetic operations. It may be still more instructive for them to reflect upon the results to which they might have attained, if they had been successful in severing the official connexion between the Bishop of NATAL and his intelligent Zulu, or if they had contrived to consign Professor JOWETT, according to the terms of the statute, to a perpetual sojourn in that subterranean cell where his only companions would have been a continually varied selection of street-walkers. We have no intention of setting upon the same level either the motives or the conduct of the two bodies of men by whom these two separate enterprises have been promoted. Dr. PUSEY would have a fair right to protest against a comparison so insulting. Whatever exception may be taken to his policy in point of narrowness or shortsightedness, his course has at least been outspoken and manly. He has met his antagonist in open field. While assailing the opinions of another, he has not sought an ignoble shelter under the cover of unctuous platitudes, in order to avoid the avowal of his own. But though he and the Bishops will hold a very different position in the estimation of their countrymen, the damage which the Church would have suffered from their success would have been much the same.

Two more innocuous innovators, as regards their power of unsettling the opinions of any large body of men in the Church of England, could not have been found. Professor JOWETT was disqualified for the position of a successful heresiarch, even if he had been minded to assume it, by the peculiarities of his intellect. Two qualifications are necessary in the man who would effect a change in the religious convictions of his fellow-men—that he should have some definite views to promulgate, and that he should believe in them with a plump, unhesitating belief. A man whose teaching is only the resultant of a long series of conflicting hesitations, and who can only recommend it to his hearers upon the ground that there are a hundred reasons in its favour while there are only ninety-nine reasons and three-quarters on the other side, may be a philosopher, but he will assuredly never be an apostle. Undoubtedly, Bishop COLENSO is not open to the same reproach. Hesitation is not one of the vices of his mind. Whether in accepting a mission from England to convert the Zulus, or in undertaking the converse task of impressing the conclusions of Zulu exegesis upon the English mind, he has shown the promptness of a man of action. His only difficulty in founding a new school of opinion would arise from his perfect unfamiliarity with the department of critical study into which he has rashly plunged. The only scholars whose voices have been discernible amid the hubbub of unlearned panic have dismissed his theories with a contempt which they have scarcely been at the trouble to veil. Even, therefore, from the point of view of their extremest antagonists, the Church of England had nothing to fear from the two heresiarchs who in the last three years have frightened her from her propriety. If the strange doctrine of “protests,” under cover of which theologians gratify their combative passions, and in deference to which they diligently advertise the works of their opponents, could but have been silenced for a time, it is probable that neither Dr. COLENSO’s nor Professor JOWETT’s views would have affected any one beyond the circle of their own personal friends.

But there was one point upon which these men were strong. They possessed, and still possess, a strong claim

upon the moral sympathies of their fellowmen. Even in the case of Bishop COLENSO, it was impossible not to respect the honesty which had brought him back all the way from Natal in order to announce to his countrymen, as a new revelation, a weak and confused echo of the theories with which every lecture-room in Germany had resounded for the last half-century. The proceeding was so ridiculous that it must have been sincere. Any man with the slightest tinge of hypocrisy, or timidity, or even compromise, in his disposition, would have quietly pocketed the difficulties of the intelligent Zulu, and done his best to preach the Gospel without any unnecessary allusion to the arithmetical aspect of the Exodus. It required the purest, narrowest, blindest honesty to enable a man to face without dismay the absurdity of relinquishing the vocation of his life on account of difficulties which, at their strongest, only presupposed the corruption of an ancient text in the course of three thousand years. Mankind will always honour and feel for sincerity which has been attested by self-sacrifice, whether it be on behalf of an eccentric folly or a divine truth. The moral position of Professor JOWETT was far higher. His doctrines, though they represented rather the perplexities than the conclusions of his mind, could not be taxed with either ignorance or absurdity. His marvellous personal influence, and the devotedness with which he had fulfilled the duties of an honorary office in spite of a teasing and unworthy persecution, testified to moral qualities of which no speculative aberration would destroy or weaken the charm. His hold upon men’s sympathies was his one power. Unfortunately for his opponents, it was a power far more formidable in reality than in logic. Under these circumstances, their course was very clear. It was their business to disregard his argumentation, which was weak, and direct all their attention to his moral influence, which was strong. The one thing they had to fear was, any step which should incline the sympathies of men more in his favour. A careful abstinence from any measure that could wear the appearance of persecution was their obvious policy. No gain that it could secure, no hope of excluding him from academical or pastoral office, could outweigh a tithe of the advantage which he would derive from being a victim. Whatever the practical value of persecution in other cases may be, there can be no doubt that it is infatuation to resort to it where it can have no other effect than to strengthen the moral influence of the teacher against whom it is levelled. The same criticism is applicable to the policy that was pursued in the case of Bishop COLENSO, though, of course, in a more limited degree, in proportion to the comparative insignificance of the innovator.

The policy that has actually been pursued has been very different, and the result will probably be the very last which its promoters desired to achieve. As far as Oxford is concerned, the prosecution that has just miscarried leaves the field in possession of those against whom it was directed. The High Church party, which enjoyed, and enjoyed with justice as far as the majority of its members were concerned, a reputation for tolerance, has accepted a partnership in the bigotry and narrowness of its old antagonists. The Low Churchmen have experienced, for the first time, the novel sensation of being led by men of intellect and learning. But Professor JOWETT is left in the possession of all the prestige which attaches to a man who is supposed to have defied constituted authority, and to have foiled it with the weapons both of controversy and of law. In provoking his antagonists to persecute him, he has, in effect, extorted from them the avowal that they do not think that the mere force of argument is adequate to refute his teaching. All his future publications will come before the world with the recommendation that they are the composition of a man who braved any amount of social or pecuniary loss rather than conceal his convictions, and who was so terrible to the orthodox of his time that they actually, in this nineteenth century, devised a plan for silencing him, by permanently imprisoning him in the cell in which, at Oxford, loose women are ordinarily locked up for the night.

AMERICA.

THE recent American accounts show that the Confederates are hard pressed in almost every quarter. General BANKS has inflicted much damage in his recent expedition, and it is said that he is advancing to co-operate in an attack on Port Hudson. A powerful flotilla now occupies that part of the Mississippi which has hitherto been commanded by the Confederates; and General GRANT is manœuvring with the apparent purpose of renewing the siege of Vicksburg. In Missouri, it is reported that an entire regiment of Confederate cavalry has been captured; in Ten-

nessee, General LONGSTREET is thought not to have sufficient force to attack General ROSENCRANZ at Murfreesborough. On both sides there are symptoms of exhaustion, but the weaker combatant has of course been the principal sufferer. The rumours of distress for food in various parts of the South are confirmed, and it is not yet known whether the impending harvest, which commences in the present month, will adequately supply the population and the armies. Yet, in the midst of difficulty and of want, there is not the smallest symptom of discouragement, and it is more than ever certain that the subjugation of the Confederate States is absolutely impracticable. Although the Southern forces have not been strong enough to assume the offensive during the present year, they have not incurred a single defeat. The Federal victory at Murfreesborough has been absolutely barren of results; and, on the other hand, the invading army has been allowed to remain for many months without molestation on the Rappahannock. The great exertions of the naval commanders to make their way past Vicksburg and Port Hudson have suggested a conjecture that the Government at Washington is intent rather on the separation of the Western Confederate States than on the reconquest of the territory to the east of the Mississippi. Even if it were possible to detach Texas and Arkansas from the Southern Federation, it may be confidently asserted that the Republican party is not yet reconciled to the prospect of incomplete success. Orators and journalists continue their prophecies of early and absolute triumph; nor would the war retain its popularity if it were consciously waged for its real object of determining the frontier. Notwithstanding innumerable disappointments, it is still thought possible to re-establish the Union by force, and the ulterior difficulty of governing a conquered population under the American Constitution is too remote for Northern apprehension.

Attention is, for the moment, exclusively fixed on the passage of the Rappahannock by General HOOKER. The third or fourth advance of the Federal army upon Richmond can scarcely be said to commence under favourable auspices. Even the populace of New York must begin to doubt the assurances of their zealous instructors, that the Confederates have already been cut off from the line of communications which they have had five months to arrange and to secure. If it is true that the Federal army is between Richmond and General LEE, it follows that General LEE is between the Federal army and Washington, where the possibility of attack has already created a panic. According to the latest accounts, a strong Confederate force was threatening Pennsylvania from Western Virginia; and although it is scarcely probable that they should cross the Potomac in force, their movements, after the experience of last autumn, cannot be safely disregarded. It is impossible to anticipate the strategy which will be employed in the defence of Richmond, without knowing the force which is available for its defence. The Confederates have displayed a remarkable capacity for keeping their own secrets, and on more than one occasion they have checked an invading force by almost imaginary impediments. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS lately stated that, at the beginning of the war, many fortresses were only preserved by a show of defence, in a total absence of guns and ammunition. The wooden guns of Manassas, and the silent evacuation of Corinth, illustrate the difficulty of obtaining information in a hostile country. It is not impossible that a large part of the victorious army of Fredericksburg may have been transferred to Vicksburg, to Murfreesborough, or to Charleston, while General HOOKER has been preparing once more to attack, after long delay, a formidable enemy. On the other hand, General LEE may be found at the head of 100,000 men in one of the many strong positions which cross the line of the Federal advance. In either case, it is certain that his movements will be adapted to the circumstances, which he fully understands. If he is strong enough to fight, an early battle may be expected; and it is absurd to suppose that he has not provided himself with the means of falling back, if necessary, on the fortifications of Richmond.

Although the distance between the Potomac and the Confederate capital scarcely exceeds sixty miles, the difficulties of the invading army will increase with every step which is taken to the South. The direct road from Aquia Creek was not selected by BURNSIDE until McCLELLAN had, on two or three occasions, practically admitted that the objections to that line of advance were insuperable. The campaign in the Virginian peninsula was undertaken in preference to a movement by Manassas, and apparently neither the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF nor his advisers had considered the third alternative of crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. After the battles in Maryland, McCLELLAN once more felt his way along the line of the mountains to the West, and it was only when he was

superseded that General BURNSIDE attempted the experiment, which resulted in his total defeat. It is of course possible that McCLELLAN may have been in error, but his objections to the Fredericksburg route, even if they were insufficient, cannot have been altogether imaginary. The exultation which was expressed when BURNSIDE suddenly changed his base of operations was proved by the result to have been wholly unfounded. It is remarkable that the movement was applauded, like General HOOKER's recent advance, on the ground that the Federal General had interposed himself between the enemy and Richmond. Then, as now, General LEE was, in fact, moving on an inner line, and at the proper moment he was ready to make a stand in that position which he had himself deliberately selected. In the present case, it is not impossible that he may rely on the troops which are acting in West Virginia to check the enemy's advance by threatening his flank. If HOOKER should be forced to fight his way back to his line of retreat, he will not be the first Federal General who has been exposed to similar difficulties. General POPE, who was almost as boastful as General HOOKER, was compelled to fight with his face to Washington, within a few weeks after his celebrated announcement that his army was henceforth independent of the means of retreat. In the more distant fields of action, success has drifted from one combatant to the other; but the Virginian campaigns have been fatal to the Federal arms from the first battle of Bull's Run to the second, and down to the ruinous defeat of Fredericksburg. Fortune may, perhaps, at last be about to change; but the North has little reason for sanguine expectations.

HOOKER may be figuratively said to fight with a halter round his neck, although his tolerant countrymen never inflict actual punishment on their generals for incapacity, or even for murder. Since he first emerged from obscurity, General HOOKER has devoted himself to the celebration of his own merits, and to the malignant detraction of his superiors. Americans admire bluster almost more cordially than achievement, and they seem to have taken the Commander-in-Chief at his own valuation. He has explained to the Committee of Congress on the war that McCLELLAN was weak and timid, and that BURNSIDE was foolhardy. If he had himself commanded in the peninsula, he would have taken Richmond with a rush, and, at a later period, he would have avoided the disaster of Fredericksburg. It seems to be true that, on the day after the battle, he disobeyed an order to advance; and General BURNSIDE distinctly charges him with mutiny, if not with cowardice. The PRESIDENT judiciously settles the dispute by allowing both the opponents an opportunity of proving the merit or incapacity which they claim for themselves or impute to one another. BURNSIDE commands on the Ohio, and HOOKER on the Potomac, although one or both must be guilty of military misconduct, and probably of calumny.

It is barely possible that, although HOOKER is certainly not a gentleman, he may be a skilful soldier. Great men have sometimes been extravagant braggarts, and mutinous subordinates have developed ability for supreme command. General HOOKER may set opposition at defiance if he can defeat General LEE, and afterwards capture Washington. In the meantime, he is prepared to excuse his probable failure by throwing the blame on the PRESIDENT and General HALLECK, who have refused to uncover Washington for the purpose of reinforcing the army of the Potomac. It is said that the forward movement into Virginia has been forced upon the general in command, who will, nevertheless, not unjustly claim the honour of a possible success. If the enterprise proves abortive, HOOKER will be relegated to the obscurity in which more than one of his predecessors reposes. The extreme Republicans hope to supply his place by the appointment of General FREMONT, on account, not of his military fitness, but of his opinions in favour of Abolition. The Confederates can wish nothing better than that their enemies should select their generals on exclusively political grounds.

THE LAST OF THE O'CONNELLS.

VERY small incidents in the lives of very small men have sometimes a typical significance ludicrously out of proportion to their intrinsic importance. It seems, for instance, a very commonplace occurrence indeed that an obscure member for an Irish borough should facilitate a convenient Ministerial arrangement by accepting a snug berth under Government. Nevertheless, the circumstances under which Mr. DANIEL O'CONNELL has allowed himself to be prevailed upon to terminate an unobtrusive Parliamentary existence suggest ample matter for reflection to the student of contemporary annals. An Income-tax Commissioner who bears a name which once filled all men's mouths and was a great

power in the world may be considered a curiosity, and possesses a certain adventitious interest in the eyes of the least sentimental of politicians. History does not disdain to bestow a passing notice on the fortunes of the harmless gentleman who survived by half a century the brief and shadowy sovereignty which he had inherited from the great LORD PROTECTOR; and a somewhat parallel instance of the sort of practical irony which fate every now and then perpetrates at the expense of world-famous names may reasonably arrest a moment's attention. And there is more in the political self-extinction of the late member for Tralee than the mere oddity of a DANIEL O'CONNELL subsiding into a small placeman under the "base, brutal, and bloody Whigs." The joke is a good joke, but it is something more than a joke. The thing has really a kind of value of its own. The retirement of ROMULUS AUGUSTULUS, the last Emperor of the West, to a villa in Campania and a pension of six thousand pieces of gold, has always been taken as marking one of the greatest epochs of universal history; and in like sort the disappearance of the last of the O'CONNELLS from the muster-roll of the House of Commons may be regarded as the formal *finis* to a memorable chapter in the annals of the British Empire. O'Connellism, as a Parliamentary power, is at length literally extinct, not one of the name now surviving in the assembly where it could once boast, "We are five." That mighty influence which in other years decided doubtful divisions and made and unmade Ministries, has in these latter days been represented by a solitary and silent vote, and has at last exhausted itself in procuring a comfortable place for the Agitator's son. The O'CONNELL clan vanishes from Parliament and from history in an Income-tax Commissionership.

It were well for Ireland and for the Empire if we could be rid on equally cheap and easy terms of the social and moral products of O'Connellism. The Agitator has been dead for many a year, and is to all appearance more than half forgotten by a country which we see no reason to tax with ingratitude for its oblivion of more than questionable services; but his evil work lives after him. It will take at least another generation to obliterate the bad effects of his teaching and example on the minds of his countrymen. From the day when the one useful and honourable achievement of his life was accomplished in the passing of the Emancipation Act, his existence was as nearly as possible an unmixt mischief to Ireland. He systematically misapplied extraordinary powers and an unequalled sway over the multitude in perverting and demoralizing the popular mind. It is not enough to say of him that his political activity was almost exclusively directed to ends at variance with the true interests of his country. He unremittingly and successfully practised on the worst weaknesses of the Irish character for ends which, if not simply sordid and selfish, were wholly unprincipled. He made a trade of stimulating anti-social and anarchical passions. He was emphatically a sower of sedition and an apostle of disaffection. It was he who originated and popularized that detestable cant about "Celt" and "Saxon" which, if it means anything, means chronic rebellion and a permanent war of races. Never was a people more thoroughly fooled to the top of its bent than was Ireland by her so-called "Liberator." He flattered a turbulent, ignorant, and idle populace with the assurance that they were the finest peasantry on the face of the earth. He not rarely denounced agrarian crime, with a vehemence which it would be unjust to treat as simulated; but it was not in his line to rebuke the evil passions of which agrarian crime is, in Ireland, the outward expression. He had at all times much to say of "law and order," and there can be no doubt that he had a genuine dislike of popular excesses which would have compromised himself, and which were essentially incompatible with his peculiar strategy. But the legality which he specially cultivated, both by precept and example, was that which evades the spirit of the law while dexterously keeping within its letter; and the "order" which he most energetically inculcated was that dogged hostility to authority which cautiously abstains from crime for fear of giving "strength to the enemy." The ostensible aim of his public activity was a transparent fraud. He carried on for years a flagrantly insincere agitation for an end which he knew—no man better—to be hopelessly impracticable, by means which no honest man would have condescended to employ for the most undoubted objects of public utility. He habitually "postponed truth to the purpose of the moment," as was once euphemistically said of him by a friendly but discerning apologist, and was as much a stranger to the decencies and proprieties of language as to the moral laws which govern the use of words. A professional sedition-monger

and demagogue, he was characteristically indifferent to those measures of practical social improvement which were and are the great want of Ireland, but which would have brought no grist to the agitation mill. It is no exaggeration, but the merest matter of fact, to say that throughout his long and busy career he did nothing, and attempted nothing, for the real amelioration of the condition of the great mass of his countrymen. All that there is of present prosperity and future promise in the Ireland of to-day is the result of influences to which he in no way contributed, if he did not directly counterwork and thwart them. The very least that can be said is, that his life was a signal failure. With powers which, wisely exerted for honest ends, might have placed him high in the roll of national benefactors, he left his country as miserable and poverty-stricken as he found it. His last feeble and faltering denunciations of the Saxon were uttered just at the moment when a radically vicious social and agricultural system, which he had never touched with his little finger, was on the point of culminating in a famine which made five millions of Irishmen pensioners on Saxon charity; and before he had been dead twelve months, the passions which had been carefully fostered by a course of "legal and constitutional" stimulants exploded in the cabbage-garden rebellion. In this year 1863, the most conspicuous surviving product of the incendiary rhetoric which once perplexed the most sagacious of statesmen and alarmed the boldest is no other than the very seedy and crazy treason of the Brotherhood of St. PATRICK. The oratory of Tara and Mullaghmast only reproduces itself in the columns of the *Dublin Nation*, and the Reverend Father LAVELLE is the legitimate heir and representative of the O'CONNELL tradition. On the whole, there is nothing to show for twenty years of ceaseless and restless political activity that can be pronounced either useful to Ireland or creditable to the name and memory of the Agitator. The verdict of the present generation on this man's career, if calmer and more discriminating than that of his immediate antagonists, is not less severe; and there is little probability that history will materially modify it.

With this estimate of the life and work of the founder of the family, we cannot say that we are so much shocked as some of our contemporaries seem to be at the "anti-climax" involved in the notion of a DANIEL O'CONNELL retiring from Parliament to accommodate a Whig Ministry, and accepting the modest *solatium* of a non-political appointment. In a moral point of view, we cannot think that the new Income-tax Commissioner has come down. He will, in all human probability, be a more valuable, if a less distinguished, member of society than his father; and, in the punctual discharge of the humble but useful duties of his office, he will enjoy many compensations for any sacrifice which he may have made in renouncing all chance of political notoriety. It is something that history will not have to say of DANIEL O'CONNELL the Younger that he lived, moved, and had his being in an atmosphere of mendacity, and humbug, and impudence, and Billingsgate. He will not be remembered as the most unscrupulous of demagogues and the most foul-mouthed of political controversialists; nor will his name go down to posterity as that of a man who systematically debauched the minds of his countrymen, and made political capital out of their infinite gullibility. It is every way better and more respectable to wear out life in hearing appeals against surcharges, and in adjudicating on claims of exemption, than to pander to the vanities and passions of an ignorant mob, and teach the Celt to hate the Saxon, and register vows in Conciliation Hall that the Union shall be repealed without fail within six months at latest. Inoffensive mediocrity has its privileges, as well as its disabilities; and if the son devotes himself with reasonable assiduity and average success to the not difficult duties of his very well-paid office, he need not let his mind be disturbed by the apprehension that he is dishonouring the name of the father. We sincerely hope that the ex-member for Tralee may live for many years to earn and draw the liberal stipend which represents the harmless obscurity of the Last of the O'CONNELLS.

THE GRADUAL GROWTH OF LIGHT.

LAST week we attempted to sketch some of the reasons which may lead to create an apprehension lest the intellectual progress of Western Europe should not be destined to move on without periods of relapse and stagnation. But in so wide and complicated a subject, we cannot get much further than guesswork. To say that we are on the eve of a season of intellectual decay is a paradox, and paradoxes are very seldom true. We propose, therefore, now to refer briefly to some of the causes which may make our opinion incline the other way, and may inspire a hope, if not a conviction, that the growth of our intellectual

light is destined to be gradual and uninterrupted. At the same time, we may observe that it is only when we have something like definite reasons to go upon that we can pretend to have an opinion one way or the other. Many persons would be tempted to say that the intellectual energy and life of Western Europe can never cease, on no better ground than that to contemplate its cessation seems unpleasant and strange to them. There is a fixed persuasion in the human mind that all good things will last for ever, and that all bad things will come to an end. Practically, this persuasion is of the highest utility, for it keeps up men's spirits under the trials of life; but, philosophically, the world is not a world in which we have any reason to suppose that what we wish for is sure to happen.

The first of the considerations that may serve in some measure to reassure us is, that the real meaning of the religious degeneracy that has indisputably come over a portion of Europe may be very different from an indication of anything like a return of the dark ages. The real process that is going on may be one of a very salutary and necessary kind. We must not look only at England. There is very much the same sort of thing taking place in France that is taking place here. There, too, the Church has taken a start. Priests are made much of, full-dressed ecclesiastics adorn the streets, and in every town, and almost in every village, churches are being repaired, restored, or built. But at the same time that there are these signs of religious strength, there are many signs of religious weakness. Religion triumphs, but religion is a poorer and more babyish thing than it used to be. Never was there so much tinsel, so many gilded images, such lavish worship of gaudy dolls, such corruption of church ceremonies by every kind of unmeaning frivolity. Never, again, was there more deference of individuals to the supposed interests of the institutions to which they belong, or a stronger feeling for a rigid ecclesiastical organization. The parallel with England is obvious, only that our religious demonstration takes a slightly different form, and we have bands of bigoted literates and Sunday school teachers to fear, and not gewgaw shrines of the Virgin. But at the bottom of both manifestations there is the same groundwork. Religion flourishes in England and France because Western Europe feels the need of religion—the intellectual need quite as much as the moral need. The intellect of man and the whole life of man is quite imperfect without religion, and Western Europe has for the last thirty years been learning this lesson. Through a thousand avenues—through poetry, and historical criticism, and political speculation, and the analysis of character and of the constituent elements of the happiness of individuals—the persuasion has come into the minds of all but a very few that religion must have its perpetual place in the thoughts of thinking men, and in the wisdom of the wise. The intellect of Europe does not any longer consider religion as something apart from itself, something answering very desirable purposes of a humble kind, but theoretically a poor affair and not very true. Still, religion is never, in practice, the growth of the intellect, or very intimately allied with it. Every great religious movement must of necessity be a popular one. At the Reformation, men did not think of making the intellect free by a religious change. They revolted from abuses, and were attracted by new spiritual influences, and were guided by that which seemed to them the bidding of religious duty, or by their own political or social convenience. It is also a characteristic of this age, that in every department of knowledge the distinction between the educated few and the uneducated many is broken down, and the different classes and races of men are brought nearer to each other. In religion, therefore, there was every reason why the movement of the present day should strike down deeply into society. And of course a religious movement, like every other which is shared by large masses, partakes of the character of those whom it affects, and is shallow, or tyrannical, or dogmatic, if the bulk of those whom it carries with it are still in a backward stage of intellectual progress. The present religious movement may, therefore, when regarded with reference to the growth of European thought, be a movement destined to give the religious character to this thought which it wanted; and may owe its more unfavourable and lower character, not to the end to which it is pointing, but to the circumstance that it affects primarily the weak, and vain, and thoughtless, if these epithets are applied by an intellectual and not a spiritual standard. It is scarcely necessary to say that a religious movement has a value of its own, with which we have at present nothing to do. It may be a most excellent thing for individuals to be affected by this movement, and awakened to spiritual life, whether they impede the growth of intellectual freedom or not. But, for the moment, we are regarding the religious movement now visible in Western Europe solely on its intellectual side; and it seems possible that timid bishops, and ecclesiastical fripperies, and the zeal of ignorant zealots, and the fury of feminine orthodoxy may be only the subsidiary and temporary element of this movement, and that its proper and abiding character is that of adding a necessary amount of religious thought to the general thought of Europe.

But, to believe this, we must see some reason to suppose that thought has new sources of vigour and elasticity. For, if decay seizes on it, there is no chance of its resisting the pressure of the complacent and credulous mediocrity that will overwhelm it from all sides. Now, there is something to set against the apparent tendency of German and French literature to exhaust themselves. We have something new, or nearly

new, in this generation, which is a powerful stimulus to thought. We have that interchange of feelings and opinions, that reference to a common standard, that perception of the intercommunity of interests, which have sprung up in Europe since new means of locomotion and the political arrangements of modern times made Europe in some sense one. There is a great quickening of the mind when the same thought is felt to pass through the better minds of many nations. Thought can scarcely grow very rigid when it begins to take account of the leanings of many men of various races, temperaments, histories, and creeds. There is always an element different from the rest which has its influence. For example, at the time when Catholic France is expanding in the love of tinsel, and incense, and all kinds of ecclesiastical millinery, and third-rate church architecture, Catholic Italy stands more and more aloof from the decorative part of Romanism, and men who have borne the burden of a great political struggle, and are moved with the elevating spirit of a new and triumphant patriotism, are not in a mood for the girlish frivolities and prettinesses which please religious France. There is a considerable resemblance between the intercourse of the nations of modern Europe with each other, and that of the upper classes of a large capital. In society, so many people come together that a constant variety is introduced, and so many of those who meet have a basis of personal independence that a large toleration of the differences of individuals becomes a matter of necessity. It is very difficult for any vein of thought to influence uncontrolled an overwhelming majority of minds when they are thus stimulated by each other, and are secure in the shelter of an independent position. In the same way, we may expect, not only that the nations of Europe will act on each other, and keep each other up to the level of educated thought, but that there will always be an opposing element to every prevailing fashion, and that we shall never be destitute of the invaluable aid of an intelligent and active minority. And it is also to be noticed that the general current of European thought is, in some measure, kept flowing and full by the common interest which many nations are forced to take in subjects that concern all alike. We are forming rapidly a new branch of literature—that which deals with topics which are not national, but international. There is the literature of political economy, the literature of travels, the literature of political discussion, the literature of international law. Every great work written in any of these lines of thought is written for one nation as much as for another, and is true for all if it is true for any. We may be sure that this kind of literature will grow rapidly, and that it will continually increase the force with which the leading nations of Europe act on each other.

There is, therefore, we may hope, a fair prospect of a continuance of a certain amount of thought in Europe, but it may not be of a very high quality. It may be sufficient to prevent stagnation, but not to carry men very high. Still, as the question is not whether the quality of European literature will be at all times equal, but whether a time when no literature marked by independence and novelty will be produced, the interchange of thought produced by the new conditions of European society is in itself a very strong ground for thinking that such light as we have will grow gradually. But this is not all. If thought altogether is not discouraged—if there is a large body of ordinary healthy intellectual power finding an adequate expression—we may expect that every now and then great leaps in thought will be made, great works written, great steps taken suddenly by the mind of man. If the intellect is but active, and moderately free from artificial fetters, it will be sure occasionally to rise to points of unusual excellence. And while all the old lines in which great excellence has been achieved will remain open, there may be new impulses found to act on men, and new fields for men to work in. We live in a critical and not in a creative age; but we can see how our age might be the forerunner of a creative one. We are busy collecting materials which our successors may use. Physical science, for instance, has as yet been very little associated with the higher interests of human life, and has scarcely at all coloured modern poetry, or philosophy, or religion. It is itself only in its infancy, and we know too little of nature to see its relation to man. But we begin to feel the first vague stirrings of an imagination that these relations are greater, and more complicated, and more enduring than they seemed. To say what exactly could be written in explanation of this faint and trembling conception would be to be able to write it, and would require the foresight of genius. But in many subjects, although we cannot say what is really to be done, or how it will be done, we catch the glimpse of a great possibility, and see that a more certain vision may dawn on our successors. So, again, it appears to us quite within the limits of reasonable conjecture that there may be, before two or three generations more sleep with their fathers, a great and new religious movement within the limits of the Christian world—a religious movement touching the hearts of the multitude and of the educated alike, and stirring society not so painfully, but almost as powerfully, as the Reformation. If this should happen, we need not be afraid lest the human mind should go to sleep while it is occurring.

THICK SKINS AND THIN.

FEW of the minor elements of character make more difference in men's comfort and success in life than differences in the thickness of their skins. In describing that general impression of our neighbour which determines in our mind what sort of man he is, a prominent place is always assigned to this quality;

nor could it be otherwise, for it makes itself felt at every moment. It is one of the elements which, in the animal world, establish marked distinctions between one animal and another. It establishes, for instance, a sort of symbolic difference between the donkey and the horse; and a whole world of creatures, from the rhinoceros to the pig, are able to sympathize with each other on the broad ground that they are all pachyderms.

In the human race, skins of what shopkeepers would describe as a medium quality are, of course, the commonest; but in our own day, and amongst the educated part of society, abnormal thinness is far more common than abnormal thickness, and it is also more easily observed. A man with a very thick skin is not usually conscious of his peculiarity, and it often takes a long time to find out its existence in others. The human pachyderm is, in some respects, a fortunate animal, especially if he has the good sense to bear his honours meekly, and not to suppose, as he is sometimes inclined to do, that he is of necessity the superior of those who are less gifted by nature. The distinction between thick skins and thin ones lies in the temperament. A thick-skinned man is one in whom it is difficult to excite feeling of any sort. A thin-skinned man is sensitive all over, and on every occasion. To some extent, the difference is one of nature's making; but the artificial element in it is much larger than people usually suppose. The question how far men can harden their skins, and to what extent it is desirable to do so, is by no means devoid of interest.

We often hear and read of uncontrollable feelings, just as people talk loosely about uncontrollable impulses; and no doubt, at a given moment, it is impossible to like or dislike, to suffer or to be indifferent, by rule and on principle. If a broader view is taken, this is far from being the case. If people will only set themselves to try systematically, there is hardly any limit to the degree of mental tanning which they may effect. If stoicism were a really admirable frame of mind, and a possession deliberately desired by any particular person, it is one which could always be attained by judicious discipline. A man careful to exaggerate nothing, and to proceed by gradual advances, might, in fewer years than he would in the first instance be inclined to suppose, destroy or subdue his original temperament, and make himself as hard as if his hardness were a gift of nature, and not an acquisition. The steps in the process are neither many nor difficult. The first is, to repress, as far as may be, expressions of feeling—beginning with the smaller matters, such as acts of courtesy or family affection. To attempt at too early a stage to repress the expression of very strong feelings might only irritate, and so increase them. The expression of strong feeling is, however, a thing to which few people have frequent occasion to give way. It is not every day that a man is very angry, or very much in love, or afflicted with a very violent toothache; and, by assiduous practice amongst the smaller events of life, callousness as to the greater ones may gradually be superinduced. The habit of analysis and self-examination has also a great indurative effect. If a young woman wished to make herself impervious to all feelings, she might, whilst cultivating impassiveness on a gradually ascending scale, betake herself to the study of the works of the minute school of female novelists. In this way she might gradually get together a sort of *hortus siccus* containing dried specimens of every human emotion in their various combinations and permutations. By cultivating a *quasi* scientific or rather professional interest in feeling, it is possible to place oneself as it were in a sphere separate from and exterior to it, as physicians and lawyers do with reference to the subject-matter of their respective professions. An enthusiast who wrote to the papers some time ago about the merits of pounded chalk as a specific for burns, declared that he laid a red-hot poker across two of his fingers to see whether the one treated with chalk would beat the one handed over to the doctors. An enthusiastic conveyancer, having inherited a small estate, disposed of it by a will so drawn as to raise every doubtful point he could think of as to the interpretation of wills. It is obvious that these persons had cultivated a collateral interest in their own persons and property powerful enough to overcome the common sentiment on the subject. If the same course be taken with feeling, with sufficient perseverance and intelligence, an analogous result may be expected. People may live to regard the play of their own and their neighbour's sentiments with mere artistic curiosity; and this greatly blunts their edge, and so diminishes the sensitiveness of the person. There are means by which this process may be rendered quicker and more effective. If books of opposite and conflicting moral views are studied, and if feelings themselves are examined without reference to their morality, a general sense of contempt for the whole subject may be encouraged; and nothing can be more favourable to the diminution of sensibility. If a person can once succeed in connecting certain feelings with ridiculous associations, and in persuading himself to entertain a *bona fide* contempt for them, he may consider that he has, for practical purposes, solved the question of providing himself with a thick skin. Contempt, it is said, will pierce the shell of the tortoise; but to excite any emotion in a man who has drilled himself into habitually feeling genuine contempt for emotions of that class is next to impossible.

The question of means is, of course, altogether collateral to the question whether it is wise to employ them, and that depends on the advantages of thickness of skin. When given by nature, either at once or gradually, it is in certain ways a considerable advantage; but it hardly ever deserves to be viewed as one

when it is intentionally cultivated. Its advantage is that it is one form of strength. It makes its possessor less indisposed than other people to do what is generally considered disagreeable; but when it is produced by merely lowering the general standard of vitality and sensibility, it is a form, not of strength, but of weakness, for it arises not from disregard to unpleasant consequences, but from disregard to consequences of every kind—from general indifference to the pursuits of life. The union of bluntness of sensation with great energy of character is by no means a common one. The rule is the other way. Almost every man who distinguishes himself greatly in any of the active walks of life is, as a rule, a sensitive man. This is especially the case in callings which require artistic qualities. It is hardly possible, for instance, for a thick-skinned man to be a good speaker. People who are really unaccustomed to public speaking usually suppose that to be nervous is a great evil, and that to be perfectly free from the feeling—to have, as the phrase is, no nerves at all—is an immense advantage. It is certainly possible to have too much, but, of the two, the worse fault is to have too little; and it is by no means clear that, amongst men who speak often enough to get over the strangeness of the feeling, and to become accustomed to the sound of their own voices, it is not the more common fault. A man who is in no degree impressed by the fact that a large number of people are listening to what he says, has less chance than his neighbours of impressing them by what he says. To be in sympathy with his audience, to see what topics they will and will not like, and to know when and how to pursue particular subjects, are the first qualifications of an effective speaker, whatever may be the sphere in which his eloquence is to be used; and this implies that the speaker must be in some ways a sensitive man—at all events, it implies that he ought not to be wanting in sensitiveness. It would seem as if something of the same sort were required in pursuits which have less obvious connexion with the emotions. In one of the most striking passages of his almost microscopic description of the battle of the Alma, Mr. Kinglake gives an account of the way in which the crisis of a battle is sometimes marked by a change in the feelings of the combatants. The one side feel themselves victorious, the others feel themselves beaten, and this not from any particular or assignable reason, but merely by a sort of instinctive commentary on the events passing before them. Each side, arguing unconsciously from transient and barely perceptible signs, draws the same conclusion as to the way in which the balance of victory is hanging, and the inarticulate inference flushes the one and blights the other. A man moulded too coarsely to feel either of these impulses would, probably, on the whole, lose more than he gained for military purposes.

Though, as a rule, energy runs through the whole character, and communicates itself to the feelings which lie near the surface as well as to other parts of a man's nature, exceptions sometimes occur. A very vigorous man may have blunt feelings. He may have a great appetite for what there is to be had in the world, and yet not care much if he loses or has to go without it. This, however, is not a common form of character, and, when it does occur, is probably produced by some peculiar twist in the circumstances of the possessor's life or education. Suppose, for instance, that a very vigorous man has, for some cause or other, been snubbed, thwarted, and thrown aside for a considerable time—that he has had to submit to disappointments and mortifications, and has seen inferiors put over his head. Suppose further that he has had the good sense not to be dissatisfied with this, but to take it quietly as the course of things which under all the circumstances of life was naturally to be expected; and suppose, above all, that he is considerate as well as energetic, and is given to take the measure of what falls in his way without noise or exaggeration. The probability is that he will find that things neither hurt so much nor please so much as the language in common use about them would imply, and that, so long as the internal fire which drives a man on to be doing something in the world has some fuel to burn, it does not so much matter what it is. Such a frame of mind and such experience would produce a good kind of thick skin—that thickness of skin which arises from exercise, and not from natural sluggishness and stupidity. It is, however, a rare frame of mind, for it implies the possession of very dissimilar, if not inconsistent qualities—energy and reflectiveness, a turn for active life and a turn for self-examination, the gifts which take a man out into the world, and those which throw him back on himself. Such men are generally humorists of a surly kind, for the perception of the existence and absurdity of sharp contrasts in life is the condition, and may almost be called the foundation, of humour.

The nature of the sensitive habit of mind receives much illustration from considering the way in which it shows itself in different classes. Its natural connexion with energy of character is shown by the degree in which it exists among the poor and uneducated. Some of the most sensitive people in the world are to be found amongst the roughest, noisiest, and least educated part of the community—the classes which would be picked out as specimens of rough vigour. Sailors and navvies are as impressible as children, and apparently stolid peasants who look like blocks of wood to ordinary observers, are capable of being worked up to frantic pitches of emotion by love, by parental affection, or by religious excitement. Whitfield could throw farm-labourers or colliers into convulsions by his sermons; and his successors have repeated the same exploit periodically, at revivals and the like. If he addressed a body of gentlemen, scepticism and fastidiousness

apart, he would not find the fuel for such a bonfire. An amount of ridicule or satire which would hardly ruffle the feelings of an educated man perceptibly might drive a carter or labourer into a perfect paroxysm of fury. Where the elements of character are simple, and the problem of understanding character has not been confused by an elaborate education, sensibility and strength generally go together. A poor man, who is not impressible and sensitive, is generally a good deal of a brute. If on occasion he shows no feeling, it is not because he has developed a hard shell by education, but simply because he has no feeling to show.

BROMPTON REVISITED.

"DESIGN for completing the International Exhibition Building, Exhibition Road Front.—*Captain Fowke*—905." "Design for completing the International Exhibition Building, Cromwell Road Front.—*Captain Fowke*—929"—these are extracts from the Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. "Uncovering of the Memorial of the Exhibition of 1851—June 10, 1863. The Exhibition Buildings will be thrown open to the Visitors of the Horticultural Society's Garden:"—this is an extract from the advertisement of a coming show at which their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales are to be exhibited to the public under the auspices of the Exhibition Memorial Committee next month. "The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to a question, 'Whether the report was true that the Government had offered, or intended, to become purchasers of the building in which the Exhibition of 1862 was contained,' said, 'He could give the assurance that if the Government should offer or intend to become purchasers of the Exhibition building, they would give the earliest information in their power to the House, and in case they should intend any step requiring a vote of money, they would take care to lay an estimate before the House at an early period, and bring the matter under discussion in the manner which might be thought most convenient:'"—this is an extract from the report of the proceedings in Parliament on Thursday, 7th of May. At first sight, there seems to be not much in common between the Royal Academy's Catalogue, Mr. Godwin's advertisement, and Mr. Gladstone's mystic reply to a sufficiently plain question. But these things are significant to the initiated, and suspicious to those who, like ourselves, are not in the secret. It may perhaps be remembered that, as far back as January 17 in the present year, we commented on a certain official announcement that "a scheme for retaining the Exhibition building has now been proposed, the success of which depends entirely upon the view which the Chancellor of the Exchequer may take upon the subject. It is proposed that the Government should be asked to purchase the building, which is offered as a decided bargain, the sum named being 100,000*l.* The purchase of the building would, of course, involve the purchase of the site." The site, we were also told, was valued at 200,000*l.*, and we were at the same time informed that "another 100,000*l.* would be required for the decoration of the buildings and making them thoroughly water-tight."

As we now understand the matter, this proposal is before the Government. The Chancellor of the Exchequer neither denies nor affirms that the proposal awaits his decision. He only says that when he has made up his mind he will tell the House, and that at the earliest moment after he has decided—which earliest moment will probably be six weeks or two months hence, or about the middle of July—it is not improbable that "the matter will be brought under discussion in the manner which may be thought most convenient" for getting a vote of 400,000*l.*—i.e. when the House is empty. At any rate, whether Mr. Gladstone's mind is made up or not, Captain Fowke, as his drawings at the Royal Academy show, has no hesitation. He has got ready his design, not only for the Picture Gallery front, but for a completion, *en permanence*, of the Eastern façade in the Exhibition Road. This design we do not propose, at least in this place, to criticize. We only record its existence and publicity. And on the 10th of June the public is once more to be admitted to the deserted halls of 1862—an arrangement which at any rate is more politic than the defunct scheme of asking the Prince of Wales to throw new life into the bubble domes by a prize day in the fog, and mud, and rain of January. Combining all these several facts, not without the aid of rumour, we may with some confidence conclude that we are to be asked for 400,000*l.*, to retain the Exhibition buildings; and that Captain Fowke has got all his plans and designs ready for rehabilitating and decorating the wind-beaten, and rain-soddened, and mouldering sheds of Brompton; and that the 10th of June is to witness a grand burst of all the old *claqueurs*, who are to execute a *bravura* of admiration for the devoted Palace of Industry, which is to coax the public into the purchase of the old leaky Exhibition sheds, as a "decided bargain." Only 400,000*l.* for the finest building in the world—only 400,000*l.* for the two famous domes—only 400,000*l.*, and the thing of beauty is a joy, and an income-tax, for ever.

In the interests of the tax-payers we may as well take time by the forelock, and anticipate these proposals, whether emanating from the Treasury or from the Brompton Boilers. Are we ready to pay 400,000*l.* for Captain Fowke's *chef-d'œuvre*? First let us ask what 400,000*l.* means. 400,000*l.* in a vote means 500,000*l.* in fact. Half a million of money represents as nearly as possible one halfpenny in the pound of income-tax. We must say that, on the whole, we had rather pay sixpence halfpenny on our next year's income than sevenpence, even at the cost of

the earth being deprived of those multitudinous acres of glass and iron. Not to buy the famous Exhibition buildings is—and this is a formula to be remembered—to save a halfpenny in every pound of income in the case of every income-tax-paying man in England for at least one whole year. We say "at least" one year, because we do not see the end of our bargain with its purchase. The white elephant must be fed. If a building, valued at only 100,000*l.*, after one year's wear and tear requires 200,000*l.* to decorate it and "make it weather-tight," we may calculate that it will cost at least 50,000*l.* annually to keep it weather-tight. A house which costs half the value of its fee simple in annual repairs is an investment which would be looked at shyly at the Auction Mart. But this is the precious commodity which is offered to Mr. Gladstone as "a decided bargain." We say, then, first, that we have not got the money to spend, and next, that we decidedly dislike the investment. We do not enlarge upon the fact that the Exhibition buildings are the ugliest which the wit of man ever devised. We do not repeat that it would be in the interests of art and taste that the very recollection of them were swept away for ever. We now only say that, at any price, they would be the very dearest purchase the nation ever made. Of course the contractors, who are said not to have made a very good thing of it, are anxious to have their sliding and speculative bargain lifted up in the scale of profits; but if Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, the Royal Commissioners, and the guarantors, or whoever is the actual owner of the buildings, were to make the nation a present of the whole concern, it would be a fatal gift to the taxpayer. On any terms, or on any conditions, the ownership of the Brompton building would be a perpetual incubus on the Exchequer. The structure was erected on the express condition that it was to be pulled down; and good faith, as well as economy and good taste, demands its instant demolition. We only trust that Brompton revisited on the morning of the 10th of June will have the effect of calling out public disgust and indignation at the threatened job.

For it is a job—a job long and carefully prepared, instigated by all sorts of subtle influences, prompted by innumerable crafty and secret considerations. It is not announced what is to be done with the renovated and decorated structure. Is it for the sea monsters, Professor Owen's pets, to stable in? Are we to be asked for 400,000*l.* to erect "ferro-vitreous" halls for the Elephantine Seal and the *Salache Maxima*, the absence of which in Great Russell Street is a daily pang to at least one distinguished *arcont*? It would hardly do to announce this purpose for the Exhibition buildings, because Parliament and the verdict of scientific men have decided against removing the Natural History Department of the British Museum. Is it intended that the National Gallery should be transported to the empty picture galleries in the Cromwell Road? Parliament and the public have again said No; and though it is well known that this scheme is not given up, we much doubt whether it will be fairly avowed. Or, again, are we to have "the lamented Prince Consort's long-cherished designs" paraded by way of conciliating a vote for those trifling odd hundreds of thousands? If so, it is high time to say that this particular argument has done duty often enough. If anything could wear out reverence for the Prince's memory, it would be the perpetual quoting of his alleged posthumous wishes, when there is not the slightest evidence that such wishes ever existed, or at least were ever expressed. The late Prince Consort was too high-minded a gentleman ever to have laid out a plan for South Kensington centralization which he declined openly to avow and recommend. Himself the soul of honour and openness, it is no kindness to his memory to appeal to him for secret purposes and unacknowledged schemes. That there are intentions to take many of the national collections—our pictures, our museums, and the like—to Brompton, is well known. Sumptuous palaces are rising for the residence of the Officers of the Department. Science and art are to reign and rule royally at Brompton. We have had that experience of the energy and perseverance of "Cole, C.B." and "Wentworth Dilke, Bart.," and "the Department," and the Society of Arts, not to reckon upon their staunch, steady, persistent clinging to a plan. We also know enough of their general ability to suppose that they will not be guilty of any such blundering as to develop their schemes either too hastily or too completely. *Paulatim, poco a poco*, is their motto. And it has answered admirably. South Kensington has grown and grown. The glacier moves and creeps on, very imperceptibly, but very steadily. The delvers grub and dig and tunnel, and the secret underground work advances. Government after Government is won; vote after vote is gained. All the political notables are in some way or other committing themselves, and getting insensibly mixed up with the undeveloped job, either as Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, or as Trustees of something or other in some way or other connected with Brompton, and they are won over. All sorts of influences, secret as well as subtle, are brought to bear. Hints, wishes, insinuations are carefully instilled.

Spargere voces
Per vulgum ambiguas

is the best policy. We used to hear of an influence behind the throne more powerful than the throne itself. To suppose Mr. Gladstone terrorized or cajoled by "Cole, C.B.," is rather absurd. But we are not without apprehensions on the side of the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself. To do Mr. Gladstone only justice, we believe that he is a careful and conscientious guardian of the public purse; and the impudent proposition that he should

ask Parliament for 400,000*l.* to buy the Exhibition buildings would, in the natural course of things, only suggest to him a very hasty appeal to the office-bell in Downing Street, and a very early acquaintance between the Treasury door and the modest applicants for this trifling sum. But then it is only reasonable that the Brompton jobbers should take into consideration, as they will doubtless do, Mr. Gladstone's idiosyncrasy, as people call it. It is a characteristic of this gentleman's mind that he must do something at least once a year to annoy all his friends, and to give huge delight to all his enemies, and they are many. It is probably at the price of some one annual exhibition of perversity and evil policy that he has sold himself, not to an evil spirit, but to his good genius. He is to win the reputation of being the wisest of men on condition that he executes not less than one stupendous folly per annum. At present he is in arrears with his reputation. He has tried hard to get through his inevitable annual *fiasco*; but the fates have compelled him to sobriety and good sense. His club tax and his charity tax were very fair attempts to appease the demon who demands his annual craze and folly. But he has not been allowed as yet to exasperate the public for the present year. We dread the Ides of July. The proposal which we are told only awaits his decision—the quiet, modest, thrifty proposal only to spend 400,000*l.* on the Brompton sheds—will, we fear, be too much for Mr. Gladstone. It is just the sort of affront to common sense, just the contradiction of an economist's practice to an economist's professions, which is sure to dazzle him. It is just the topic for that familiar sophistical oration which is to demonstrate that 400,000*l.* is nothing—is something—is everything; and that the Exhibition Buildings will cost nothing, and at the same time will answer all those artistic and scientific necessities which it must be admitted do not exist, and therefore must be satisfied. Mr. Gladstone has not yet had his All Fools' Day this year; and therefore we fully expect that, towards the middle of July, he will come out with a supplementary vote for only 400,000*l.*—the Exhibition Buildings at a decided bargain. The surplus of from 400,000*l.* to 500,000*l.* which, in his Budget for the current year, he so curiously declined to appropriate in any way, would just serve the purpose. The exactness of the fit is unpleasantly suggestive. Can it be that Mr. Gladstone has been reserving his surplus specially and expressly for this Brompton investment?

VOLUNTEER REGULATIONS.

THE history of a nation, it is said, may be read in its Statute-book, and it is equally true that the progress of the Volunteers may be traced in the laws promulgated from time to time for their government. The provisional period which may now be said to have closed has been signalized by a curious hotch-potch of rules and regulations, partly borrowed from half obsolete enactments, and in a great degree improvised by the authority of the War Office. It has fortunately not been thought necessary to postpone an orderly consolidation of Volunteer law until the multiplicity of rules had become as embarrassing as in many other departments of legislation; but enough uncertainty has already grown up to render the proposed consolidation an important boon. The introduction of provisions for the regulation of the Parliamentary grant, and the improvement of various matters of discipline and practice which the existing law failed to reach, give the new Bill somewhat more importance than would belong to it as a mere consolidation of the rules already in force. In the main, however, the intended Act aims rather at consolidation than change, and appropriately ushers in the settlement of the force on its permanent footing. The Bill which was introduced on Thursday by Lord Hartington seems to have given general satisfaction. Even Lord Lovaine has gracefully withdrawn the opposition which he offered on the occasion of the money vote for the Volunteers.

In the general position of the Volunteer, with respect to the regular forces, no material change is proposed. The Lords Lieutenants are still to be the channel for the acceptance of the services of new corps and the granting of commissions, but the old arrangements for Courts of Inquiry are to be superseded by regulations which the Secretary for War is empowered to frame, and vary from time to time. One change in a matter of discipline is, in theory, of much more importance than it will be found in practice. By a singular oversight, a large number of the earliest Volunteers were allowed to present themselves to be sworn before anyone knew what oath they ought to take. At first, gentlemen who assumed the rifle had a choice of a great variety of oaths, from the absolute soldier's undertaking down to the shadowy pledge of the common oath of allegiance. After a little time, it came to the lawyers' turn to be sworn; and, with more zeal than knowledge, they came to the conclusion that, if they were to be sworn at all, they could not swear too much, and accordingly committed themselves to the unconditional promise of service and obedience to their military superiors. It was generally assumed that this decision must be the right one, and it has ever since been the practice for Volunteers to bind themselves, in effect, to serve anywhere, and at any time, if so ordered by their commanding officers. By the new Act, the qualification is added to the oath that the duty is to be "according to the condition of the service," and at the same time the promise of obedience to superior officers is left out altogether. The change will not produce any practical effect, or one might be disposed to criticize the singular omission. In substantial, discipline remains on its old footing—easy enough in time of peace, but as stringent as the Mutiny Act can make it in the event of a summons for actual service. One provision (we believe not

altogether a new one) would have been open to serious objection if it had not been toned down to such a point as to render it practically inoperative. This is a clause by which Volunteers acting in the suppression of riots are to be under the same discipline as if in actual service. We have a strong feeling that Volunteers are not meant to be policemen, and that they would make the worst possible force for the purpose. They are none too popular with the people as it is, and they would never be able to check a tumult by the influence of fear, without actual bloodshed. The mob knows that regiments of regulars are employed when necessary in keeping order, but until they saw and felt the first volley of ball cartridge, a disorderly rabble would never be induced to believe that the grey-coated civilians had any intention of attacking in earnest. Of course they would do so if they received the order, but the primary object of quelling a riot by intimidation without bloodshed would never be attained. It would be better that Sir George Grey should keep down his favourite ruffians without calling for Volunteer assistance; but as this police duty is only obligatory on those Volunteers who may choose to undertake it, with the sanction of the Lord-Lieutenant of their county, the enactment will probably do less mischief than might otherwise be the case. The clauses which relate to the ordinary management and powers of Volunteer Corps do not materially alter the subsisting arrangements. Some of the difficulties which prevented the land clauses of a former Act from being used for the acquisition of ranges will be removed by the present Bill, but we do not imagine that any effectual result will be attained. The time has passed when Volunteers could command large subscriptions for any such purposes; and when they have the power of buying land, without the money to pay for it, they will be in much the same position as when they had the money without the power. This matter of rifle-ranges is almost the only serious blunder which has been made in the direction of the Volunteer movement. The Government ought to have taken it in hand before money had been wasted upon butts so inconvenient as to render rifle practice the exceptional amusement of a small minority. Perhaps it would not be too late now to retrieve the error; but it is certain that the provisions of the new Bill upon the subject will be almost, if not entirely, a dead letter.

On the most interesting point, just now, for the Volunteers, the Act gives no information. The conditions on which the Government grant is to be issued are very properly left to the future discretion of the War Office, or, in strictness, to the Queen in Council, instead of being stereotyped by legislation. Under the present direction of the War Office, it is certain that, in framing the first regulations, every possible consideration will be shown to the true interests of the force; and it is much better that details of drill and practice should be settled in an administrative office which has the full confidence of the Volunteers, than that they should be the subject of what could not but be a desultory debate in the House of Commons. In substance, it is well known what the scope of the regulations will be, and there can be no doubt that any defects which experience may disclose in the proposed "code of efficiency" will be promptly remedied. Even if discussion had been invited by annexing the first set of regulations to the Bill, it would have been absolutely necessary to leave to the military authorities an unqualified power of accommodating their requirements to the circumstances of the force; and little besides barren discussion would have resulted from the offer to submit the rules in the first instance to the decision of the legislature. At the same time the practical control of Parliament is secured by a clause which suspends the operation of the proposed Order in Council until one month after it shall have been laid before both Houses. Such is a slight outline of a Bill which places the practice and discipline of the Volunteers on a regular and permanent footing.

While Parliament is thus at work making laws for Volunteers, another body has been framing a code which will have even greater interest for one, and as we think, the most important section of the force. The Council of the National Rifle Association is the executive of the Rifleman, as the War Office is of the entire body of Volunteers, and the by-laws for the annual meeting at Wimbledon will be scanned with a scrutiny much closer than any Act of Parliament is likely to command. In its own department, the Council has won the same general confidence which the War Office has gained by its judicious administration of the general affairs of the force, and the new shooting regulations will probably command as general an assent as is possible, where every man who competes has some pet crotchet of his own upon the subject. The main point is, that the Council should be amenable to the influence of opinion, and no one can read the new code of by-laws without tracing the evident desire to conciliate, as far as possible, all the conflicting views which the abstruse subjects of scoring and marking, and the terms and conditions of the various competitions have from time to time elicited. On several minor points we are inclined to think that the regulations might be improved, but we are bound to admit that if they do not absolutely embody our own particular views, they are a remarkably fair compromise among those which are most commonly entertained. Without going into details, it is enough to say that the desire for a more bountiful encouragement of the Volunteer's weapon has been met by a liberal allotment of additional prizes to the value of 360*l.*, besides a 50*l.* cup to be called the Alexandra prize. For these prizes the ranges selected have been kept well within the powers of the Enfield rifle, while in one or another competition every candidate for distinction will find the shooting conditions under which he may fancy

himself most likely to command success. Even those who are enamoured of foreign fashions may enjoy the luxury of shooting at a Swiss target, and of anticipating the time when its rational arrangement of concentric circles shall be universally substituted in trials of skill for the unscientific plan of scoring which has been established at Hythe. This will, perhaps, be one of the first little revolutions in the machinery of the great national competition, and another will possibly be the restoration of the 300 yard range, which, to the detriment of good shooting, was prematurely abandoned after the first meeting. A much more important change for the interests of a large proportion of the intending competitors would be the postponement of the meeting from July to August. A better prospect of fine weather, and a larger prevalence of leisure, taking one class with another, are strong recommendations of the later month. The drawbacks are, a certain amount of inconvenience more imaginary than real to the lovers of grouse-shooting, and the possibility of deranging the elevens of the two Houses of Parliament in case they should fall into the early closing movement. It would be a grievous disappointment if anything should occur to prevent this match from becoming as permanent as the meeting itself; but it is to be hoped that, without so serious an interference with Parliamentary sport, it will be found, in future years, practicable to postpone the meeting for a month. For this year, the Volunteers in camp must be prepared once more to brave the gales of a Wimbledon July, and to take their chance of the proverbial Volunteer down-pour. Whatever may be their fortune in this respect, we have no fear of any decline, either in the skill they have already shown, or in the spirit of competition which has grown with each successive meeting.

PRUDELWITZ AND STRUDELWITZ.

MOST occasional readers of the Berlin *Kladderadatsch* must be familiar with the far-famed Barons Prudelwitz and Strudelwitz, the *par nobile* of Junkers, who are wont from time to time to favour the readers of that amusing periodical with their trenchant correspondence. These worthies resemble one another as brothers should, Strudelwitz ever appearing to out-Prudelwitz Prudelwitz in his abhorrence of the Constitution and the *canaille*, and in his admiration of the Czar of Russia and the coryphées of the Ballet. But it is not in print alone that many of us have met these truculent Barons. No traveller who has ever paused in the oasis under the lime-trees amidst the Sahara of the Prussian capital, can have failed to observe Strudelwitz sitting before Fuchs' or Kranzler's Café in the uniform of an officer of the Guards, his outstretched legs covered by the "Journal of the Cross." No visitor to the Berlin Opera-house has escaped the contemptuous glance of Prudelwitz, as he stands, the lord of the stalls, in an attitude expressing protection of his master in the Royal box above, and defiance of the rest of human kind. Of late the intelligent traveller may very likely have discovered him in a far different place. Among the patient and long-suffering gentlemen who are sent to represent their countrymen's grievances in the Chamber of Deputies—among them, but not of them—Prudelwitz has, during the last session, reared his crest. He is there called Minister-President von Bismark-Schönhausen, but has not introduced any alterations or modifications into his lordly style and bearing. He loftily refuses to bandy words with the base plebeians about such things as treaties and conventions, but condescends to ridicule, when he is in good spirits, their "constitutional" talk and loud voices. Manteuffel was a hard-working clerk, Van der Heydt had himself dabbled in democratic notions, but now Prussia is ruled by one of her own aristocracy—one born to serve the Hohenzoller and to snap his fingers at the Schultzes and Müllers who presume to meddle with the expenditure of the public money, the organization of the royal army, and the administration of the nation's affairs.

The lordly Bismark is not without his appropriate clients. All Berlin has been lately laughing at their offerings at his shrine on the auspicious day of his birth. One offered a Westphalian ham, another a Silesian sponge-cake; and a committee of admirers presented him with a sword, bearing his ancestral motto, *Viel feind, viel ehr'* (many foes, much honour), to the first clause of which he has, not without success, endeavoured to act up; for the present Prussian Premier may proudly write himself down the most unpopular Minister who has ever held office at any time or in any country. On all subjects, no matter whether of foreign or domestic policy, he is utterly and absolutely at variance with the Chamber and the nation. He is not only opposed to them, but he glories in his opposition, and delights in testifying to it, not by words and deeds alone, but by his demeanour and behaviour—nay, by the very attitudes into which he humorously throws his chivalrous person. He has determined to teach them what it is when a Junker governs, not the peasants on his *Rittergut*, but the people of his sovereign. It is idle to wonder at the Prussian people's submitting to be governed by a Minister who is an offensive type of a class it hates and detests. Ever and anon, a flattering rumour arrives from Berlin that Bismark has resigned, or is about to resign, or would resign if a successor could be found. If he were to-morrow to quit office, and the King were to name (supposing, for the sake of argument, such a thing to be possible) another Premier yet more disagreeable to the nation, it would submit. And it would act rightly; for the Liberal party in Prussia—which includes nearly all who take an interest in the national welfare apart from class-

interests—has made up its mind not to spoil a good cause by resorting to violent or illegal means. But what may well rouse our astonishment is the fact that Bismark, and men of his class, hated as they are by the nation, and generally devoid of any territorial wealth and influence, devoid also of any intellectual claims or merits, should yet be the only body of his subjects trusted by the King. William I. is an honest and well-meaning man, patriotic, in so far that he loves his country and seeks her glory; and yet he spurns an opportunity which would make him the most popular monarch that ever held sway in Prussia, to earn the applause and gain the support of the small and contemptible faction of the Junkers.

There are Junkers military and Junkers civilian in Prussia; but it would not be easy to exalt one species at the expense of the other. The Junker military has been educated at the *Cadetthaus*, a military academy which receives its *alumni* at a very tender age, and rarely fails to mould them into devotees of things as they are and as they ought not to be. When the human being has ripened into an ensign, he enters an army which is taught to consider itself the end-all and be-all of the country—not so much a means whereby its glory and honour may be defended, as that glory and honour itself. Henceforth his creed will be to honour the king and to look down on the people, which two duties make up the Junker's catechism. The civilian species is led to the same result by not very dissimilar paths. A sprig of German nobility is generally reared under the fostering care of a *Hauslehrer*, or domestic tutor. The latter belongs to the poorest class of the poorest members of a University. He is probably a *Candidatus Theologie*—a station which may be compared to that of a penniless curate in England unprovided with a curacy. His lessons are long and worth his salt; but independence is not one of the subjects he is hired to teach. And it would be a great mistake to suppose that the young aristocrat will be metamorphosed in the freer air of the University. The German Universities are no longer, as they were once with some reason believed to be, hotbeds of democracy and revolution. Their present social state is rather apt to foster an exclusive tendency. The so-called *corps*, which have almost universally superseded the *Burschenschaften*, and which are encouraged by the authorities as much as the latter were tabooed, profess exuberant loyalty as their first principle, and aim at exclusiveness as steadily as the most select club in St. James's Street or Pall Mall. The leading *corps* is always the most aristocratic. It endeavours to catch as many noblemen as it can—barons and counts, if the season be good, and princes, if Heaven should send them. Some of these societies absolutely exclude commoners—others only consent to swallow the pill of admitting them if it be gilded by the accident of wealth. The two most popular among the German Universities on the Rhine and on the Neckar would furnish ample proofs of this statement. From the *corps* the Junker proceeds to a life which befits his class and his intellect. He lives as a country squire, without a particular love of field-sports, and without any love at all for books, in most cases on a small estate; or he enters upon what is called the State-career, which consists in a gradual development of titles, accompanied by office-work and its usual consequences on the human mind. But the official Junker belongs rather to the bureaucracy, which is a separate, and, after all, a useful class. The pure and unadulterated article must be sought in the army and among the country squirearchy. The Mark Brandenburg, not fertile in most products, is supposed to be eminently prolific in this article; and the popular prejudice is, especially directed against noble families whose names end in *itz*, *plitz*, or *witz*, like those of our two barons.

Among the many fancies of the late unfortunate King, perhaps the most unpractical was the creation of a Prussian House of Lords. His father had been sufficiently unsuccessful, one would have thought, in his imitation of another great English institution, to furnish a warning to his son against burning his fingers in a similar fashion. But Frederick William IV. had determined on a House of Lords; and he and his successor in consequence obtained an assembly, partly hereditary, partly nominated by the Crown, made up of a few great landowners, many small ones, and a handful of burgomasters, rectors of universities and such like, as a makeweight. These illustrious nobles have succeeded in completing the present deadlock in Prussian public affairs, by voting on every occasion in direct opposition to the popular feelings and wishes. Thus the King is enabled to lay the flattering unction of popularity with his "Peers" to his soul; and his subjects are more than ever exasperated against this selfish class of blatant lordlings. A popular Constitution devoid of an aristocratic element is not always a safe experiment; but a Constitution with a sham aristocratic element cannot possibly succeed. Neither the wealth nor the intellect of the nation is really represented in the *Herrenhaus*; nor can its members point to any traditions of hereditary statesmanship. The most distinguished Prussian statesmen have been foreigners; for from the ranks of the people a choice has been disdained, and the native aristocracy is a source which has ever refused to flow. The present King appears determined to squander the loyalty by which his accession was greeted, and to put his trust, not in his people, but in the weakest and least vital of its sections. Yet he might remember that it was not the Junkers who made Prussia a first-class Power, but an enthusiastic nation following an enterprising monarch to battle. Nor was it the Junkers who, in 1813, rescued the country from an almost hopeless degradation, but the whole people in arms. Not until the King casts aside the support of an interested class who arrogate to themselves the title of

his friends, and relies upon a free people's loyalty, will his kingdom regain in the eyes of Europe that prestige which forms its principal claim to the rank of a Great Power.

THE LOSS OF THE *ANGLO-SAXON*.

THE Company to which the unlucky steamer *Anglo-Saxon* belonged has hastened to publish the instructions under which her captain sailed. Those instructions, however, do not express anything which might not reasonably be considered to be implied. They recommend caution; they point out that safety is preferable to speed; and they direct that, on suitable occasions, the ship should be stopped or the lead used. If it were necessary to say something, and impossible to say anything new, the author of these instructions was only experiencing a difficulty which has often been felt before. It might seem superfluous to inform an officer of long standing like Captain Burgess, that if, in darkness or fog, he did not know exactly where he was, it would be expedient to lie-to until he could see; but it appears that Captain Burgess has thrown away his own and many other lives by disregarding this suggestion of simple prudence. There is not the smallest reason to impute to the owners of the *Anglo-Saxon* that they did not mean their instructions to be obeyed; but as it is to be feared that there is a growing disposition on the part of captains to treat such instructions as a mere empty form, it may be desirable that the public should unmistakably declare its will that safety should be, in act as well as in word, preferred to speed in the voyages of ocean steamers.

As we have now before us the statements of the officers of the ship, we can see how far the conjectures which ascribed her loss to undue haste are justified. The *Anglo-Saxon* was the first steamer which has left Liverpool this season with the expectation of finding the St. Lawrence sufficiently free from ice to allow her to reach Quebec. But as it was doubtful whether the St. Lawrence would be open, her captain was directed to touch, if possible, at Cape Race, where instructions forwarded by telegraph from Quebec would be awaiting him. If these instructions stated that the St. Lawrence was not open, he was then to shape his course for Portland, in the State of Maine, which is at present the port for British trade with Canada during the winter season. As the telegraph station at Cape Race is in communication with all parts of the British possessions and of the United States, it is, of course, very important that steamers, whether bound to or from America, should call there, or at least approach near enough to communicate with the boats which are on the watch to obtain or to transmit news. It appears, however, that this was not the motive which urged the *Anglo-Saxon* to destruction. She approached Cape Race for the necessary purpose of ascertaining whether Quebec or Portland was to be her destination; but whether she approached with all possible caution demands inquiry. She left Liverpool on the 16th ult., and up to the 25th her voyage was marked by no unusual incident. On the evening of that day, she fell in with ice and a thick fog. The engines were immediately slowed. Two hours later, the ice being thick and heavy, the engines were stopped altogether. Thus far there was no want of prudence. On the morning of the 26th the fog lifted, so as to allow cautious progress through the ice towards clear water, which was seen from the masthead. Having got clear of the ice, the ship proceeded under full steam and sail. At noon on that day the ship's position was ascertained by the usual method. During the following night the wind freshened, and blew strongly towards the Newfoundland coast, and a dense fog set in. All sail was taken in at 8 A.M. on the 27th. What followed shall be given in the narrator's own words, in order that there may be no risk of unfairly estimating the degree of prudence evinced by the captain of the *Anglo-Saxon*. "The fog still continued to be dense, and supposing the ship to be forty miles off Cape Race, we altered her course to W. half N., and slowed the engines to half speed, which we supposed would have taken us seventeen miles south of Cape Race." The supposition was unfortunately erroneous, for Cape Race was nearer than it ought to have been according to calculation. The mistake cost upwards of 200 lives, and about 100,000*l.* in money. The position of the ship had been ascertained, as has been stated, in the usual manner, about twenty-two hours previously, and her movement under steam, sail, and current since that time had no doubt been calculated with ordinary care, and with the inevitable liability to mistake. The result appeared to be, that the ship was forty miles from danger which, in reality, was close at hand. "At 10 minutes past 11 A.M. breakers were reported on the starboard beam." In a dense fog the ship proceeded, at half speed, on a course which was supposed to be safe, but which brought her to destruction. These circumstances are not dwelt upon for the purpose of bearing hardly upon the unfortunate Captain Burgess, who has paid for his error with his life; but it is necessary to call attention to the interpretation which captains of steamers put upon the instructions addressed to them by their employers. No doubt Captain Burgess meant to act prudently according to his own conception of prudence, which allowed him to push on at half speed through a fog, on the calculation that he was forty miles from land, and with the strong probability that, if his calculations were erroneous, he might bring to destruction the lives and property committed to his charge. An inexperienced person might call such conduct madness; but those who have observed during the last few years the proceedings of captains of ocean steamers know that it is their way of behaving circumspectly. They ascertain by observation

and calculation that a particular cape or island ought to be in a certain place relatively to themselves, and they proceed on the assumption that the cape or island will be where they reckon that it ought to be, or that it will look out for itself if it has moved elsewhere. Of course, if a cape or island were not likely to hit a ship much harder than the ship could hit the cape or island, this way of managing would be both safe and pleasant; but, unfortunately, the cape or island is an equally rude antagonist whether the position in which it is found be or be not in accordance with observation and calculation.

It is to be hoped that this deplorable calamity will have the effect of obtaining prompt attention to the proposal which was made to the British authorities some time ago, to erect upon Cape Race a steam-whistle to give warning to ships when they approach danger, which they cannot discern soon enough to avoid it. This proposal is stated to have been made by the Associated American Press, which is interested in obtaining intelligence, as well as by the principal companies which own the steamers in which that intelligence is carried to and from Europe. That the proposal, being apparently feasible and beneficial, should be declined by any British authorities to whom it was submitted, is unhappily no more than might be expected from official immobility. It appears, however, from a statement made by the President of the Board of Trade in the House of Commons, that difficulty has arisen upon the question who should pay the expense of erecting and maintaining the proposed signal-station. It happens that the loss of the *Anglo-Saxon* occurred exactly at the time and place most suitable for demonstrating the utility of a project which America has the honour of bringing forward and England has the discredit of rejecting. There was a dense fog which entirely shrouded the coast from view, and the ship was only four miles from Cape Race, and therefore well within hearing of a signal which is alleged to be audible at a distance of from six to ten miles. It is doubtless true that whatever is done to diminish the perils of navigation is apt to be neutralized by that foolhardiness which seems to be an ineradicable disease of the mind of the captains of ocean steamers. The passion for quick voyages causes neglect of those precautions which have been observed in all ages except this, which claims to be more enlightened and humane than any of its predecessors. A steamer is vastly superior to a sailing-vessel in her power of getting out of trouble, and many steamers are so managed as to lose no possible opportunity of displaying this talent to the best advantage. In the great majority of instances, all goes well, but occasionally calculations fail, or machinery does not act as promptly as it should, and then some terrible disaster gives a warning which is too soon forgotten.

If the Board of Trade undertakes to investigate the circumstances under which the *Anglo-Saxon* perished, it is to be hoped that attention will be directed to the question whether, if the ship had been built of wood instead of iron, there would have been a greater probability of saving some of the many victims of this disaster. The wreck occurred so close to land that some of the crew and passengers actually escaped along a kind of bridge formed of spars and ropes. It was hoped that all would have thus escaped, but, unhappily, the ship broke up in little more than an hour after she struck, and before the work of landing the crew and passengers could be completed. It would be desirable to consider, firstly, whether a wooden hull would not have been likely to hang together a few hours longer than an iron hull; and secondly, whether, when a wooden hull broke up, there would not have been a quantity of floating fragments upon which many lives might have been preserved until assistance came. Persons who are likely to be passengers by ocean steamers will appreciate the importance of the questions here suggested, and if it should appear that life is safer in a wooden ship than in an iron one, they will probably not regard being called blockheads for preferring wood to iron. The substitution of iron for wood in shipbuilding may be reasonably considered a great step in scientific progress. It might have been expected that one result of this progress would be to render human life safer upon the sea than it was in less enlightened times; but it would be extravagant to assert that such a result has been attained. Improvements in steamships, and in lighthouses and harbours, all seem to have the same effect of encouraging sailors to incur risks which formerly they would have avoided. Supposing the steam-whistle, or any other sort of signal, to be employed upon Cape Race, the small degree of precaution which is now used in approaching that dangerous headland is almost certain to be used no longer.

THE WHOLE VALUE OF MAN.

THERE have been several definitions of Man, and according to the definition has been the comparative estimate of man compared with man. There is the material and physical estimate, by which Daniel Lambert ranks so far above the Living Skeleton. There is the ethnological, by which the Caucasian Man takes precedence of the Boshman and the indigenous Australian. There is the Life Assurance standard, by which a life at twenty is more valuable than one at sixty. There is the grammatical, by which the masculine sex is defined ungraciously to be more worthy than the feminine. There is the social, by which the duke is set above the costermonger. So that it is only in essays and on platforms that we admit the absolute equality of man. For all practical purposes, being, as we are, a shopkeeping

generation, we admit in practice only a monetary standard. A man is measured according to what he is worth—not according to his worthiness, but to his money-representing or money-producing power. This is literally his value. We treat him only as the winner of wages. Sir James Fergusson, in a Bill lately before Parliament, reduced all human kind to a prosaic level. Blind to the distinctions of rank, colour, skull, or sex, he divided all men into these several classes by a simple process. All men are railway travellers; railway travellers consist of first-class, second-class, and third-class; and they must be appraised accordingly. And the figure at which man comes out, according to the Directors' estimate, is sufficiently humiliating to the dignity of the order Primates. In the Bill, which was fortunately lost on Wednesday, "to regulate the compensation for accidents," Sir James proposed to restrict the liability of railway companies for compensation, in cases of death or accident to travellers by railways, to no greater sum than 400*l.* in respect of any first-class passenger, and 300*l.* and 200*l.* for second and third-class passengers respectively.

This is a levelling doctrine and a humiliating one. Sophocles enlarges on the wonderful nature of man—"Many things are wonderful, none so wonderful as man." Hamlet moralizes on the sublime character of humanity. Man, say the sages, is the microcosm, the very image and reflex of the Divine mind. He is a partaker of the heavenly nature, says Revelation. Yes, but it was a man, and not a railway director, who was the poet and sculptor of man; it was reserved for Sir James Fergusson to bring us all down to our real value. And that is, 400*l.* for a maximum. Think of a Lord Chancellor, or an Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Palmerston, or a Prima Donna only fetching 400*l.* according to the English market price. Why, in New Orleans, when the African squadron used to be active, a healthy nigger might have fetched more than half the sum. "Vanity of vanities" is a text upon which the wisest of men has discoursed; but it wanted one who is certainly not a Solomon to bring us down to 400*l.* Sir James Fergusson must take rank among the reformers of ethical philosophy. It used to be held that to rise in the world was a powerful motive to human action; *adiposité* was the advice addressed to ingenuous youth.

Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how mean a thing is man—

used to be the poet's sermon and spur to emulation. Sir James deprives us of the last infirmity of noble minds. Ambition would henceforth cease to warm the sluggish energies, if high and low, gentle and simple, St. James and St. Giles, the bishop and the curate, could not rise above the dread leveller, who reduces us all to 400*l.*, cedar and alder alike.

Nor is this the only moral solecism involved in the late Bill. It affected to give a provisional compensation by making it lawful for any passenger to require the railway company to insure him against death, provided that such insurance should not exceed 3000*l.* Here is another immorality. While the Bill only valued a man at 400*l.*, taken at the company's valuation, it permitted him to estimate himself as high as 3000*l.* against the company. That is to say, man, when he puts his own value on himself, may make it nearly eight times greater than that at which society rates him. This distinction would operate as a sad stimulant to personal vanity and haughtiness of heart. What insured Pharisee but would feel prouder and haughtier as he looked across the carriage, in the confidence of a man just appraised at 3000*l.*, at his poor uninsured brother whose carcass represents a paltry 400*l.* at the highest? These are temptations to which human self-esteem should not be lightly exposed. A thought strikes us, that it may possibly be that Sir James Fergusson is a convert to Mr. Huxley's theory. He considers that man is but faintly distinguished—either in anatomy, or in moral and, therefore, in pecuniary value—from the larger anthropoid apes. Indeed, we suspect that, just as a living dog was said by the preacher to be better than a dead lion, Sir James meant forcibly to impress upon our race the truth that a living gorilla would, if imported by M. Du Chailu to-morrow, command a higher figure than a dead professor, according to the Parliamentary table of mortuaries.

To be serious, this Bill, though defeated, represents the long muttered complaints of railway meetings, which we may expect to hear again in another Session. If it were not for that abominable Bill of Lord Campbell's, shareholders would have better dividends. The Clayton Tunnel catastrophe had a most fatal influence on the price of Brighton stock. Lord Campbell's Act, and the Common Law too, must be revised, repealed, modified. What Parliament is bound to look to is, in the first place, the state of the dividends; and, in the second place, the safety of the public. As things are, no Railway Board can stand it. If we go to a jury, the chances are that the railway travellers in the box will exceed the shareholders; and juries seem to have combined to give heavy damages against the companies. Under these circumstances, as society conspires to compel the companies to use all care and diligence in conveying passengers, so the companies must conspire to protect their interests against the public. Hence Sir James Fergusson's Bill. It is the railway interest against the public interest. The railway interest is strong, and strong in both Houses; but we believe that the public interest is stronger. Lord Campbell's Act is the only security—and unfortunately, stringent as its provisions are, is but an insufficient security—that the railway companies should take any precautions whatever for the public safety. As it is—even when a railway company may be made to pay as much as 15,000*l.* for a single barrister's or physician's life—the staff of signal-men and porters is cut down to the lowest possible scale, and the officials are all over-

worked. At present, when the companies are working in the face of tremendous penalties for negligence, they do the least possible for the public security; and were the pecuniary safeguards removed, as this Bill proposed, it is easy to see that the working staff would be reduced. The quantity and quality of the rolling stock would no longer be a matter of primary, because of pecuniary, importance; punctuality would be neglected; trains would be despatched anyhow or nohow; signals would be of little consequence; and, as in the parallel case of Mississippi steamers in the days before civil war, human life and limb would be left to the mercy or foolhardy ignorance of the under-paid station-master, or the over-worked engine-driver and pointsman. As to the compensation proposed by the Bill, it would have been better to have left its amount to the generosity of the companies than to have awarded this beggarly mockery. To give to the representatives of a barrister in full practice, or to the widow of a Secretary of State, four hundred pounds, is a simple mockery of compensation. To suggest such a scale is an effort of impudence as well as of cruelty. Nor were matters mended by the clause which proposed to turn the railway companies into assurance societies against death or accident. There are already several Accidental Death Assurance Companies; and they all pay respectable, some very good, dividends. The clause, in so far as it would gain any object, would have been to add to the railway fares, and to add also to the railway dividends. The passenger would be taxed his insurance money, and the shareholders would be benefited by adding the profits of a life insurance office to their present carrying trade.

The really remarkable thing is, that so insolent a proposition should have been ever introduced into Parliament; and it shows what a low estimate of public morality is entertained when a respectable member like Sir James Fergusson, put forward, too, as the representative of the most powerful money interest in the country, should venture upon such a bold defiance of decency and common sense as this Bill involved. Of course it was rejected, but not by a very large majority, and in a thin House. Still it will have done its work. Any future suggestion for cutting down Lord Campbell's Act will be looked upon as tame and harmless after this, and may stand some chance of being at least entertained. Amazing impudence always gives moderate impudence a chance. And in this sense Mr. Gladstone may be grateful to Sir James Fergusson. The Club tax was about the rudest assault on propriety which ever was ventured upon by a Cabinet Minister; but the great railway interest has shown itself to be more immodest than even a Chancellor of the Exchequer in search of a victim of insult and annoyance. If not the defunct Bill, at least something like it, may be expected to recur. And, in the meantime, it will be well to bear in mind that, as far as any principle goes, Sir James Fergusson's Bill was as bad as Lord Campbell's Act is said to be. The objection to the present law is that it is very hard that a railway company should be liable to extraordinary expenses if they happen to kill a great man; the risk and the requisite care being the same whether the train is freighted with peers or costermongers. Sir James introduces the very same arbitrary distinction by estimating a man, not according to his usefulness, or station, or income, but according to the class he happens to travel in. If the principle of Lord Campbell's Act is to be abandoned, there is nothing for it but the absolute equality doctrine; and then, perhaps, 5*l.* is enough for anybody's life.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE have already, in common with most of our contemporaries, drawn attention to the mode in which the Hanging Committee have this year exercised their always ungracious, though necessary, function. This has not only proved an unusually large stone of stumbling to the promising younger occupants of our studios, but has, in a very singular manner, and one likely to tell upon the receipts, affected the aspect of the Exhibition itself. We do not mean that all the pictures which people naturally crowd to see have been exiled from the celebrated Line. But the Academy, like the Empire, has its Cayenne; and there can, unfortunately, be no doubt that Messrs. Frith, A. Cooper, and C. Landseer—the petty Napoleons of the season—have, with imperial impartiality, consigned to the highest or the lowest limbo a large proportion of works by men possessed of an inconvenient faculty of rising, whilst they have filled the space with canvases which, except that they happen to be their own, would have never occupied any post which could be called a post of honour. To these works, thus publicly put forward to challenge our attention, we intend to apply a scrutiny as minute as they will bear on a future, but not a distant, occasion. But a first notice is justly due to pictures of a different quality; and so well situated is the country at present in regard to art, in certain directions—so imperative are the claims of several artists to a position in which their works can be, not only paid for as part of a spectacle, but actually seen—that it will be found that the Ninety-fifth Exhibition of the Academy affords much which may please, and not a little which may delight, an intelligent spectator.

Before taking in hand the principal pictures shown, it is proper to note certain conspicuous deficiencies in the collection. Owing principally, we believe, to the pressure of other work connected with Art, neither Mulready, Eastlake, MacIise, Dyce, Landseer, nor Foley, is represented. In these men we lose some of the most attractive, and some of the most original, of our ordinary contributors; and others, from whom we have often, on previous occasions, received

works of merit—for instance, Phillip and Watts—are by no means seen to the fullest advantage. From most of those now named we may fairly hope for recompense hereafter; but the loss which the English school has sustained by the death of Mr. Egg will not be supplied so easily. This is, perhaps, not the place for biographical details on this justly-lamented artist; yet it would be an inexcusable omission were we to be silent upon all that we have suffered by his early removal. The experience of foreign art which we gained last year appears to have impressed English spectators in general with the knowledge that, in some highly important matters, we are unequal to our Continental contemporaries. We do not draw so well; we do not hit the point so dexterously; we are not so skilful in telling a tale without the aid of minor bits of humour or sentiment; we do not concentrate the interest of our landscapes with such frankness and facility; we are more given to mere manufacture in our portraits. Now, in some of these items, Mr. Egg was amongst the few, comparatively, who could best stand the test of French and German competition. There was a high and serious aim in all that he did; his command over design in the human figure was large, and he laid out his canvas with a dramatic power which was always increasing in clearness and simplicity. If this brief summary of what he was leads any of our readers to do him justice in their remembrance—still more, if it should lead some of our existing artists to emulate his career—what we have here attempted to perform will be not *inane munus*. But we now pass to the living.

Ever since his fine "Procession of Cimabue" startled us some eleven years ago, Mr. Leighton has been one of the "rising men" of the day in figure-painting. Two or three others—as Marks and Calderon—have, during this interval, fairly made their reputation, and we find on these walls proof that, before any long period has gone by, as many more will be "household names" to all who care for English art. But Mr. Leighton has embraced a wider range than most of his contemporaries, both in the quality of his subjects and the size of his designs. He has apparently set before himself the lofty but hazardous example of those who in the last century were understood as the "great masters;" and it must hence not be considered unreasonable or discouraging if we still have to look upon him as a man who has not yet finally completed his style, nor secured his reputation. This year, two serious and two ornamental pieces attest the versatility of his powers, nor has he shrunk from attempting three on the arduous scale of actual life; whilst one, the "Ahab, Jezebel, and Elijah" (382), appears to be of larger proportions. Excepting (if they be exceptions) Mr. Herbert's uninspired and cold, though careful "Judith" (509), with Mr. Dobson's sweet but sentimental "Return of the Holy Family" (340), Mr. Leighton's is the only serious Scripture subject which we have observed; for no one would apply the epithet to the little ornamental sketch by Mr. Frost (178), or to Mr. Solomon's clever study of Arab life in No. 567. In the Jezebel and Elijah we see that the artist has endeavoured to unite the "style" of the sixteenth-century men with that more individual rendering of character and more strictly chronological aspect of scene which familiarity with the real East has rendered, in a manner, obligatory on our modern Scripture painters. In this difficult aim he has not attained complete success. The colouring is not free from heaviness, owing to the large unbroken masses into which it is divided; the action of the Ahab is a little uncertain; and the smooth surface of the painting combines with the gloss and newness of the dresses to deprive the scene of the air of picturesque veracity. It is, however, on the whole, a truly fine work. The arrangement is striking; the lines of the Queen's drapery are large and beautiful; and her head, though less original than that of the Prophet, is well drawn and imagined. Leighton's power in seizing character is perhaps most decidedly shown in the half-length of an "Italian Crossbowman" (528), who has, we suppose, registered a vow, sure to be kept, to avenge the death of the comrade whose withered hand is nailed to the city wall above him. Here the gloomy colour corresponds with the sentiment of the scene, although the force of purpose is so strongly marked on the archer's face that the artist might have given glow and richness of tone to the whole work without compromising its dramatic effect. Of Leighton's two ornamental pictures, the larger one, a "Girl with Peacock" (429), has an air of brilliancy, but strikes us as empty and shadow-like in proportion to the amount of work bestowed on it. The "Girl with Fruit" (406) is gracefully drawn and free from affectation.

If this painter's contributions give him a right, in 1863, to the place of honour amongst those who devote themselves to figure-subjects, the place of popularity must be reserved for Mr. Millais. One ghost-scene (we will presently vindicate the right of the picture named in the catalogue the "Eve of St. Agnes" to that more exciting title), and two pictures from childhood, are powerful appeals to long-established predilections of the multitude; and it will probably be agreed on all hands that the distinguished artist has, on the whole, made a nearer advance towards resumption of his earlier and more forcible style this year than in several preceding Exhibitions. At least the execution of his "Child's first Sermon" (7) is carried to a very high point of technical completeness; and though the painting of the face, as usual with the artist, is not perhaps proportioned in its thoroughness to the treatment of the accessories, yet the life, and earnestness, and simple beauty which he has thrown into the child's features render the little canvas one which we are long likely to remember with pleasure. In the "Wolf's Den" (498), the details are not

quite so satisfactory, and there is evidence of over-haste in the hands and face of the child on the right, and in the rather coarse patch of light which falls on the bosom of the prisoner. We presume, at least, that this little creature, lying so demurely on her back, and absorbed in her snowdrop, is meant to be the victim of her brothers, who are crying "wolf" in different tones of energy from beneath the grand pianoforte. One charm of this pleasing work is, in fact, the truth with which Millais has apprehended the inconsecutiveness of young children—their inability to act a part completely, or for more than a few moments—their deferential, but imperfect, imitation of the eldest amongst them. Thus, here, the biggest boy is the Coryphaeus of the party, and the gradations of intelligence descend through the child who can only roar, to the child who has totally forgotten that she is in the Den at all, and may be even dimly conscious that "it is all nonsense." Child's play has been never more pleasingly represented than here; but the example of other artists is not wanting to show that to make oneself thus a child amongst children involves a risk of sacrificing the deeper and more enduring aims of manhood. We trust that the deserved popularity of this picture may not tempt the painter to that career against which such works as the "Music" (46) and the "Morning Lesson" (221) are annually recurrent warnings.

As a *tour de force*, Mr. Millais' picture from Keats is probably unrivalled in this Exhibition. The general tone of moonlight is powerfully given throughout, although in all the remoter parts of the work we miss the delicacy of gradation, passing from the clear (that common and true epithet which poetry assigns to moonlight) to the obscure, which has been reserved, for effect's sake, to bring out the table and its ornaments and the blue and silver robe of Madeline. Nothing, in truth, but the daring dexterity which the picture shows could save it from leaving the impression of ghastliness. Keats, as is well known, poetically gave the tints of sunlight passing through gorgeous glass to the wintry moonbeams which colour his heroine with more than Venetian splendour. This was, perhaps, a just license to the artist who paints in words. He who paints in colours has, with equal justice, corrected the image, and thrown over his figure pale lurid rays, which rarely carry with them any indication of warmth. This is managed, on the hair especially, with admirable skill. But we must venture to urge, that Mr. Millais' amended version of the great Poet—and of the great Poet in his greatest work—should have stopped here. If the name of "Madeline," and the lovely images suggested by the lines which are injudiciously quoted in the Catalogue, were to be associated with his picture (without stopping to require the far minor veracities of mediæval costume and architecture), modest tenderness of expression, blending with passionate impulse, and grace of form, and beauty of colour, even if subdued, were essential to the subject. These are the elements of Keats' "Madeline;" but the images called up by the wan face, blackened lips, and blue-stained bosom of Mr. Millais' figure, aided by the impression given by the dismal-looking bed, are rather of the spectral order than of the maidenly.

—In glided Margaret's grimly ghost
And stood at William's feet—

Name the picture thus, and it would be accepted as a powerful rendering of the old ballad; and even the coarse wrists and attenuated arms of the model, and the inelegant details of fringed corset and petticoat-strings, would have an appropriateness.

Mr. Millais' children have no equal in the Exhibition, except in Mr. Holman Hunt's "King of Hearts" (146). This is one of those brilliant little works, true and complete in every touch, which we know will speak as clearly to spectators five hundred years hence, if paint and canvas keep together so long, as in 1863. It represents a noble little boy who, after the fashion of Reynolds' "Master Crewe," is enacting a young Henry VIII., and is about to send his china ball with sure aim, under the patronage, like a knight of old, of the device (a heart *gules*, the old Douglas bearing), from which the picture takes its title. The child's eyes are full of life and light, and the sunny smile on his face seems to presage success. His features and dress, with a lovely landscape background, are handled with Mr. Hunt's well-known faithful delicacy. Not far from this work in fidelity—though different in art and finish—we should place Mr. Darvell's little "Orange Girl" (328)—one of the many meritorious pieces sacrificed by the peculiar style of this year's arrangement. In this the child's face, and dress, and attitude, are truly, though rather stiffly, caught. It is much nearer nature than Mr. Faed's version of a similar subject (273), although it cannot compete, in force and richness of tint, with his "Orange Seller." Mr. Clark—another victim of the Committee—reminds us too forcibly of his excellent "Sick Child" by a somewhat blurred and morbidly-coloured repetition of very similar models and arrangement in his "After Work" (122). Of Webster's contributions, the aged man seated alone (165) is the most original. It has a pathetic feeling of high order, and, as usual with this artist, is singularly unaffected in character. In good scenes from everyday life this Exhibition is not peculiarly rich. Mr. Horsley, in place of the pretty pictures of this nature which at one time he gave, seems to have retreated into the somewhat dressy and artificial period of the corrupt cavalierism of Charles II.; and Mr. Faed's cottage interior (213), though a successful specimen of his picturesque and spotty manner, has not the dramatic interest of his "From Birth to Death," or the "Life in the Backwoods," of two or three years back. Mr. Martineau's single picture—a girl who has knelt

down to catch the last rays of firelight whilst she finishes the last chapter of some absorbing book (568)—is one of the most satisfactory pieces of design and execution on the walls. Small as this work may be, it is worthy of the painter of the "Last Day in the Old House," which was one of the chief attractions in the English gallery of the International. Beside the expression of the young lady's face, thoroughly given in all its intensity and unconsciousness, but without exaggeration, the skilful gradation of the *chiaroscuro*, as the room recedes from the light, and the skill with which the cool colours have been harmoniously carried into the centre of the piece by aid of the cover of the book, deserve especial notice. Another work which may be fairly set by this is the "Sailor's Return" (530), by Mr. A. Hughes, the well-known painter of many similar scenes, remarkable for delicacy of feeling and execution, and whose modest canvas has been hence naturally doomed by Mr. Frith and his colleagues to the region of boots and crinoline edges. Even this treatment, however, cannot prevent us from observing the depth of tone and tender feeling which Mr. Hughes has thrown into the head of the young sister who watches the passionate grief with which the lad has thrown himself on the grave of the parent or sweetheart whom he has returned to find missing. The drawing of these figures is firm, and the details of the church and trees skilfully managed. Barwell's "Reconciliation" (441), is not carried so far in finish, but it tells its tale with much clearness. The grandfather and squire, who hardly looks his age, offended by a child's marriage, has been induced to relent towards the now widowed mother by the sudden introduction of her child, effected through the affectionate ruse of his two maiden daughters. The gradations of hope in their heads, and in that of the widow, who grasps the hands of one, and looks only to her face for indication of what is passing, are caught with great dexterity; and their whole bearing and expression is that of true gentleness and womanliness. In all these points this work forms an exact and noteworthy contrast to the manner of Mr. Frith, in such a scene as his essentially vulgar and melodramatic "Railway Station;" or to that of his too faithful follower, Mr. Hicks, in his "Woman's Mission" (467). Yet this last gives promise of better things. The dexterity and feeling for grace shown will, we hope, be one day carried by Mr. Hicks into pictures of a more undemonstrative and real quality.

MR. KEAN'S FAREWELL.

HAVING given a farewell series of performances at the Princess's Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have now played for the last time in London, previously to their departure for Australia. They will be absent, it is said, for at least a year, and in the eyes of all who take an interest in theatrical affairs, that year will be a remarkable one, both for the country these eminent artists are about to quit and the country they are about to visit. Sixty years ago, the condition in which London will be left in consequence of the departure of the "Keans," would have been absolutely inconceivable. In those days, people were indeed less particular than they are now about texts, and were content to bolt down Cibber and Tate as genuine Shakespeare, just as a man in a hurry tosses down his beer without indulging in conjectures whether hops or quassia shavings have most to do with its flavour. But London without a theatre in which some sort of Shakespeare was represented would have been as complete an anomaly as a Sunday without a hot dinner. Sixty years ago, the theatre was not only a place to be visited when some out-of-the-way attraction was offered, but an institution almost as generally recognised as the Church. Indeed, the frequenter of the latter was almost necessarily a patron of the former. Puritanism had died out, and Evangelism had not crept in. Consequently, the man who abstained from theatrical amusements was set down at once as a Dissenter, or, at any rate, a very bad Churchman. At the beginning of this century, Dissent did not command much respect. There was no Exeter Hall, wherein it could make itself heard; there was no aristocratic Low-church faction to hold to it the hand of fraternity. The more liberal among educated persons looked upon it as a peculiarity of the small shopkeepers, which might be as proper to a cheesemonger as his white apron, but with which persons in another position had nothing whatever to do. The less liberal, on the other hand, sniffed Jacobinism in every Bethel and Ebenezer, and thought that Stiggins was very possibly a member of some Corresponding Society that had for its object the invasion of this country by the French. Nor could any poetical aspect be given to your London Dissenter early in the present century. Folks might hate the Roman Catholics, but still Roman Catholics were associated with all the romance of the middle ages, with magnificent cathedrals, with painted windows and solemn music, and even their convents were charming to young ladies whose engagements had been unpleasantly broken off. The old Ironsides of Cromwell, with their hard features, their buff jerkins, and their heavy-hilted swords; the Primitive Methodists, preaching the Gospel in the wild places of the land, after the manner so eloquently described by the authoress of *Adam Bede*—these might all come out well in the song of the poet, or on the canvas of the painter; but "serious" Mr. Thrump, the prosperous tea-dealer, placidly defied all decorative power. Even those who admitted his claim to be deemed a saint could not discover in him any of those qualities which go towards the formation of the martyr, and which always give an interest to the narrowest bigotry. Often is the complaint made that the Dissenter of the lower middle class is unfairly treated by the writers of prose fiction, who never mention him but to make him

ridiculous. Unfortunately, the difficulty of doing such justice to Stiggins as he would require lies in Stiggins himself, not in the illiberality of the novelist. It would be possible, indeed, to invent some villain, who should seduce Stiggins's daughter, and thus gain for him the sympathies due to a distressed parent; but this expedient, adopted too often, would soon be found less conciliatory than offensive.

When a man could scarcely avoid patronizing the theatres without being sneered at as an actual snob, or scowled at as a possible traitor—when there was no periodical literature of importance, and when popular lectures had not come into vogue—playhouses not only flourished, but were rightly deemed the chief places for affording intellectual amusement. If melodramas and spectacles were occasionally produced to please children and the masses, it was always the supposed duty of a manager to keep a constant supply of solid fare suitable to his more cultivated patrons; and although many of the comedies brought out sixty years since may seem sad twaddle to those who read them now, they were adapted to the general level of intelligence and feeling that existed in their time, which is more than can be said of the popular pieces of the present day. The many who declared that *John Bull* was the best comedy in the English language were contemptible as critics, but they meant what they said, and they considered that an evening spent in beholding the younger Colman's characters admirably sustained, was passed quite as intellectually as in a perusal of *Tom Jones* at home. Herein lies the essential difference between the condition of theatres now and sixty years ago. It is not that they are less patronized, for probably never was so much money expended nightly for theatrical amusement as within the last few years, when playhouses are to be found in every corner of London. It is that they are less respected by the cultivated classes as places of intellectual recreation. Many intelligent persons, far superior to religious prejudices, abstain from the theatre simply because they regard it as an institution that no longer appeals to their sympathies. And even those who frequent theatres merely seek amusement. The "sensation drama," that has made them order their dinner an hour earlier than usual, does not correspond to their notion of a valuable literary composition, as *John Bull* did to their fathers' ideal of comedy. They will all admit, to a man, that they would have been more intellectually employed if they had stopped at home to read the last new magazine, and they will admit, somewhat apologetically, that, having heard a great deal about a certain "effect," they came to see what it was like. Even when mere curiosity is less openly addressed, and a new work is announced in the play-bills as a comedy, no one dreams for a moment that the literary value of the so-called comedy will be at all comparable to that of a second-rate novel. Unfortunately, the theatre has nearly lost its intellectual reputation; and, however the audiences of the various houses may differ from each other with respect to cultivation, they are all alike in expecting mere amusement. The mob, including many who ride in their own carriages, do not want anything intellectual anywhere. The cultivated and studious who still frequent the theatre do not regard that as the place where their studies are continued. *Dulce est desipere in loco*—hence their patronage. We read that Edmund Burke, when a young man about town, constantly attended the theatres, as part of his mental discipline. A man who now professed that he adopted a similar course of training would justly be regarded as a pompous fool, who wished to make his own frivolities appear more weighty than those of other people. But no one can see anything absurd in the plan of Edmund Burke.

However, there is one isthmus that connects the theatrical world with the world of intelligence, and that one isthmus is the name of Shakespeare. Never did the veneration for Shakespeare so closely approach idolatry as at the present day. The remarks of Johnson and other critics of the last century, who wrote before hero-worship was a widely-acknowledged creed, are now regarded as pure blasphemies, whenever their tone is in the least depreciatory; and an assertion that the last act of *Macbeth* was susceptible of improvement would now excite more general horror than a declaration that John Wickliffe was the original author of the Pentateuch. Most fortunate for the dignity of the theatrical profession is the circumstance that the English poet so universally idolized, wrote, not dramatic poems, but literally stage-plays, and that to these same stage-plays he exclusively owes his celebrity. Just as certain squares in the north of London never lose their aristocratic character, however strongly the tide of fashion may set in a south-westerly direction, so can the theatre never wholly lose its respectability, so long as its association with the name of Shakespeare is retained. Whatever people may think of stage-plays in general, there is no one who dare assert, in the face of intellectual society, that a play by Shakespeare, well acted, is not deserving of the highest patronage.

Towards the end of the last, and at the commencement of the present century, this isthmus between the theatrical world and the world of intelligence seemed as solid as the Isthmus of Panama. After a temporary neglect of Shakespeare, which, however, was never so complete as is frequently supposed, our enthusiasm for the old national poet had revived, and lasted with unabated fervour through more than one generation. When young men had more of the fire of youth about them, or at any rate allowed it to blaze out more vividly than at the present day, they regarded a visit to the theatre to see some leading actor in some leading Shakspearian character as one of the greatest treats within their reach. As for the notion that Shakespeare was "slow," it would have sounded as

absurd to the youth of the later Georgian era as a belief that brandy was weak. However, between the commencement of this century and the present day a change has come over the national spirit. The Evangelical horror of the stage, which, as distinguished from the Puritanical horror of a former age, is not nearly sixty years old, is already dying out, but, unfortunately, its death is only a particular case of the decrease of earnestness in general. People do not avoid the higher drama because it is wicked, but because it requires more attention than they care to bestow on anything not immediately connected with their own personal interest; and they prefer entertainments which they know to be inferior, but for the enjoyment of which the same amount of attention is not required.

Under these circumstances, the causes of which we do not here propose to investigate, the isthmus which appeared to have so solid a foundation has become a drawbridge, the management of which belongs alone to Mr. Charles Kean. During his nine years' rule of the Princess's Theatre, the drawbridge was permanently down, looking like an isthmus still, and people of the highest cultivation rejoiced to see Shakspeare. There is the fact, strong beyond the power of hostile criticism, that for nine years the poetry of Shakspeare was uttered with the greatest regard to purity of text on the northern side of Oxford Street, and that it was heard by crowds. The scenic accessories were indeed gorgeous, but if they served as additional means for preserving the familiarity of the public with Shakspeare, they were employed for excellent purpose. Mr. Kean's period of management came to an end, and the drawbridge rose—that is to say, the name of Shakspeare ceased to connect the theatre with the educated public. The several times during which Mr. Kean has professionally visited and quitted London since the year 1859 have been so many occasions of raising and lowering the drawbridge. Last year, *Henry VIII.* attracted crowds for something like eighty nights—a fact which the whole family of the Kembles would have deemed incredible. For the last few weeks, theatrical statistics have shown a deplorable lack of public patronage; but Mr. and Mrs. Kean have had their eleven nights in the midst of this apathetic period, and drawn the old crowds by going through their round of old characters. There is the indisputable fact, proved over and over again, that Shakspeare has never, of late years, been permanently attractive in Western London except when associated with the name of Mr. Charles Kean.

When our great tragedian simply retired to the provinces, he did not altogether slip out of sight. We always heard how he was going on, and his return to London for a few weeks always seemed to be an event within the range of possibility. But when Mr. Charles Kean is at Melbourne or Sydney, when a waste of waters separates him from the British Islands, the drawbridge is raised with a vengeance, and the chains that keep it up are secured with the strongest staples. Nothing will be left to remind the public of the higher uses for which a theatre can be employed. Prose dramas of the light kind, whether serious or comic, will alone be presented. Plays will be looked upon as amusements with which the intellect has little or nothing to do—that is to say, if they are fortunate, for it is possible they may not be considered amusing at all. And this is the state of things that could not have been contemplated sixty years ago.

The colonists, who seem to have that practical veneration for Shakspeare which is proper to vigorous youth, and which is so palpably distinct from the studious, literary veneration so prevalent in the old country, seem hitherto to have bestowed the most liberal patronage on the histrionic interpreters of the great poet. But as yet they have rather nurtured unknown talent into celebrity, than paid a tribute to acknowledged worth. In fact, they have not seen an actor to whom the voice of the London public would assign the highest rank in his profession. If the theatrical history of Australia is ever written, the epoch-making event will be the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Kean.

LORD DUDLEY AND MR. LUMLEY.

SINCE the commencement of the opera season, a number of semi-official paragraphs have circulated in the press to the effect that Madlle. Piccolomini, now the Marchioness Gaetani, was to appear in three representations at Her Majesty's Theatre for the benefit of the late director of the theatre. Nothing could be more graceful than this act of kindness on the part of the noble songstress. That the marriage of the Marchioness Gaetani finally closed her brilliant public career is a fact as well known as the troubles which brought Mr. Lumley's management to an end; and it is announced that it is solely out of kindly consideration for the director who had the good fortune to make her piquant fascinations known to an English audience that Piccolomini (we cannot drop the old name) has volunteered to leave her retirement in Florence and return for these three nights only to the scene of her greatest triumphs. The warm-hearted generosity of the favourite little prima donna has, it is said, been emulated by all the principal singers who were engaged during the brief but brilliant period of the restoration at Her Majesty's Theatre. Nor has this spontaneous display of sympathy been confined to the performers who were once so intimately associated with the fallen manager. Mr. Mapleson, the present lessee of the old house, made the tribute complete by allowing the benefit representations to be held upon the stage over which Mr. Lumley had for so many years presided with more satisfaction to the public than advantage to himself.

The formal programme of the entertainments, which were to

result from this generous conspiracy to assist a man whom fortune had buffeted, was eagerly looked for, not only for the reunion of old favourites that it promised to bring about, but out of sympathy for the sentiment which has prompted this graceful act of kindness. It has sometimes been the fashion to regard the foreign artists who delight us with their talent as exceptionally eager for English gold, and it is pleasant to find the suspicion refuted by this practical expression, on their part, of what, in our vanity, we are apt to regard as the thoroughly English principle of helping those that are down. It is a pity that anything should mar the sentiment of such a scene; and though it is not in itself a matter of very substantial importance, the recent announcement that the promised performances are to be transferred from Her Majesty's Theatre to Drury Lane jars like an unexpected discord on the harmony of the proposed celebration. Piccolomini never sang on any London stage except that of the Haymarket Opera-house, and it seems a churlish return for the generosity she has shown to exclude her from the boards where she once reigned supreme, and where the director whom she has volunteered to aid catered for the public with energy, if not with pecuniary success, during a career of nearly thirty years. However, the formal announcement has been issued, and it appears that Drury Lane is to be selected for the three benefit nights. We have no doubt that the attraction of the company would suffice to fill what is perhaps the largest theatre in London, even without the additional inducement which many will feel in the desire to associate themselves, in however slight a way, with a tribute of kindly generosity.

If the matter had rested here, we might have been content to inquire no further; but the *Times* and other daily papers have given publicity to the cause which universal rumour has assigned for the unexpected change of *locale*. One would imagine that there could be but two persons who had any real title to interfere with the proposed arrangement. Mr. Mapleson must hold under a very stringent lease if he is not at liberty to lend his theatre to a brother manager in distress; and, in justice to him, it is only fair to say that no hint has been published of a desire on his part to evade the gratuitous promise which he allowed to be widely circulated for two or three months. No one can suppose that Mr. Lumley would wish to take his benefits at a strange theatre in preference to that with the former glories of which he was so intimately associated. If the influence which has brought about the change of plan is not to be traced to Mr. Mapleson or Mr. Lumley, public rumour must for once, we presume, be right in pointing to the only other person who can be supposed to have even an indirect voice in the matter. If Mr. Mapleson's landlord chooses to put his veto on an act of liberality, it is easy to understand the difficulty in which his tenant would be placed. The last season of Her Majesty's is said to have been prosperous, and the present may or may not be so; but the fate of the late lessee may well warn a tenant of so speculative a property as the Opera House to propitiate by all and any means the favour of his landlord. Without the strongest pressure, the withdrawal of a voluntary offer, so liberally and publicly made as that of Mr. Mapleson, would be hard to justify in a court of honour, whatever might be the interpretation which a court of law would give to the transaction; but we do not hear that the manager is charged with any greater fault than the pardonable weakness of yielding to an influence which few men in his position would willingly resist.

The story told plainly enough in more than one paragraph which has circulated in the daily papers, without, so far as we know, having received the slightest contradiction, is this. The Earl of Dudley, it is said, has intimated his pleasure that the lessee of the theatre which his lordship owns shall not lend his stage to befriending one who, so far as is known to the public, has committed no other offence than that of becoming bankrupt while he owed part of a year's rent to his noble patron. It would not be easy to believe this, but the statement has been published, and as yet we have seen no answer to it. That a mere trafficker in theatres, or speculator in theatrical properties, should deal hardly with a debtor by whose insolvency he had lost two or three thousand pounds, would be intelligible; but that Lord Dudley, the patron of all that is high and noble in art, should forbid Lord Dudley's tenant to do an act of graceful kindness to Lord Dudley's bankrupt debtor, is so incredible that all the public assertions of the fact would go for nothing if the charge were met by the retraction which Lord Dudley would honour himself by giving. Even were it true that the unlucky and hard-pressed manager had not dealt well by his creditor, and if it were urged that Lord Dudley had lost money by his theatrical speculation, it is still impossible to believe that he could manifest his displeasure in the singular form which he is said to have selected. It is not conceivable that, in such a case as this, Lord Dudley can be moved by any unworthy feeling; and we must be permitted to say that a denial of the assertions—or, if that is impossible, a withdrawal of the ill-considered veto—would be in better taste than persistence in what may have been a hasty resolution. Whatever else the explanation may be, it is hard to see how any amount of injury which Lord Dudley could have suffered in past times would have given dignity to the course which he is, we trust unjustly, said to have taken. A man may do as he likes with his own theatre, as with his own beast of burden; but (as Mr. Ruskin is so fond of preaching) there is a noble and an ignoble way of doing all things. We do not pretend or desire to know all the causes of difference which transformed the patron into the pressing creditor; but the quarrel has been ventilated more than once in open court, and the facts, so far as they have been

reported, certainly do not seem to disclose any justification for resentment on Lord Dudley's side.

The outline of the history which we have been at the pains to glean from the facts made public in the courts of law and equity appears to be this:—About 1852, the management of Her Majesty's Theatre had got into difficulties, and, in the course of the next few years, the undertaking was surrounded with perils. The superior landlord was insisting on a forfeiture of the lease, and was not finally defeated until the decision of the House of Lords, in April 1858. At the same time, creditors were pressing their claims against the theatre itself, which was held under a beneficial lease for a considerable term, and also against the properties, without which the house could not be kept open. In this emergency, an immediate crash was averted by the Earl of Dudley, then Lord Ward, who bought up one charge after another until he became the chief mortgagee on the house, and the owner of a large portion of the properties. In this position, Lord Ward, in 1856, insisted, for his own security, that Mr. Lumley should put himself unreservedly into the friendly hands of his patron, by assigning to him the lease of the theatre; in consideration of which he promised to give an option of repurchase at a future time, and added the striking assurance that, even if that should not be practicable, "he would not exact his pound of flesh." On this basis, worthy in every respect, of Lord Ward's position, the nobleman became the actual lessee and the manager his sub-lessee at a considerable rent.

So matters went on for a time, and would probably have gone on longer if the undertaking had been profitable; but though there was money enough to pay the artists, and keep up the credit of the house, an arrear of nine months' rent became due. The rest of the story is the usual history of a falling man—Lord Ward pressing for rent, Mr. Lumley struggling for time, and giving up one thing after another to gain it—first assigning properties which he had himself added to the old stock, and at last consenting to cancel his underlease, and to surrender the deed which gave him the option of repurchase. Thus Lord Ward became sole lessee of the theatre. It is not necessary to discuss the merits of the disputes which followed. The manager contended that the cancelling of the deeds and the surrender of possession were meant and understood as a satisfaction of the arrears of rent. The peer insisted that no such agreement was to be inferred, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict for the arrears. Another contest for the possession of certain properties also resulted in Lord Dudley's favour. These mere money differences, disposed of by the courts of law, are all that the public have before them to account for a prohibition being put upon the use of the theatre. There is nothing very new in this sequence of events. One has heard before of the friend in need being transformed into the mortgagee—of the mortgagee growing into the absolute owner. It is the normal process by which the inheritance of the unthrifty man passes into more prudent hands. The singularity of the present case is only in the unaccustomed cast of the *dramatis personæ*. It is true that the Court of Bankruptcy has frustrated any further proceedings by Lord Dudley in his character of unpaid landlord; but it is impossible that this circumstance can have induced him to thwart a generous project like that of the Marchioness Gaetani. Still, if there is any explanation to be given, Lord Dudley cannot remain silent.

THE TIMES ON MR. KINGLAKE.

AS our sole, and we believe our readers will think sufficient, answer to the attack made on this journal by the *Times* of last Thursday, in its article on "Mr. Kinglake and the Quarrelties, by an Old Reviewer," we beg leave to call attention to the following passage of that article:—

When the question was raised by Mr. Kinglake as to the intentional removal of the buoy at Old Fort by the French for sinister purposes, we were told by one of these auxiliaries that we were premature in rejecting that ridiculous charge, and that we ought to have waited to hear what Captain Mends, an undoubted authority on the point, had to say about it. Thus invoked, Captain Mends came forward in a letter in our columns, and there repeated what he had before recorded in his official report—that, so far as he knew, no buoy had been misplaced by anybody; that no confusion had been caused, save by heavy weather; that the disembarkation came off exactly as he had planned it; and that nothing could have been more loyal and courteous than the behaviour of the French navy on that as on all other occasions.

The critic, thus baffled, immediately changed his tone towards Captain Mends, no longer citing him as a competent authority, and, armed with *excerpts* from Lord Raglan's unpublished papers—selected and supplied to him by Mr. Kinglake—proceeded to "write down" that excellent officer in terms which certainly are not creditable either to the critic or to his employer.

The impression which the writer of this passage clearly intends to convey to his readers is, that we appealed to Captain Mends as "an undoubted authority;" that Captain Mends came forward in answer to our appeal, and gave evidence against us; that we, therefore, in a subsequent article, "changed our tone" towards Captain Mends, brought forward an extract from Lord Raglan's papers, and proceeded to write Captain Mends down. This, we say, is the impression which the writer clearly intends to convey. How far, in so doing, he is justified by facts, will at once appear by the following extract from our number of March 14:—

The *Times* Reviewer, after completely exposing, as he thinks, the intrinsic absurdity of this statement, ends by saying confidently—"In short, the whole story is a sick man's dream." He says, however, that he will believe the story if Captain Mends, who had charge of the disembarkation, will come forward to state that it is true. Ordinary critics, seeing that Mr.

Kinglake passes for a man of honour, and that he writes undeniably from good materials, would be inclined at least to suspend their judgment till Captain Mends or some other person entitled to a hearing came forward to say that the story was false. It was Lord Lyons, according to Mr. Kinglake, who discovered the misplacement of the buoy; and, perhaps, he may not have communicated the discovery to his subordinate. It was one which could not fail to breed mischief between the two armies. However, we shall hear what Captain Mends has to say when he comes forward. Meantime, we will produce a witness not less important. A letter from Lord Raglan, dated "Camp above Old Fort Bay, September 18, 1854" (four days after the incident), contains the following passage:—

"The disembarkation of both armies commenced on the morning of the 14th.

"It had been settled that the landing should be effected in Old Fort Bay, and that a buoy should be placed in the centre of it to mark the left of the French and the right of the English. But when the *Agamemnon* came upon the buoy at daylight, Sir Edmund Lyons found that the French naval officer had deposited it on the extreme Northern end, and had thus engrossed the whole of the bay for the operation of his own army. This occasioned considerable confusion and delay; the English convoy having followed closely the steps of their leader, and got mixed with the French transports. But Sir Edmund Lyons wisely resolved to make the best of it, and at once ordered the troops to land in the bay next to the northward."

This prudent forbearance and secrecy observed were turned against the British, who were twitted with the delay, and are now turned against the writer who endeavours to do tardy justice to their commander.

We have only to request that our readers will compare this extract with the one given above from the *Times*. It is not necessary to add a word more.

As for the confident assertion made by the *Times*, that the reviewer of Mr. Kinglake's work in the *Saturday Review*, the reviewer in the *North British Review*, and the author of the pamphlet by "An Old Reviewer," are "three literary gentlemen rolled into one," we can only state that, so far as the assertion relates to us, it is a simple falsehood. The reviewer of Mr. Kinglake's book in our columns was a writer personally quite unconnected with its author; nor has the slightest attempt been made by Mr. Kinglake to influence us in the matter in any way whatever. The *Times*, in speculating on the motives which have governed the conduct of another journal in pronouncing a favourable judgment on Mr. Kinglake's book, seems to have forgotten that its own judgment, as pronounced in its first article, was favourable in the highest degree; though in its second and the succeeding articles, it was led entirely to reverse that judgment on grounds apparently peculiar to itself.

REVIEWS.

SHARPE'S EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.*

MR. SHARPE has the great merit of having, as far as we know, written the only History of Egypt which can be understood by those who do not glorify themselves with that hard name, "Egyptologist." We do not know how far Sir George Lewis would have accepted even Mr. Sharpe's history as authentic; still, as contrasted with Baron Bunsen, Mr. Sharpe gives us something which, whether it really happened or not, at any rate might have happened. We at least know what he means, which is more than we can say after toiling diligently through the large octavos of Baron Bunsen. And Mr. Sharpe has also the still greater merit—one almost unparalleled in a professed Egyptian student—of seeing that the later and more certain Egyptian history is at least as important as that which is earlier, and, we must venture to say, more doubtful. He fully grasps the fact that the time when Egypt had a real influence upon the world in general was not in the days of its old barbaric grandeur, but in the days of its apparent bondage under the Ptolemies and the Cæsars. Probably Mr. Sharpe would not venture to assert this in quite so strong a form as we have put it; but a large part of his history shows that he practically recognises it all the same. Egypt, in these later times, served the world, or, at any rate, influenced the world, in two distinct ways. It afforded a field for the development of some particular phases of the Greek mind for whose development room could hardly have been found in Greece itself. The old republics of Greece were pre-eminently the cradles of Greek genius—of genius alike in politics, in poetry, in oratory, in contemporary history, in architecture, and the other fine arts. But, just because they were so pre-eminently the cradles of pure genius, they were not so well adapted to receive a less glorious, but far from contemptible, after-growth of the Greek mind, for which a more natural abode was provided at the court of a great Greek monarchy out of Greece. The learning and science of Greece, as distinguished from its original genius, had their natural home at Alexandria just as much as its original genius had its natural home at Athens. The Ptolemies had advantages over every other dynasty of the ancient world. They had not the guilt of destroying freedom, like the Tyrants in Greece itself. They did not rule over a brave, turbulent, half-civilized people like the Macedonians, at once tempted to constant aggressions against the neighbouring republics to the south, and driven to resist constant aggressions on the part of the neighbouring barbarians to the north. The Egyptians, so long as their religion and its usages were respected, made the most docile of subjects. Indeed, after the bigoted domination of Persia, the tolerant rule of the Greek kings may have called forth something almost like active loyalty. Thus Alexandria became a great Greek colony, the grand centre of a

* *Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum*. Described by Samuel Sharpe, Author of the "History of Egypt." London: John Russell Smith.

particular form of Greek intellectual life. Nor must it be thought that this makes the later history of Egypt merely a history of Greeks in Egypt, and not a history of Egypt itself. The old Egyptian national life lived on by the side of the Greek life of Alexandria, and at last reasserted its equality with it. Under the Roman government, Egypt sank again from a kingdom to a province, and the rule of the Cæsars was far less liberal than that of the Macedonian kings. Then came Christianity, with its teaching addressed alike to Egyptian, Greek, and Roman, and which was zealously adopted by the native population, though in a form differing from European orthodoxy, Eastern or Western. Then, too, the foundation of Constantinople transferred much of the intellectual life of Alexandria to the New Rome, and the native Egyptian mind was thus enabled in some sort to conquer the Macedonian colony which had been so long planted on its shore. Hence arose that religious and political antagonism between Egypt and Constantinople which forms the key to so much of the history of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, and which proved the cause of the speedy conquest of the country by the Saracen invader. Here we can distinctly see the old Egyptian nationality directly influencing some of the most important events in history, and playing a really greater part in human affairs than it ever could have done in the days of its barbaric isolation. Mr. Sharpe stands, as far as we know, alone, in having written, with great common sense and with respectable accuracy, this long consecutive history of Ptolemies, Cæsars, and Patriarchs, as well as of native Pharaohs. We do not presume to weigh him in any purely "Egyptological" balance, but he is certainly the only writer we know who has set forth, with any sort of clearness, what, after all, is "Egypt's place in" any really "Universal History."

We cannot help being amused—indeed, we are not sure that Mr. Sharpe does not himself intend a little quiet sarcasm—at the following exposition of the utter uncertainty of the professed Egyptian chronology:—

The dates are here given to the kings according to the author's *History of Egypt*; but it is almost unnecessary to remark that not a little doubt hangs over those given to some of the oldest of the Egyptian monuments. Those monuments which have kings' names upon them, and are more modern than the reign of Shishank, who fought against the Jewish King Rehoboam about the year B.C. 975, are seldom so far doubtful as twenty or thirty years. As to the earlier Theban monuments of Amosis, Amunothph, Thothmosis, and Rameses, some of our antiquaries would place them about 200 years earlier than the dates in this catalogue; and there are a few monuments which they consider even a 1,000 or 1,500 years older than our dates. Such are some of those found near the pyramids of Memphis, and such also are the Theban inscriptions which were made before the time of Amosis, who drove out the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, about the year B.C. 1540, according to this chronology. In the case of those monuments which have no kings' names upon them, their age has been judged from their resemblance, in respect to their mythology and style of art, to those which have names.

If the reader should wish to know the dates given to the Egyptian kings by the best-known German scholars, he may learn them by adding to our chronology three intervals of time, for which we have no buildings in Egypt; one of 200 years, one of 500, and one of 800. To our dates immediately before the year B.C. 1000, or between the kings of Lower Egypt and the great kings of Thebes, he may add 200 years. This is to be done upon the supposition that Rameses II. and not Thothmosis III. is the Menophra of the Sothic period, or of B.C. 1322. To our dates before the year B.C. 1450 he may add 500 more, or 700 in all. This is for the time when the shepherds tyrannized over Egypt, and is to be placed between the great kings of Thebes and the earlier kings, as if no native kings were then reigning; but this interval is not allowed by either Eratosthenes or the Tablet of Abydos, as shown in pp. 76 and 78. To our date of the Great Pyramids and their builders he may add 800 more, or 1,500 years in all; but this interval is not allowed by Eratosthenes, as shown in p. 78. In this way, however, may be learned the dates sometimes given to the Egyptian kings according to what may be called the long chronology.

Mr. Sharpe's immediate object in the present volume is to illustrate the Egyptian remains in the British Museum. He gives a numbered list, with many illustrations, and a description of each object, containing many remarks distinguished by his usual good sense. It is only fair to quote his general estimate of Egyptian art as compared with that of Greece. No doubt he gives the old barbaric sculptors credit for more than many will be inclined to allow; still there is, in Mr. Sharpe's criticisms, an utter absence of that extravagant admiration which generally distinguishes "Egyptologists." Mr. Sharpe first of all explains some disadvantages under which the Egyptian artists laboured, and shows the effect this produced on their works:—

The Egyptian bas-reliefs show us a side-face and legs walking sideways with a front chest and a full eye. They are rather less stiff than the statues; they have rather more of the freedom of drawings, but not so much as we might have looked for. This perhaps may be explained from the artists' very little practice in either drawing or painting. They had very little wood, which was what the Greeks painted upon; they had not invented oil-colours, and so could not paint on canvas; and they had no large sheets of paper. They were limited to narrow strips of papyrus, to the walls of their public buildings, and their wooden mummy-cases. Hence the art of copying the human form was chiefly studied in making statues; and whatever stiffness arose therein from the nature of the sculptor's materials and tools was carried into his drawings, and he lost that freedom which a more frequent use of the brush and pencil would have given him.

Presently, on coming to the colossal statue of King Amunothph III., whose date, in his system, is about B.C. 1250, he gives us a fuller exposition of the whole matter:—

We have no better specimen in this country of Egyptian sculpture. The whole figure is quiet and grand and in good proportions, except that the thighs are too short. . . . The nose and beard are broken. The rest of the figure is perfect, and shows very high excellence in art. The chief fault is that seen in almost all the sitting statues of Egypt, the thighs are not long enough. The horizontal line from the point of the knee to the back, is about one-sixth part too short. The stomach also is too flat. The whole is, as it ought to be, better than the parts. There is no false ornament, or affected knowledge

of anatomy; no attempts at anything but what the artist was well able to perform. The attitude is simple, and almost in straight lines, the body without motion, the face without expression. But, nevertheless, there is great breadth in the parts, justness in most of the proportions, and true grandeur in the simplicity. At a little distance the faults are unseen, and there is nothing mean or trifling to call off the eye from admiring the whole.

These Egyptian statues show the superiority of rest over action in representing the sublime in art. The Greek statues have much that is wanting in these. The Greeks have muscular action, with far greater beauty and grace. The Greek statues show pain, fear, love, and a variety of passions, but few of them are equal to those of Egypt in impressing on the mind of the beholder the feelings of awe and reverence. The two people were unlike in character; and the artists, copying from their own minds, gave the character of the nation to their statues. Plato saw nothing but ugliness in an Egyptian statue. The serious, gloomy Egyptians had aimed at an expression not valued by the more gay and lively Greeks; and the artist who wishes to give religious dignity to his figures should study the quiet sitting colossus of Amunothph III. In Michael Angelo's statue of the Duke Lorenzo in Florence we see how that great master in the same way made use of strength at rest when he wished to represent power and grandeur.

The origin of the Egyptian style of art must be for the most part sought in the character of the nation, but in part also in the nature of the materials used. These statues were made by measurement, and without the help of models in clay. Indeed such a model could not be made of the Nile's mud; and though there are spots in Egypt where clay was dug for the small porcelain images, and for jars, yet it was not at hand for the sculptor for models. This in part explains both the merits and the faults of these statues. By trusting to his measures the artist made them for the most part correct in their larger parts, but from want of a model in soft materials, he had never learned freedom and accuracy of detail; nor had he ever had much practice as a draftsman. In p. 22 we have seen how the want of wood and paper to paint upon, and the want of oil-colours to enable him to paint on canvas, deprived him of skill in that branch of his art. Hence, without any practice in modelling, and with very little in drawing, he at once took in hand the chisel, and produced these grand statues by measurement and his eye, out of a block of the hardest stone. The nation's respect for a dead body forbade all study of anatomy by the knife. In making a mummy the body was never cut more than was necessary to take out the softer parts. That the statues were so good is truly wonderful. When we compare them with the Greek statues, let us remember that the Greek artist had gained his knowledge of the muscles and veins by dissection; he had learned freedom of hand by drawing on wooden panels; he modelled his figures in soft clay before he began to cut the stone; and then it was not, as in Egypt, a hard, dark-coloured sienite, or granite, nor a coarse grit-stone, nor a limestone full of shells, but a soft and white marble, of even substance, which taught him to aim at beauties and delicacies that would have been very much wasted on the dark-coloured stones of Egypt.

This is perfectly fair and moderate criticism from one who is naturally inclined to look at things from the Egyptian side, and to make out as good a case as possible for the art of his favourite country. No doubt the sculpture of Egypt has, in a great degree, the effect of "awe and reverence;" still, there is, after all, something grotesque and barbaric about even the best specimens. It is not really human. Possibly it was not meant to be human; but human it certainly is not. But surely much Greek sculpture expresses "awe and reverence" in as high degree as anything Egyptian, and that, without any grotesque element at all, through the medium of the very highest form of art. A Greek artist designing a head of Zeus—the Zeus of Pindar or of the Suppliants of Æschylus—surely realized in a higher degree all that the Egyptian strove to realize in a statue of King Amunothph, with the addition of a great deal more of which the Egyptian had no notion at all. And again, did the Greeks learn anything by dissection any more than the Egyptians? Surely the great advantage which the Greeks had alike over Egyptian and modern sculptors was the constant opportunity of seeing everywhere, in the public games, the naked human figure in every variety of action. A journey to Sparta would give an opportunity of studying even the female figure, if not actually unclothed, at any rate with much less restraint than in other times and places. Here was the great advantage of the Greek over both the Egyptian and the mediæval sculptor. The Greek had his eyes constantly accustomed to the sight of the naked figure; the modern sculptor supplies this want by his scientific anatomy; but the mediæval sculptor had no opportunity of either mode of improvement, and therefore he continually made his mere figure all wrong. Yet the part which he could study—the face—he often made, as the Egyptian never made it, of the most natural and expressive beauty. And in sculptures which, like those of the middle ages, were mainly either monumental or religious, much of the highest Greek art would have been out of place, while the virtues which Mr. Sharpe attributes to Egyptian art are exactly what is aimed at. We have no wish to be disrespectful to King Amunothph, but surely the figure of Queen Eleanor is nobler still.

In a later part of his book, Mr. Sharpe comments on a fact which very well illustrates the relations between the two styles of art. The Greek sculptors working in Egypt, especially in commemorating Egyptian priests, produced a peculiar style, not in direct imitation of anything Egyptian, but on which it is clear that the Egyptian monuments had a direct effect. They evidently felt whatever was really grand in the Egyptian style, and realized its appropriateness to its object and to the country. To produce some degree of this effect without deserting the higher attributes of their own art, they fell back on the earliest and stiffest specimens of Grecian sculpture, and thus produced a style known as the "pseudo-antique." Mr. Sharpe engraves a fine figure of Hermes in the Museum in this style (117), and speaks of others in other collections—"statues of Egyptian priests made by Greek artists with a yet more manifest aim at copying the stiff style of the ancients." On the whole, we must confess to a special interest in these later remains, whether raised by Greeks in honour of Egyptians, or by Egyptians in honour of Greeks and Romans. Thus, there is an inscription speaking of "the King, Lord of the

World, Tiberius, Son of the Sun, Lord of Battles, Giver of Life." We at once connect this with the way in which the Emperors are freely called *βασιλεῖς* in the New Testament, to say nothing of later writings, while the most cringing slave in Rome itself would still have shuddered at the title of *Rex*. The provinces, used, for the most part, to kingly government, accepted the practical royalty of the Emperors as a fact, while at Rome it was still cloaked by all manner of ingenious devices. We see here, also, a specimen of the way in which the provinces at once recognised the divinity as well as the royalty of Caesar. The "Son of the Sun" and "Giver of Life," is not the deified Julius or Augustus, nor yet is it some frantic assumer of divinity, like Caius. It is the living Tiberius, first Senator of the Roman Republic, who at home shrank from the title of *Dominus* in the mouth of any one but a slave.

We have marked a few other curious things in the course of Mr. Sharpe's book. As a sensible man, writing to illustrate a particular collection, he constantly stops to point out things which a professed "Egyptologist" would probably take for granted, but which are just what the mass of intelligent visitors to the Museum will thank him for pointing out to them. Thus, "Queen Nitocris, probably the wife of Thothmosis II., styled Daughter of the Sun, and who always has feminine adjectives applied to her name, is "on an obelisk at Karnak, as everywhere else, represented as a man in figure and in dress." This Mr. Sharpe explains "by supposing that the sculptor meant to show that she was a Sovereign in her own right, and not simply a Queen Consort." This is the exact converse of the famous Hungarian formula of "King Maria Theresa."

The faces of the Egyptian statues, according to Mr. Sharpe, are not strictly intended for portraits in our sense; but those of the Kings "show the features of the royal and ruling class, which were certainly very different from those of the labouring classes." Mr. Sharpe gives also (in p. 30) some remarkable cases of what may be called palimpsest sculpture, where figures have been defaced and retouched in a way which, in his opinion, is to be attributed to some change in religious belief. In short, he has produced exactly the sort of book for his purpose, explaining all that would need explanation to an intelligent but non-technical visitor. He has very happily hit the mean between puerility on the one hand and an uncalled-for display of learning on the other.

TIRSO DE MOLINA.*

THAT literature, even when secured by printing against the accidents to which manuscripts are liable, is not exempt from irreparable loss, is shown by the fate of dramatic literature in Spain. In the seventeenth century, nearly all the genius of that country poured itself into the single channel of the theatre. Divines, soldiers, statesmen, no less than scholars and poets by profession, wrote for the stage, and even a king is believed to have contributed his mite to the dramatic treasury under the name of *Un Ingenio de esta Corte*—A Wit of this Court. The fertile invention and the rapid production for which Lope de Vega was celebrated were by no means gifts peculiar to him. He was chief among a thousand, yet the thousand came little behind him in the race. To compose fifty, a hundred, or some hundreds of plays, was at one time a common feat. Nor were such pieces, in any considerable number, meant or deserving to live for a night or two only. Many hundreds of this vast repertoire display the traces of labour, as well as of consummate skill. In no other drama, ancient or modern, do we find plots more ingenious, situations more effective, verse more melodious, nobler eloquence, wit more keen or humour more genial. That wherever dramatic art was cultivated the influence of Spain was perceptible, and sometimes predominant, is well known to every one acquainted with the literature of the stage. France and England have each of them claimed the right of free warren on the ground of the Spanish drama. The Corneilles and Molières were its pupils, and pupils who often robbed their master without acknowledgment. Much of our own theatrical coinage was originally stamped in the mint of Castile; and in our drama, both before and after the Restoration, we often applaud scenes, situations, sentiments, and strokes of fancy and wit which long before had evoked the thunder in the pit and gallery at Madrid. Yet, until a recent period, this abundant literature was virtually as much lost to the world as the comedies of Menander and Philemon. These the night of barbarism or the chaos of revolution had engulfed—those were neglected by a nation whose lamp of life was burning low. Under a Bourbon dynasty, all that was indigenous in Spanish art and manners assumed a French complexion. Fortunately, however, while the Court and the critics took Paris for their model, the villages and the peasantry clung to their native drama. To their fidelity to home produce we owe the preservation of hundreds of plays, and names which deserve remembrance and justify revival.

Had the omniscient Mr. Pinnock put forth a catechism of Spanish literature, as he did of Spanish grammar, the answer to the question, "How many stage poets be there in Spain?" must have been, "Two only, Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca." Mr. Pinnock could not have told his catechumen more, for the best of reasons—he had not the means of better knowledge. Sismondi, Bouterwek, and Schlegel were, or at least seem to be, little better

informed on this subject. They, too, believed that in these two orbs was centered nearly all the light of the Spanish drama. Nor are they to be severely censured for their ignorance. The Spaniards themselves, forward enough in asserting the national honour, and prone enough to be jealous of foreigners in other matters, were, as regards the palmy days of their national theatre, both apathetic and ill informed. They, too, at the beginning of this century would have left inquirers to suppose Calderon and Lope the only great lights, if not the Alpha and Omega, of their dramatic poetry. Huerta—an Iberian Dodsley—published in 1755-6 a collection of Spanish plays in sixteen volumes octavo, and confirmed, as far as in him lay, this general misapprehension. In these volumes he includes only a few plays by Moreto, and two by Roxas, but keeps out of sight the first period entirely; and of the second period of dramatic poets he affords nearly all the space to Calderon. The collection originated in Huerta's Castilian wrath against French critics. They, purposely or unconsciously blind to the fact that Corneille was both a pupil of the Spanish stage and a debtor to it, had branded Spanish plays as barbarous farces, or yet more barbarous horrors fit for the goat days of Thespis, but intolerable to the civilized spectators of Corneille and Racine. And how does Huerta answer his enemies? Not by bringing against them some dozen names each one of which would have enabled him to rebut the charge of barbarism triumphantly, but by labouring to prove that his countrymen were as well acquainted with Aristotle, and almost as obedient to his laws, as the Parisians themselves. Huerta failed because he fought with a leaden sword, and never brought forward, in support of his front line, the formidable reserve which lay ready to his hands. But from such subservience to exotic prejudices Spain has at length happily awakened, and for some time past has manifested a laudable and increasing zeal for the credit of her ancient dramatic worthies.

Among the poets whom Huerta excluded from his collection is Tirso de Molina—an omission scarcely, if at all, less serious than would have been a similar neglect by Robert Dodsley of Marston, Webster, or Massinger. Tirso de Molina is ranked by modern critics as little, if at all, inferior to Calderon or Lope. His fame has not, indeed, passed with theirs beyond the Peninsula, and we are accordingly grateful to M. Alphonse Royer for his attempt to make it known. No prose translation can ever represent a poetical original, still less an original Spanish play, with its various and subtle delicacies of metre and expression; and of all European languages French is, perhaps, the least suited to be a representative of the Spanish. The Latin versions that at one time accompanied the text of Greek orators and poets were scarcely less competent interpreters of their vigour, grace, and delicacy than M. Royer's or similar versions are of Spanish plays. Still, it is doing literature some service even to bring a forgotten name to light again, and for this we owe thanks to the present translator of *Tirso de Molina*. His real name was Gabriel Tellez. Why he took the more euphonious appellation as his *nom de plume* is as unknown as most of the other circumstances of his life. He was born at Madrid, but in what year is uncertain, since, according to some accounts he was eighty, according to others only sixty, years old at the time of his death. His family was respectable. He was educated at Alcalá de Henarés, which, in the sixteenth century, ranked higher than Salamanca as a university. He devoted his early manhood to dramatic composition. When he had passed his fortieth year he became a monk, and died Principal of the Convent of Soria in 1648. As a preacher, he was scarcely less celebrated than as a poet, and since he held the office of Chronicler of New Castile and of *defunidor*—a kind of Church commissioner—in Old Castile, it may be presumed that he possessed talents for worldly business no less than for the theatre and the pulpit.

Uneventful as was the life of Gabriel Tellez, it was the life of a considerable portion of the dramatic writers of his day. A fair proportion of our own play-writers were members of a university; very few of them, however, were in orders. In Spain, on the contrary, it would seem to have been almost a rule either that a stage-poet should, in mature years, go into the Church and abandon his profane studies, or that he should prosecute those studies and yet hold some Church preferment. Tirso was an instance of the latter kind. He may have written the greater number of his comedies before he went "into religion," that is, in the year 1613; but he collected, and published, and added to them after he had put on the frock and cowl, and did not apparently blush for their many indecencies. Yet this license in words and plots had repeatedly drawn on him the notice of the Confessional and Inquisition; and it is, perhaps, owing to their inhibition that so many of his plays have disappeared. Enough however remain to prove that Gabriel Tellez, the preacher, was not ashamed of the indecorum of Tirso de Molina, the dramatist. Biographers and translators are usually the apologists, even if not the panegyrists, of their heroes; yet even M. Alphonse Royer is forced to admit that he cannot venture to translate faithfully some of the more glaring improprieties of his original.

The practice of the Spanish censorship of the press in the seventeenth century was indeed more curious than consistent. Rigid towards every species of grave composition, scenting treason or heresy in scientific, historical, and ethical writings, it was lax towards stage-plays. Perhaps they were scarcely dignified with the title of literature; perhaps the morals of the spectator were considered of less moment than his loyalty or his faith. But so it was. Zurita, De Solis, Mariana, had often to bewail the pitiless shears of the censor, while the dramatic poet was unshorn. The plays of Calderon are free from such blots as marked those of

* Tirso de Molina; *Théâtre traduit pour la première fois de l'Espagnol en Français*. Par Alphonse Royer. Bibliothèque Contemporaine. Paris: 1863.

Tirso; indeed, for a Spaniard, the southern Shakespeare was a kind of precisian. Yet we find Calderon, in his office of dramatic censor, vouching for the purity of Molina's scenes.

Copies of his plays were, until the reprint of some of them in recent collections, among the rarest of Spanish books. In his preface to the *Cigarrales de Toledo*, published in 1624, he says that he had written 300 comedies; but the most curious research has hitherto failed in discovering a third of that number. His extant dramas may be ranked under three heads—religious, historical and heroic, and comedies of intrigue (*de capa y espada*). M. Alphonse Royer has given a sample of each of these classes. That truly Spanish piece, *El Condeñado por Desfado*—the Condemned for Little Faith—is a specimen of Molina's religious drama; *La Prudencia en la Mujer* of his historical; and the other comedies in this volume of his manner of dealing with living manners and intrigue. *Le Séducteur de Séville* (*El Burlador de Sevilla*) is our old friend Don Juan; and, although Lope may have given the hint, Tirso has the credit of familiarizing dramatical and musical Europe with this portrait of the most scampish of stage-heroes. The character is said to have had a living prototype in a member of the great Tenorio family of Seville. The *Burlador* was transported by Spanish comedians to Naples; thence a translation of it was taken by Italian actors to Paris, where this drama of unblushing intrigue fell upon good ground. It was twice or thrice translated into French before Molière made it known to all Europe in his *Festin de Pierre*. It passed into England as Shadwell's *Libertine*. The story that Mozart married to immortal music, the poem which reflects some of the best and some of the worst features of Byron's genius, are each of them offshoots from Tirso de Molina's *Deceiver of Seville*. Nor are the Don Juans of the stage and of poetry its only issue. Forms of it adapted to coarser appetites are circulated in ballads or exhibited in puppet shows in nearly every European city.

In Spain itself, though the *Burlador* took root, and has even its modern imitations, it was never a favourite among Tirso's plays. Perhaps the connexion of the scenes and the conduct of the plot are too simple for Spanish tastes. The palm of popularity belongs, in its native land, to the last of the comedies in M. Alphonse Royer's volume—*Don Gil aux chausses vertes*. Spanish comedy is always the very hotbed of dramatic perplexity. Even to readers not to the manner born and bred, it is difficult to follow the maze of incidents; but to spectators who have no drop of Iberian blood in their veins, it is more than difficult—it is, until after repeated trials, impossible. None but a Spanish head is sufficient for comprehending at a single representation a Spanish plot, at least in a comedy of intrigue. Not generally a reading people, the Spaniards are for that reason admirably attentive to the business of the scene. They cannot afford to lose a word, to overlook a hint. They meet the author halfway—catch up his innuendos, his half-spoken jests, his allusions to public or private gossip, to popular stories, to street ballads. Nothing is too improbable for them on the stage, provided only it has in itself dramatic likelihood and possibility. The strict logic and cohesion of French comedy is as alien to their feelings as the unities of space and time.

The heroine of Don Gil in the Green Pantaloons, Doña Juana of Valladolid, has been deserted by her lover, who has gone to Madrid to contract a more advantageous marriage. She follows him thither, and, during the fourteen days allotted to the action of the comedy, she is busied in disconcerting his project, and in throwing every one with whom she comes in contact into the depth of doubt. Sometimes she is a lady named Elvira, sometimes a cavalier named Don Gil. As the latter, she makes her faithless lover's new mistress fall in love with her; and writes letters to herself as a cavalier from herself as a lady. She is her own lover and half a dozen other imaginary persons besides. Mrs. Cowley, in her *Bold Stroke for a Husband*, is under some obligations to this portion of Molina's play. But confusion becomes worse confounded. While Juana is thus occupied, all Valladolid believes her dead. Two cavaliers now appear at Madrid, one of whom by design, the other by chance, is dressed in a suit of green. All three pass for one and the same person; her own lacquey, who has never seen Juana in female attire, and her false lover, believe that an evil spirit has come to plague them for their sins. At last, when the amazement reaches to an almost tragic pitch, the disclosure is made, and the play has the very natural ending of a tierce of weddings. The lacquey is the last deceived. On finding that his master is his mistress, he takes her for a sorceress or a ghost, and begins a form of exorcism. Assured that she is only a woman, he philosophically remarks that the mischief is accounted for:—

That word explains the whole:
Ay, and if thirty worlds were going mad
It would be reason good for all the uproar.

We can conceive few works more likely to be interesting than a history of the Spanish drama in the seventeenth century. Besides the lives of the authors of it, and accounts of the theatre and society at that period, we should have samples of the best plays, and analyses of the better portion of inferior ones. In such a work—which the Germans have partly, but not quite satisfactorily, executed—we should possess a history of the proper correlate to our own drama from the epoch of mysteries and moralities to the present day. We should discover also how deeply saturated the European drama is with Spanish ingredients. Subtract from the French, from our own old plays, from the comedies of the last century, from Goldoni, Gozzi, Notti, and Giraud, all that they directly or indirectly derive from the Spaniards, and the residuum will leave a very small balance in

favour of original invention to the account of European playwrights. On these accounts we are disposed to be grateful to M. Alphonse Royer for his attempt to make Tirso de Molina better known. Even an imperfect twilight is preferable to utter darkness.

GREECE IN 1863.*

THE author of this book has taken a low advantage of our wish to know the latest news about Greece, and has written a volume of pure book-making. He has been in Greece for some years, and this gives a sort of value to what he says; but otherwise he is in the worst stage of the faint French scribbler. He is possessed with the notion, prevalent among his countrymen, that if platitudes are printed in paragraphs of a line and a half long, they become at once epigrammatic. He is also prone to tell anecdotes without the slightest point, and to relate personal adventures in which nothing whatever happened. Therefore, his book is not to be read by any except those who have got nothing to do with their time, or those who really wish to know any facts, however small, and to gather any information, however trivial, about Greece. There are a few things to be picked out of the volume, but they are very few, and they are of the sort which the public may fairly expect a reviewer to pick out for them, and so save them the trouble of ever opening the book; for there is no amusement in M. Grenier's flippant thin writing, unless any one can force himself to smile at the simple childish enmity to England which he displays. It is a grief and a burden to him that the Greeks—although in their hearts, as he happens to know, they love France and everything French—yet, from a mere wanton love of deception, seem in many points to make more of the English. For example, the very history of their country which they commonly use in schools is borrowed from England, and not, as of course it ought to be, from France. They are silly enough to use a bad epitome manufactured in England, "traduit d'un Goldsmith ou d'un Thirlwall quelconque. Ils n'ont pas même eu la clairvoyance de choisir Duruy." Sometimes, too, M. Grenier offers us the amusement, such as it is, of those little bits of impudent assertion with which Frenchmen hope they dispose neatly of a subject, as when he assures us that "la vie intérieure des dames Athéniennes consiste à jouer sur le piano la *Marche des Druides* de la Norma." But these are not attractions sufficient to make unwilling readers wade on, and, as a rule, M. Grenier's style is even more disheartening than his matter.

However, he has really lived in Greece several years, and known some of the principal people there. It would hardly be possible, therefore, that he should not have something to tell us. One of the best bits in the book contains M. Grenier's view of the characters of King Otho and his wife. Personally, as M. Grenier thinks, Otho deserved more affection than he got. Not that he was ever hated. He was affable, kind, perfectly upright, and irreproachably honest. No one could be less like a tyrant. He carried his kindness so far as to accept as ministers or ambassadors, and even to treat as especial favourites, men who had been outrageous in their attacks on him. Had he been a private gentleman, and been born in the station for which he was suited, he would have been a popular, pleasing man; but as a king he had far too little energy and vigour, and he scarcely concealed his own wish to be governed. In fact, he was so anxious to be governed that he kept changing his governors, and thus made himself thought far more ungrateful than he was. He could never take a decided part, and, as M. Grenier puts it, he had never the resolution to say to his subjects, "You want money, and I can't get you any; you want half Turkey, and I can't give it you." Still, although he was the friend of Austria, a Power execrated in Greece, and had the misfortune to be closely allied to the Neapolitan Bourbons, he reigned thirty years, and it was to his own character that he owed this length of sovereignty. For it is as certain, M. Grenier says, as anything can be, that if Otho had been more manly and determined—if he had had a political idea and clung to it, if he had marched at all cost to a given end, if he had loved humiliating or braving his enemies, or had had any relish for vengeance—he would long ago have been dethroned or assassinated. But he lasted thirty years because he bowed his head to the storm, and let things take their course. He had, indeed, a supreme indifference to his position. He was as happy to reign with a Constitution as without one. In 1848, he gave his subjects to understand that if they, too, would like to be in the fashion, and have a vacancy on their little throne, he would be most happy to accommodate them; and certainly, since the revolution of last year, he has not troubled the world with any useless complaints. He has not protested against his fate, but has kept a dignified silence, and done as well without the Greeks as they have done without him.

Queen Amelia, as all the world knows, was of quite another stamp. She was the grey mare of this quiet brown horse. She was, as M. Grenier more politely says, "une belle et vraie reine." But many clever women like a quiet easy-going sort of man best, and are not ashamed to show it; and Queen Amelia was one of these. "Their Majesties showed their love for each other very naturally and very publicly. The King, on one occasion, had his picture taken. The Queen was present, and kept kissing her husband without reserve. The artist, every time he raised his eyes, saw the shoulders of the Queen instead of the face of the King." Let us hope there is a little exaggeration in this, or some Greek should write an essay, *traduit d'un Charles Lamb*

* *La Grèce en 1863*. Par A. Grenier. Paris: Dentu. 1863.

quelconque, "On the Disagreeable Behaviour of Married People." However the Queen may have shown that she loved her husband best, she loved Greece next best. The glory and greatness of Greece were her passion and her dream. And it must be owned that the Greeks scarcely seemed to appreciate this, or to understand how rare this feeling would be. They are not likely again to be troubled with a Queen who believes that Greece is, or is likely to be, very great. Queen Amelia was therefore a treasure to them, and they ought to have been proud of a Queen who could say as she did, "If I had a son, I would call him Constantine." Nor was it true that she wanted to make a useless display. On the contrary, her real aim was to save as much as she could against a rainy day, for she always feared that she would have to leave the country, either alone in consequence of a divorce, or else with her husband in consequence of a revolution. Far from being too proud, if she had a weakness, it was a desire to know all the gossip and petty secrets of every household in Athens. But still, both she and her husband always lived among the Greeks as strangers. It was in vain that they dressed in the Greek costume, and always talked Greek *avec un accent pénétré*. They made no friends. All the young men of the country were against them, and yet the young men had been born or had grown up in their time, and might have learnt to feel more closely drawn to them than could be expected in the old heroes of the revolutionary war. The King never took any pains to win over the rising generation. He always chose his Ministers, if possible, from those who had taken some part in the struggle for independence; and so, when the time of trial came, there were no friends to support him among his younger subjects, while he found that the revolutionary chiefs were quite as willing to go against him as to uphold him.

M. Grenier gives us some details to show how backward and uncivilized is the mass of that tiny population of one million, which thinks so largely of its dignity, and offers its crown about in Europe with so much parade. Greece is really much more backward than it was in the days of Homer. The roads that were good enough for his heroes to drive on are now dangerous for a man on horseback, and often, if two riders meet, one is obliged to turn back. The forests are burnt or cut down recklessly; and as the hills no longer hold the water, the land gets scorched and barren. Some provinces, M. Grenier tells us, suffer incredibly from want of water; and even in the towns, people are seen in summer to carry to their lips handfuls of wet sand that they may allay their thirst. The Greeks are as backward as savages in agricultural knowledge. Their ploughs are still the ploughs of the days of Triptolemus, and as for wheat, they, according to M. Grenier, cut it with pocket-knives, and thrash it with knotted ropes. They never use manure, but only stack it in heaps and look at it. They gather the vintage too early, they let all their oranges rot, their rice gets mouldy, and their flax burnt up. And the people are as wretched as their products. They never think of washing. "Ils passent l'été dans leur peau de l'hiver et l'hiver dans leur peau de l'été." In their cottages there is no wine, no meat, not even salt-meat—no poultry, eggs, or vegetables. The only good thing that can be said for them is that they do not beg, and the professional mendicant, the plague of Italy, is unknown in Greece. But everything in Greece, except commerce, is backward. There is not a mile of railway in all Greece, and it is only within the last few months that Athens has been lit with gas. But in commerce the Greeks really shine; and one-third of all their commerce is with England. Their commercial navy gives employment to more than twenty thousand men, while their military marine is manned with the modest number of five hundred. What, however, chiefly interests M. Grenier in the modern history of Greek commerce is the prospect of cutting through the isthmus of Corinth. It is believed to be the especial mission of Frenchmen to cut through isthmuses. They have very nearly cut through that of Suez, as they fondly hope; they have a splendid scheme for piercing that of the American continent; and a French engineer has shown how the isthmus of Corinth may be cut through. The canal is to be about three miles and a half long, and about twenty feet deep, and is to cost less than half a million of money. If it were made, the canal would, it is obvious, be a great benefit to navigators, and make the fortune of Corinth. The distance between the Adriatic and the Black Sea would be shortened by sixty leagues; and vessels would escape the serious dangers which threaten the passage round the southern promontory of the Morea.

A political discussion closes the volume, and it may be disposed of very shortly. It is natural that M. Grenier should see in Russia and England the enemies, and in France the true friend, of Greece. There is, he owns, a Russian party and an English party in Greece, but as for the French party, it is the same as the national party. And this must be, for France alone is disinterested. France never takes anything from the people she helps. France never did such a base thing as ask for Savoy and Nice. "La France," as M. Grenier says, "seule a la vertu de faire entendre aux peuples qui aspirent à revivre l'efficace *Solvite cum et sinito abire*." But then, as it happens, this is exactly what England has been doing. She has been making the Ionian Islands hear an efficacious, "Loose him and let him go," and M. Grenier puzzles himself a good deal to account for this. The explanation that England finds it unpleasant and useless to govern foreigners who wish to be independent, and is ready to retire if she can do so consistently with her general duty to Europe, is far too simple for M. Grenier. This would not be a shopkeeper sentiment, and every Frenchman knows that the English are shopkeepers, and invariably behave

as such. He has, he flatters himself, discovered the answer to the riddle. By diligent comparing of dates and reading up of old newspapers, he has found out that between the time when English public opinion was adverse to the cession of the Islands and the time when the Ministry intimated to the Provisional Government of Greece, after the revolution of last October, that England would be willing to retire from the Protectorate if certain conditions were fulfilled, a certain M. Aristote Valaority, leader of the Ionian Opposition, made in the Parliament of Corfu a certain profession of faith. He intimated that he was a great admirer of England, and that it was to the English nation that he would prefer giving the care of the great interests of the Hellenic race—only that England was to be not the protector, but the ally, of the Ionian Islands. On this hint M. Grenier thinks we spoke, and we have struck a bargain with M. Valaority and the other chiefs of the great Ionian Opposition, that we will give the islands their independence, on condition of having the hegemony of the Hellenic race. There is nothing like a Frenchman for a good palpable political mare's-nest.

DISRAELI'S CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.*

MR. DISRAELI has a fair right to consider the publication of a new and cheap edition of his father's *Curiosities of Literature* as a remarkable testimony to its merits. The book has gone through several forms. The volume which formed the foundation of the present work was first published about the year 1792. A second volume was added, and a second edition published in 1794. The work in two volumes went through five editions, and was afterwards enlarged by the addition of a third volume, and in that form it has been frequently republished at short intervals for nearly forty years. Both the book itself and Mr. Disraeli's account of the author are remarkable. The author of the *Curiosities of Literature* was the son of an Italian Jew of Spanish descent, who came to England in 1748. He made a moderate fortune just in time to retire from business before the great war, in which he might probably have acquired, like some of his countrymen, colossal wealth. His wife, who hated her race and name, was, says her grandson, "not incapable of deep affections, but so mortified by her social position that she lived till eighty without indulging in a tender expression." His son, whose life seems to have been made most uncomfortable by the peculiarities of his parents, cared for nothing but literature; and, after undergoing many trials, succeeded in obtaining his father's permission to devote his life to his favourite pursuits. From that period he appears to have passed his whole time in either reading, or writing, or talking about what he read or wrote. His son says of him that he "really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books; and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls." He passed in this manner a long life, and died at eighty-two, after reading diligently, and writing with hardly less diligence, for somewhere about sixty years. It may well be imagined that a man who passed such a period in such a way must have read an enormous number of books; and as he read judiciously, and with a view not to any practical object, but merely in order to satisfy his own curiosity upon the subjects which happened to interest him, he produced perhaps the very freshest and most original compilation ever published. The *Curiosities of Literature* is an immense collection of anecdotes upon every kind of subject, put together without any system or arrangement, and apparently as the subjects happened to occur to the author. The learning which they display is prodigious, and it is the more remarkable because no sort of art is used to increase its apparent quantity. Whatever Mr. Disraeli has to tell he tells in the most straightforward manner, without the smallest trace of affectation or book-making. Each successive anecdote is written in precisely the same style—neat, compact, dignified, and quiet—whatever may be the subject in hand. The book is one of those works which are neither to be read through nor to be consulted as a book of reference. Its proper function is that of a book of anecdotes, which may be opened at any point, and read for any time, according to the taste of the reader. The same sort of information, combined in the same sort of style, is to be found at every page.

The expression "a book of anecdotes," might, perhaps, suggest to some persons a false notion of the character of this curious work. There is nothing specially witty in the different articles of which the work is made up. Indeed, the absence of all noisy qualities, the habit of making jokes included, is one of the most striking characteristics of the elder Disraeli—a characteristic in which he offers a strange contrast to his son. Each of his anecdotes is a specific piece of information, packed as closely as possible, and deriving its value entirely from its specific character. The common bond by which all the articles are united is their literary character. The book contains hardly any speculation, and very little discussion upon any subject of practical interest. The author leaves on one side everything of the sort. The nearest approach which he ever makes to anything beyond curious information is when he disinters some forgotten character and gives an account of him, or when he produces some new evidence as to the conduct and disposition of men already well-known to history. Some of these fragments are of great merit as compositions. Such,

* *Curiosities of Literature*. By Isaac Disraeli. New Edition. Edited, with Memoir and Notes, by his Son, the Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P. 3 vols. London: Routledge. 1863.

for instance, is the affecting account of Chidiock Titchbourne, one of the co-conspirators of Anthony Babington against the life of Queen Elizabeth. Such also is the doleful history of the loves of poor Lady Arabella Stuart, who, by reason of her royal descent, passed her life as a State prisoner at large, with no other occupation than that of trying to get married—a design in which Elizabeth and James I. continually thwarted her, till at last she contrived to effect a secret marriage with Seymour, afterwards Duke of Somerset, which ended tragically in forcible separation, close imprisonment, and death. Each of these, and some of the other articles, are pervaded by a genuine and very graceful vein of pathos, on which some light is thrown by the circumstance that in very early life the author was struck with an enthusiastic admiration for Rousseau, which his amiable mother mercilessly snubbed. Having passed some time abroad, “he exercised his imagination during the voyage home in idealizing the interview with his mother, which was to be conducted on both sides with sublime pathos.” When the solemn moment arrived, she laughed in his face.

The pathetic vein, however, is not the pervading one in this work. Indeed, it is by no means common. The articles are, as we have said, generally speaking, confined to giving curious information. An account of one Audley, a usurer of the seventeenth century, is a favourable illustration of his peculiar style. Audley was a lawyer in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and was a sort of free-thinker in a singular department—that of political economy. Audley had arrived, by his own reflections, at the true theory upon the subject of interest for money, and, like most discoverers, he worked his theory to death. He was an instance of one who applied the vigour of a philosopher to the one object of money-making, and he succeeded so well that he died worth nearly a million of money—dying, it was said, of a broken heart at the abolition of the Court of Wards, by which he incurred a loss of 100,000*l*.

Here and there, though it is but very seldom, Mr. Disraeli strays into speculation, and he showed his judgment by his moderation. For instance, in an article on a proposed history of events which have never happened, he gives a long list of cases in which the greatest events are traced to the smallest causes. Thus, he suggests that, “had the personal feelings of Luther been respected, and had his personal interest been consulted,” there might have been no Reformation. If the Spanish Armada had come into the English Channel a little sooner or a little later, we might still have been going to mass. The speculation, however, would appear to have interested him chiefly for the sake of the quotations which it enabled him to put together. It is a speculation which has a strange charm for particular classes of minds. To a man who passes his life in literature, it is welcome because it invests curious anecdotes and detached bits of literary information with unexpected dignity. To Voltaire it was welcome and familiar because it furnished him with a grievance about the way in which the affairs of the world are managed, and enabled him to set up an anti-Paleyan argument, founded on the absence of traces of design in the arrangement of human affairs,—a view of the subject, by the way, which is maintained with much vigour by Lucretius.

Mr. Disraeli's book exhibits in perfection the peculiarities of the purely literary character of which he was so ardent an admirer. It is a very rare character in this country, especially amongst men who are, as he was, in a position to choose their own occupation. Hardly any Englishman who could, if he liked, be something else, is a mere literary man—a mere reader and writer. This is a great advantage to literature itself. As thoughts about thinking, and feelings about feeling, are of no great use to the world at large, so there is, generally speaking, little satisfaction to be got out of books about books. It is desirable that a great nation should have in it men of all sorts, and the last generation was certainly fortunate in finding so gentlemanlike, so accomplished, and so quiet a representative of the purely literary class as Mr. Disraeli; but the class neither can nor ought to be a large one. No one would wish to enter it, or could do much good if he did enter it, except under very peculiar circumstances. It gives no opportunity for testing any of the higher powers of the mind, nor does it call out any of the more powerful feelings. With all its learning, and all the composure and elegance of its style, there is throughout the *Curiosities of Literature* a strange air of paleness. We read and read and read always about books, and the style and cast of thought are throughout thoroughly bookish. The incidental remarks have the air of having been written purposely to be put into a book, not necessarily to be read there. It almost seems, in reading some of them, as if the author thought that they were the sort of things which ought to be printed, whether the public wanted them or not. For instance, “Menage observes on a friend having had his library destroyed by fire, in which several valuable MSS. had perished, that such a loss is one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man of letters.” Would any human being doubt it? or would anybody have thought of repeating it but for the sake of the words “Menage observes”? It cannot, however, be denied that there is something appropriate in the observation. It has an air of literary quiet and leisure, as if the author had said, This is as commonplace as you please; but if Menage thought it worth while to make the observation, you, the reader, ought to take it and be thankful; who are you and I that we should be more fastidious than he was? In these days of effort and straining after effect, there is certainly something soothing in a dull quotation made solely because the writer happens to have a liking for the person from whom he quotes.

Mr. Disraeli begins his father's life with the observation that “an author may influence the fortunes of the world to as great an extent as a statesman or a warrior,” and he adds that “a book may be as great a thing as a battle.” This is perfectly true, but it is true of authors who are not mere students. To write a great book, a man wants something more than a great library, and a boundless appetite for reading in it. He must know men as well as books, and use his mind as well as his taste and memory. It would be wrong not to be grateful to the author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and of the series on the *Quarrels and Calamities* and other fortunes of Authors, for some of the most entertaining books ever written; but it would be a great mistake to attribute any special honour to the particular department of literature in which Mr. Disraeli laboured so long and so successfully.

TWO MONTHS IN NEW ORLEANS AND THE CONFEDERATE STATES.*

THE gentleman who writes this volume is a member of a firm which had traded for years, before the outbreak of the civil war, with the Southern cities of the whilom United States of America. Being in New York in October last, he was anxious to ascertain, if possible, whether his old correspondents in the South were respectively alive or dead, solvent or ruined; and with this view he travelled by the mail steamer to New Orleans, then under the domination of General Butler, for the chance of being able to penetrate from thence through the lines of both armies into the Southern Confederacy. He succeeded in carrying out this object, and also in running the gauntlet of the Northern lines back again somewhere upon the Upper Potomac, after six weeks of rather rough travelling through the Confederate States. The observations of an intelligent witness, under such circumstances, as to the temper and the means of the Southern belligerents, are likely to be found generally interesting; and in the instance before us they do not appear to have been swayed by any exceptionally strong Southern bias which might render them unworthy of reliance. Some allowance, however, is always to be made for the habitual kind of sympathy so apt to develop itself in the mind of any “special correspondent” or simple traveller, towards that one of the two parties to a struggle of which he sees the most. Visible endurance, visible energy, and visible belief in the absolute goodness and destined triumph of the cause, are sure in some measure to tell upon the judgment of the most theoretically impartial bystander.

The steamer in which the English merchant voyaged from New York to New Orleans was crowded with a mixed company of Federal officers, Southern merchants, the wives and children of both Northern and Southern partisans (among them the wife of General Butler himself), invalids seeking a winter climate, and speculators who believed that the game of the Confederacy was already “played out,” hastening to buy up the hoards of cotton and sugar that were flowing in daily to the great emporium which Butler had opened. Political conversation was not tabooed between the opposing sections of this heterogeneous company; but it was carried on (says our author) “with that absence of anything like violent feeling, and that moderation of language, which” he has found to “characterize the conversation of all Federal officers, or indeed of any American entitled to the name.” Dangerous ground was mutually avoided; though, “of course,” the sentiment that New Orleans was receiving under Butler the deserved and politic treatment which the whole South was to receive within ninety days from Mr. Lincoln's other delegates, was vigorously ventilated. Considering that off Cape Hatteras the mail steamer was pervaded by a general suspicion that the *Alabama* might be cruising in the way, a creditable moderation of feeling was undoubtedly shown by the Federal majority of passengers and crew in abstaining from any threat of throwing the British *Jonah* overboard. The first person who came on board from the desolate wharfs of New Orleans was Butler himself—looking, to our English merchant, “a restless, earnest, decided, and possibly abrupt man,” distinguishable by “a cock eye,” but with no special moral obliquity stamped upon the features of his livid and beardless face. It awoke a kind of pity in the mind of the Englishman to see the intense hatred with which the Federal General was regarded by the inhabitants of the city. The only sign of life in New Orleans was displayed in the unanimity with which it cursed its conqueror. Streets and offices were nearly silent and empty all day long, and by 8 P.M. the city was asleep. Under a promise not to give aid or information to the enemies of the United States, our merchant was allowed to slip away across Lakes Pontchartrain and Maurepas in an oyster boat, with a set of other voluntary refugees from Butler's jurisdiction, and so passed within the lines of the Southern Confederacy at Ponchatoula. One of the first unforeseen risks he ran was that of being suddenly drafted off as a conscript to the Confederate army of the Southern Mississippi. The possession of a British Foreign Office passport would have availed little had not the traveller fortunately possessed other evidence that he was the identical person named in the passport. Although the Southern soldiers at Camp Moore are described by him as universally in good heart and good condition, plentifully supplied with pork, coffee, and corn, and “dying for a fight,” it is possible that a few months passed with them as a conscript comrade might have moderated any undue proclivities of our author in favour of the Confederate cause. From Camp Moore he travelled by railroad to

* *Two Months in New Orleans and the Confederate States.* By an English Merchant. London: Bentley. 1864.

Jackson, in company with reinforcements going to join Bragg at Holly Springs. Jackson was crowded with sick and wounded sent down from Kentucky and Tennessee, and with paroled prisoners going home. These last reported that the Western troops with whom they had come in contact were generally tired of the war, anxious to get to work and trade with the South as before, and full of hate and contempt for the Abolitionists and Republicans of the East.

"Remember the —th Illinois, boys!" they reported regiment after regiment of their enemy as shouting as they left or passed them—"We don't mean to shoot you, so don't you shoot us! We shall give in, and get paroled, and get home to the old woman and children as soon as we can. D—n this work to h—l, say we!"

Such testimony to the unwillingness of the heroism with which the Western soldiers are fighting is only one among many indications of the future turn of the tide. It agrees with the notorious fact that Confederate paroles are largely forged for use in desertion by the soldiers of some of the other Northern armies. Yet, though the sensitive barometer of the feeling of the rank and file may portend a political change sooner or later, it would be unwise to predict its occurrence within any assignable time. Masses of men brought together and drilled for the purpose of fighting will fight, if they are put to it, as long as they are kept together, even if they fight half unwillingly and only well enough to be beaten by the side which is more in earnest. There is less difference than appears at first sight between the conscript and the volunteer, when once they are buckled up tight to work in the same military harness. The volunteer does not charge more savagely from the momentary excitement under which he enlisted a year ago, nor is the conscript necessarily readier to run away because a year ago he was drafted into the army against his will. His behaviour for the day is tinged by the circumstances of the day. If a really great general were to arise in the North and take the command of Mr. Lincoln's armies, it is probable that a single undeniable victory would revive the drooping loyalty of the —th Illinois towards the Union under which they were born. A successful campaign would go far to make them more enthusiastic about shooting the Southerners than about seeing the old woman at home again. If they felt it was their destiny to conquer the South, they would be convinced it was their duty. As long as Mr. Lincoln can keep his armies together at all, the political impulse which is to modify the temper of the North so far as to make peace possible must originate from some other quarter than the armies in the field.

From Jackson the English merchant proceeded to Mobile, which is believed by its inhabitants to be now quite impregnable, both by sea and land. It was crowded with soldiers, and appeared to be still carrying on some trade with the interior, as well as with Havannah in spite of the blockade. The merchants there were anxious to assure their foreign and even their Northern creditors that they did not intend to repudiate a single debt. The Confiscation Law passed two years ago by the Southern Congress was explained as merely suspending the payment of principal and interest till the termination of the war. Every month's observation hitherto of the difficulties of England in obtaining elsewhere a supply of cotton for the mills of Lancashire has, no doubt, fortified the South in the belief that the cotton it has stored away so carefully will pay more than the interest which is running against her in the books of foreign creditors. From Mobile our traveller went on in a similar crowd of troops and peaceful passengers through the fertile State of Alabama to Montgomery, and thence to Charleston. At Montgomery he listened to a debate of the State Legislature, which, if time could have gone back eighty odd years, might have belonged to the date of the rebellion of the Colonies against Great Britain. "The same complaints of attempted tyranny, the same fervent and confident invocations of the blessing of God on the cause of right and liberty against wrong and slavery, and the same fixed resolve to conquer or perish," are the commonplaces of all revolutions in history. At Charleston, as at Mobile, the strongest conviction prevailed that the city had been fortified to impregnability, though at the same time preparations were made for its entire destruction, in case it should prove indefensible. Here, too, the strongest assurances were given that all debts, even to Northern creditors, would ultimately be paid to the uttermost farthing. All the trade of Charleston, if once the war was over, was to be direct with Europe. Any European shortcomings in supplying the wants of the South would be put up with gladly, in preference to dealing with the Yankees again. A brisk foreign trade was going on notwithstanding the blockade; and although the prices were enormous, there were few European luxuries that could not be had upon the spot if the price were paid. The city was full of Jews, all engaged in making money; and it appears to be almost a proverb in other Southern cities, that you may meet more Jews in Charleston than in Jerusalem. From Charleston our writer went to Richmond, shortly before the attempt of Burnside upon the lines of Lee at Fredericksburg; and in making his way from Richmond to the Potomac, he fell in with Jackson's force, encamped near a central junction of the Virginian railroads, from which they could be pushed forward at a moment's notice to Fredericksburg, Suffolk, or the valley of the Shenandoah, as might be requisite. At the time when Burnside was pleasing himself with the idea that his change of base had "left Jackson out in the cold," President Davis at Richmond was looking particularly bright, and the very privates under Jackson's command amused themselves by giving the Englishman a pretty accurate notion of the plan of the beating which Burnside was going to get at Fredericksburg.

In December last, the price of gold in Richmond and the exchange upon London ranged from 225 to 250 per cent., while at New York it was only from 130 to 160. The present disproportion is still greater. But any inference as to the relative resources of the two Powers drawn from a superficial comparison of these rates would be fallacious. By the eye of a commercial man upon the spot, the disturbing causes which produced the disparity were easily ascertainable. In the North, the power of import and export is as free as if there was no civil war. Competition in the sale of bills upon Europe is as great as ever in New York; and the exchange and the price of gold are a very fair test of the degree to which the currency is generally inflated. In the South, the general exports of the country having been stopped inland since the beginning of the war, there is no stream of produce flowing towards Europe against which bills can be drawn in the ordinary course; and the usual competition in the sale of bills being thus destroyed, any exceptional bill, drawn against property stored up in Europe to wait the eventualities of the war, commands an exceptional price. The profits of the blockade-runners from Europe are so enormous that they care little about the rate of exchange in comparison with the facility of remitting home the proceeds of their sales; while all the contraband trade which is carried on between Baltimore or Washington and the Southern ports requires also to be balanced in greenbacks, gold, or good exchange. Where the demand for the foreign cargoes which have run the blockade is stimulated by the scarcity of the particular article to a point which enables the sellers to charge whatever price they please, it is a simple matter of convenience to them to pay for bills whatever they are asked, and recover it on the price of their goods. The rate of exchange in the South measures the dearth of imported manufactures caused by the efficiency of the Northern blockading squadrons; and one element in this dearth is the maintenance of Jewish or other foreign middlemen, who can draw bills upon Europe in the absence of the ordinary trade. It remains yet to be seen whether the civil war, if it continues a year or two longer, will not, among its other results, turn the Confederate States into a self-sufficing country in regard of the most important manufactures. In December last the manufacture of serviceable wooden-soled leather shoes, such as are yet worn in some of the northern and eastern counties of England, already promised to reduce the demand for the foreign article. Cotton-mills are spreading in Georgia and the Carolinas; and the textures of Augusta, Atlanta, and Graniteville command as high a price in the Confederacy as those of Lowell or Manchester. The iron-works of Richmond can turn out ordnance which would be well thought of on this side of the Atlantic; and the demand for powder and ball has stimulated mining industry until there is no lack of the munitions of war. All the informants of the "English Merchant" agreed in stating that it was not till the hope of foreign intervention died out, that the South turned with thorough energy to the cultivation of her own internal resources. Her previous dependence upon the North for almost every manufactured article has been changed for a transition state of present dearth and scarcity, which is encouraging the rapid development of mechanical skill and labour both among the negroes and the white men. Even if any political termination of the civil war but one were possible, it is obvious that its results in the formation of the national character of the South will be most important and remarkable. Long before its commencement, European observers pointed to the want of balance between the forces of expansion and compression in the United States of America, as involving the greatest risk of weakness and futility in its future national history. The accuracy of this fear has been illustrated strongly within the last two years. The chief success obtained by the most expansive and outwardly powerful section of the late Union has been this—that while every day displaying more of its own inherent want of cohesion, it has laid its gigantic "anaconda-coils" so skilfully as to compress the opposing section from a white and black mixture of nationalities into a nation.

HEAT AS MOTION.*

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S powers as a brilliant lecturer and original investigator are well known to every visitor at the British Institution, and to every scientific man in Europe. The subject of Heat is that which he has for some years made peculiarly his own, both by laborious investigation and by iterated publicity. The session of 1862 will long be remembered by his audiences for the extremely interesting exposition he then gave of the remarkable modern theory which regards Heat as a *process*, not a *thing*—a power, not a substance. That exposition is now republished in a compact form. For those who were prevented from attending the lectures it will have all the charm of novelty, as well as of an authoritative exposition; while to those who enjoyed the delivery of the lectures, this republication will have the advantage of no longer permitting a great theory and its striking illustrations to depend on treacherous memory. The book is full of insight and eloquence, and is quite indispensable to every scientific student.

Although many of our readers must be fully acquainted with the new views of Heat, we may assume, in addressing the general public, that we are addressing those who have never heard, or have only heard, of the new theory. Not that, in one sense, the theory is very new. Indeed, few theories of value spring into unanticipated revelation. Their birth is generally

* *Heat as a Mode of Motion; being a course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S. Longman & Co.

obscure, and is heralded for many years, although the voices of the heralds fall on unattentive ears. Glimpses of the dynamical theory of heat may be found in Aristotle, though nothing like a steady conception of it. In his fierce antagonist, Telesio (*De Natura Rerum*, 1565)—from whom Bacon may have gained some hints on this, as on other points—the glimpses are even stronger. Professor Tyndall has cited remarkable passages from Bacon and Locke; and from the pages of Rumford and Davy he has shown, not only that they rejected the idea of caloric as a thing, but also that they proved experimentally how motion was convertible into heat. Nevertheless, the old theory held its place. Our text-books told us of a subtle fluid, named caloric, stored up in the interspaces of bodies—a fluid which could be hidden (as in latent heat) or liberated (as in radiant heat) not less than any other substance; and speculators amused themselves with guessing at the nature and properties of this fluid. If any one was bold enough to doubt whether or not caloric was a substance, no one seemed ready with a suggestion as to what it really was. If not a thing, then a process. This was clear; but *what* process? Here all was mist. While the professional teaching held to the old routes, the new doctrine was slowly emerging. Very slowly, since it is now twenty years since the first systematic exposition and experimental verification of the doctrine were published. Twenty years have been needed to spread it from the small circle of speculative philosophers to the wider circle of the cultivated public. And even now it is, to many, the newest novelty in physics. There are those who have marvelled at the spectrum analysis who have not yet mastered the outlines of the dynamical theory of heat, and it is for these that Professor Tyndall's book will have the charm of novelty, as well as the intellectual delight of a sudden illumination.

To whom does the glory of having originated this theory rightly belong? Who discovered it—not simply as a random guess, or isolated intuition, but as a systematic co-ordination of known facts? This question, like most questions of priority, is hotly disputed. Professor Tyndall claims the chief glory for Mayer of Heilbronn. Mr. Joule and his friends, with considerable weight of argument, claim it for Mr. Joule. M. Séguin, we believe, claims it for his uncle, Montgolfier; and Mr. Grove claims it for himself. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. Where there is so much excellent work done, and where the adjudication is so difficult, the jury must be slow in pronouncing, and only a competent jury should pronounce. This much we may say at once, that the evidence is not properly before the court. Before a decision can be come to, there must be a distinct definition of *what* is claimed. If the glory belongs to him who first conceived the idea of heat as a mode of motion, it is clear that we must go back some centuries. If the glory belongs to him who first experimentally proved this idea, then we must go back to Rumford and Davy. The one excludes Mayer and Mr. Grove; the other excludes Mr. Joule. Yet it is obvious that *this* cannot be the priority contended for. Inasmuch as the old theory survived in spite of the conceptions and experiments which are now invoked—inasmuch as the theory presented by Messrs. Grove, Mayer, and Joule is accepted as a great discovery, which must profoundly modify our scientific views—the question arises, in what direction has the advance been made? in what consists the discovery? Surely in this, that an isolated conception has been *systematized*, and the experimental proof has become *quantitative*. Heat is not simply regarded as a mode of motion, but as an illustration of the general law of the conservation of force by which all forces are mutually convertible—heat passing into motion, and motion disappearing to reappear in heat, light, or electricity. That is the systematic idea. Instead of an isolated conception, it gives a general law. And this law is experimentally verified by showing the exact equivalents of force—that is, how much heat is represented by a given amount of motion, and how much motion is producible by a given amount of heat. Without pretending to settle the disputed claims, we may say that, from the evidence before us, we think Messrs. Grove and Mayer may claim priority as to the *a priori* law; and Mr. Joule may claim its difficult experimental establishment. He also first applied it to the so-called “vital forces;” although neither he, nor any of the others who have since taken up this attractive subject of the correlation of physical and vital forces, attempted to establish the *equivalents*. Mr. Grove (in the preface to the last edition of his *Correlation of the Physical Forces*) claims to have promulgated the law of mutual convertibility in January 1842. Mayer first published his views in May of the same year.

Passing from this to the theory itself, we may ask, What is Heat, according to the new philosophy? It is a mode of motion. But motion of what? and what mode? Thoroughly to understand the answer, we must grasp the conception of Matter, both in its atoms and its masses, being immersed in a highly elastic medium. This medium, which, unfortunately, has received the name of Ether—a name also shared by a very different substance, fills all space. It connects star with star, and mass with mass, no less than atom with atom. The atoms which compose solid masses are grouped together by the force of cohesion; and while thus grouped, they vibrate to and fro across their positions. These vibrations are of course communicated to the elastic ether; and in like manner, any vibrations of the ether are communicated to the atoms. If, by friction, percussion, or the application of a heated body, we increase the oscillations of the atoms, we cause them to seek wider room, to tear away from each other, and the body they compose expands. To say that a body has expanded, has become agitated in its atomic vibrations, or has become heated,

are one and the same thing. But it is necessary not to overlook the ether filling the interatomic spaces, and being itself also in a state of vibration; because it is this ether which keeps the atoms apart, resisting the force of attraction. Professor Tyndall is, we presume, speaking with the allowable laxity of a popular lecturer when he says, on thrusting the end of a poker into the fire, “It is heated; the particles in contact with the fire are thrown into a state of more intense oscillation; the *swinging atoms strike their neighbours*, these again theirs, and thus the molecular music rings along the bar.” As the particles never come into absolute contact, we must understand by this that the swinging atoms cause the ether to vibrate, and this ether transfers the vibration to the neighbouring atoms, and so on.

Hitherto we have considered only the vibrations of matter. Identifying these with heat, we have “heat as a mode of motion.” But this is little. We have to see how the motion of a mass becomes transferred into the vibration of its molecules—how so much velocity passes into so much temperature. A leaden bullet flying with great velocity is suddenly arrested by a wall or target; its motion is not lost, however; that which was “motion” in the mass has become transferred to the atoms of the bullet and the target, and reappears as heat:—

I have here (says the Professor) a cold lead bullet, which I place upon this cold anvil and strike it with a cold sledge-hammer. The sledge descends with a certain mechanical force, and its motion is suddenly destroyed by the bullet and the anvil; apparently the force of the sledge is lost. But let us examine the lead; you see it is heated, and could we gather up all the heat generated by the shock of the sledge, and apply it without loss mechanically, we should be able, by means of it, to lift this hammer to the height from which it fell.

In a variety of illustrations, Professor Tyndall shows how heat is generated by every expenditure of mechanical force, and, conversely, how every mechanical act consumes heat. Even so trivial an act as the melting of a lump of sugar cannot take place without cooling the liquid in which it melts—the force necessary to tear asunder its particles being derived from the heat of the liquid. In a word, the dynamical theory regards heat as the equivalent of force, or *work done*. This work is of two kinds. One kind we call *temperature*, and is sensible to our sensations or thermometers. The other kind we call *interior work*, and is not appreciable by our thermometers, because it is wholly occupied in rearranging the atoms of the substance, forcing them into new positions. Thus, when a body is heated, the vibrations of its particles which are sensible represent only a portion of the motion actually transferred to it; the other portion—one varying with varying substances according to their “capacity for heat”—is used up in interior work. This becomes lost as heat, or, as we used to say, becomes latent heat. The pushing asunder of the atoms in opposition to their mutual attractions is, of course, an exercise of force, and is analogous to the raising of a weight in opposition to gravity. When the body cools this force is liberated:—

The energy of the forces engaged in this atomic motion and interior work, as measured by any ordinary mechanical standard, is enormous. I have here a pound of iron, which on being heated from 32° to 212° F. expands by about $\frac{1}{16}$ th of the volume which it possesses at 32°. Its augmentation of volume would certainly escape the most acute eye; still, to give its atoms the motion corresponding to this augmentation of temperature, and to shift them through the small space indicated, an amount of heat is requisite which would raise about eight tons one foot high. Gravity almost vanishes in comparison with these molecular forces; the pull of the earth upon the pound weight, as a mass, is as nothing compared with the mutual pull of its own molecules.

Nor is interior work confined to pushing aside the atoms. Enormous work may be accomplished while the atoms, instead of being pushed apart, as a whole, approach each other. Polar forces—forces emanating from a distinct point, and acting in distinct directions—give to crystals their symmetry; and the overcoming of these forces, while it necessitates a consumption of heat, may also be accompanied by a diminution in volume. Hence, perhaps, the paradoxical phenomena of ice and bismuth on liquefying.

The heat which a body has is the sum total of its molecular and ethereal vibrations. Supposing it to have been originally in a state of complete quiescence (which is, however, a mere fiction), all its agitation is the motion it has received from other bodies striking against it. It may be hammered to red heat. Part of this heat is absorbed in interior work; part is temperature—which may be transferred to any other less heated substance in contact with it; and part is *radiant heat*, i.e. the transference of its molecular vibration to the elastic ether in which the body is immersed. But we must refer the reader to Professor Tyndall's volume for an ample and lucid illustration of the theory we have sketched in outline. The net results briefly stated are these. Caloric is not a fluid, not a thing at all, but simply one of the many modes of Motion. It has been proved that the precise amount of heat generated by a given amount of mechanical work, will in turn reproduce that exact amount of mechanical work; that the heat generated by a falling body is competent to raise that body to the same height as that from which it fell; in short, that mechanical force and heat are mutually convertible. And thus the question ranges under the general law of the Indestructibility of Force. If no force can be destroyed, but only devolve into some other form of force, the motion which we see arrested when a body falls, or retarded when two bodies rub against each other, must reappear under some other form—and this is usually heat; and when heat disappears, we know that it is not destroyed, but must reappear as motion, expansion, or “interior work”—in every case as mechanical force.

MISS PARKES'S BALLADS.*

THE critic used formerly to be regarded as a monster of evil intent—a kind of literary spider, always on the watch for the unwary author who might fall into his net. For anything we know to the contrary, there may still be people who hold to this persuasion. If so, the writers of volumes of doubtful verse are most probably among the number. Such a volume comes before the reviewer, and what is he to do? He can think but one thing—that the book ought never to have been sent to press; but the difficulty is, how to say so of productions which, though to publish them was unwise, yet are by no means destitute of some sort of merit. Two courses are open before him. He may express his opinion in round terms; or he may suspend any general verdict of merit or demerit, selecting instead, with caution, the few points that deserve commendation, and gently hinting at blots to be effaced “in a second edition.” Take which course he will, dire offence is sure to be given. If he calls a spade a spade, that is the ogre showing himself in his true colours. Does he, weakly reluctant to cause annoyance, waive the judicial function in part, and try to “do his best for the book?” That is damning with faint praise—an operation which authors, female authors especially, detest, as a rule, much more cordially than point-blank condemnation.

We have been forced into making these general remarks by the perusal of Miss Parkes's volume. Distinctly of opinion that the poems had better have been kept in manuscript, we despair of gaining credit for what is nevertheless the fact, that we have read many of them with interest and sympathy, and some with admiration. Let us say, once for all, that the book gives evidence of a vigorous and straightforward style, of strong powers of observation, and a keen enjoyment of natural scenes and objects. More and higher than this, the writer has that reverent hopefulness in the power of Christianity which can never be regarded without the deepest respect—its power to reinterpret bygone lessons of truth and beauty, and to take up, as it were, the ruins of the past into some grandly-restored edifice of the future. But when this has been said, what does it amount to? The public was already well acquainted with Miss Parkes as a woman of sense and energy. The undertakings with which her name is honourably connected are simply corollaries to the most intelligent and kindest interpretations of Christian lessons. Without the aid of published evidence, she might have been presumed to possess that gift of versification which is so extremely common now-a-days among people of cultivated taste. The gratification to the poet, and the poet's friends, of unearthing one's productions in this way, must, of course, be taken into account. Pieces are written as a relief from more serious occupation; they multiply, one hardly knows how; unwise friends press for publication, and the thing is done. But a writer and worker, like Miss Parkes, might be expected to ask herself whether we do not just now want more of thinking and doing, and less of talking and singing; and whether, for the sake of gratifying one's friends, it is worth while to add to the present vast overload of books, and to stimulate that love of notoriety which seems to beset the best and worst people alike. The friends, too, if they only knew it, do not by publication get things all their own way. There is surely a delicate charm round many an unpublished copy of verses, which fades quite away when it is thrust out of doors to become the property of whoever chooses to pay for it.

Better in manuscript to stay,
Than into type audacious roam;
A printed book is as the world,
The written page is like a home.

The title, *Ballads and Songs*, is not a very close description of the contents of this volume. The poems that may really be classed under either title are few in number, and, on the whole, form the least meritorious part of the book. The “Voyage of the *For*,” in quest of Sir John Franklin's party, has been worked into the ballad style with tolerable success. But the best specimen is the tale of “The King's Daughter,” who, having married a peasant, hears in the depth of the forest of the death of her only brother, the heir to the throne, and sets out to take her son to the king. The woodman tells how she left her home:—

She twisted up her royal lengths
Of fallen hair with a silver pin,
Her eyes were frowning, molten depths
Which stirred to flame, when I looked within;
Dressed in a gown of velvet black,
With a diamond clasp, and a silver band,
Walked from the door with a stately step,
And our young son held by his mother's hand.
Walter ran by his mother's side,
More like in his eyes to her than me;
The queen would have bartered her ivory throne
For such a blossom of royalty.

As she reaches the market-place, the bells are tolling for the late prince's funeral, and before the bier she accomplishes her errand, leaving the boy with her unrelenting sire:—

When the shadows fell on our quiet pool,
And the birds were asleep in the firs overhead,
She returned alone, but her face was white,
And her step as the step of one walked from the dead.

In January 1859, many of the clever women of England competed for the Burns' Centenary Prize, and wrote poems in his honour. Miss Parkes has printed her contribution, following the example of Gerald Massey. We are not surprised at the failure

of these stanzas in securing the honours of the occasion. They are certainly not the kind of lines which Mr. Phelps would have had pleasure in reciting. But they are not without a rarer sort of merit, being sensible verses, and expressed with a most commendable simplicity. The claims of Burns have never been more truthfully described than in the following passage:—

To inarticulate yearnings of the heart
He gave a voice which millions learnt to use;
And those who lisped the music of his art
Must not forego this day the grateful dues
His country owes unto that manly muse.
All household love, all patriotic fire,
He sang in noble words none can refuse
To adopt into their speech, a fond desire,
Nursed early in his heart and quivering in his lyre.

In a poem describing a summer holiday in the woods, Miss Parkes proposes as a refrain to her companion—“May Ruskin rule his enemies!” Her Ruskin-worship finds full and enthusiastic expression for itself in a species of ode called the “World of Art,” in which we are informed that if Religion came to a standstill, Art would be able to set it going again:—

Did the great heart of Faith itself decay,
Were Cross and Church and Altar swept away,
Thou from thy treasury couldst that faith restore,
And light the Lamp of Sacrifice once more!

We fear that this is doctrine in the disciple at which the master would shake his head. At any rate, it is surprising how so clever a disciple could have failed to perceive that she was writing nonsense. To conceive of Art and Faith as of two things capable of standing apart and distinct from each other, and to talk of Art as a power disconnected from the mind of man, coming to it from without instead of having its root and growth within it, is to be hopelessly run away with by the jingle of one's own phrases. The lines which follow are no doubt powerfully attractive to a certain class of young readers, who think they see in them shadowy heights and depths of meaning. They are, in reality, worth nothing as poetry, being only a clever transcript of a very ordinary mood of feeling:—

Ah! thou fair world of Art,
From whence my soul would never fain depart,
Thy skies are ever grand!
They cast the shadow of immortal gloom,
Or glow and throb with supernatural bloom,
And open infinite vistas to the enchanted land.
Thy broad transparent river rolls along,
And every ripple breaks into a song;
On the green banks, where happy lovers go,
The golden apples grow,
And the fair fabulous birds of ancient tale
Warble their magic music without fail;
While winds that tremble round thy peaks of fire,
Bring down rich echoes of the angelic choir.

Miss Parkes's versification is not entirely free from those blemishes which, in literary performances, answer to solecisms in manners. The poem called “Up the River,” describes a holiday in a free and merry vein; but the utmost freedom, short of broad comic writing, will hardly justify one in remarking that the only living creature in sight is—

That idle old white horse;
And he is very happy, cropping herbage fresh and sappy.

Nor are the lines against sporting in a much higher strain, being open also to a charge of gross inconsistency, as coming from a pen which has written a song in praise of “Robin Hood:”—

There scampers off a rabbit! If you catch that cruel habit
Of trenching on God's glorious woods with a murder-loaded gun,
I give you warning, Laurence, I shall hold you in abhorrence,
And we two cousins from that day are surely one and one!
I hate a sporting gentleman—now, don't quote Isaac Walton;
And, if you seek the woodlands, take a basket or a book;
If you want to catch a linnet, try if salt has virtue in it,
But leave dear bunny scatheless, and poor fish without a hook.

By far the most pleasing part of this volume is, in our opinion, the section describing the author's emotions on visiting Rome and Algiers. Her early devotion to the idea of Rome suffers little or no shock by a contact with the reality:—

All ancient cities, though great they be
(And London counts by tens of tens),
Seem pigmy tows compared to thee;
While Lincoln, throned amidst her fens,
And York upon her meadow-side
(A thousand milestones on her road),
Are footprints, just to show the stride
With which the giant Caesar strode!

The elaborate poem called “Under the Olives,” which ends the collection, is supposed to be written on the Sahel of Algiers, that range of hills lying between the sea and the Atlas Mountains. The view, real or imagined, embraces a long strip of coast which was once under Carthaginian rule; Bona, the half-French, half-Moorish representative of Hippo; and Cherchell, once Julia Cesarea, famed for martyrdoms. The ancient glories of Carthage, the period of Roman occupation, the history of the Christian Church in Africa, its submersion beneath the wave of Moorish conquest, and its recent resurrection under French rule, are all passed in review through a series of thoughtful and well-written stanzas. We make no secret of our belief that Miss Parkes's future writings would be far better if cast in the sober mould of prose. But, if verse must be the vehicle of expression, we hope that she may confine herself to some narrative or descriptive subject, rather than explore the unsafe regions of highly imaginative, or, still worse, of quasi-comic, reflection.

* *Ballads and Songs*. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. London: Bell & Daldy. 1863.

HAPPINESS.*

ONE of the most striking aspects of modern thought is the pre-eminent importance it attaches to the physical sciences. There is no sphere of speculation or inquiry into which some branch of physiology, taken in its widest sense, does not enter. Ethnology now occupies a chapter in every work on history, and is appealed to by some thinkers as the ultimate means of solving religious questions and explaining the growth of opinion. To understand the Semitic or the Aryan mind is the ordinary cant phrase by which men express the problem that precedes the history of modern civilization. Nor do we fail to trace the same tendency in more special subjects. Professor Max Müller shows us that the Science of Language is, in one of its aspects, a physical science, having close relations with the difficult questions involved in the theory of musical sound. Mr. Herbert Spencer would bring all the phenomena of human existence under fixed laws of physical development; and every work on psychology contains a chapter on the embryo and a eulogy of those German investigators who reduce this science of the soul to physiology. We have books written on *La Physiologie de la Pensée*, on the *Physiology of Genius*, and the *Physiology of Crime*, even on the *Physiology of Handwriting*. And, meantime, pure speculation is abandoned. Volumes of metaphysics are laid aside; or, if perchance you open them, you find that, with a great parade of big words, they reduce themselves to the jottings of some physical observer leading to no system, and abandoning the lofty *à priori* of a Spinoza or a Kant.

Such being the general tendency of thought in this generation, there is a little band of French moralists who, wisely or not, have set their face against the tide of popular enthusiasm and endeavoured to create a diversion from physiology. Of these the late M. Jouffroy was perhaps the most distinguished. In his *Nouveaux Mélanges Philosophiques* there is an interesting paper, in which he tries to show the line of demarcation between physiology and psychology. After complaining bitterly of those thinkers who deny to man more than one vital principle, whence all the functions of his being take their origin, he contrasts our means of knowing causes and phenomena, in order to prove that we are conscious of the existence of our soul and of our body in very different senses of the word. Still he is not able to refute that view of man's nature which would represent it as one continuous rhythm from unconscious to conscious vitality, passing from the simply automatic process of digestion, through the semi-automatic passions, to the emancipated functions of the self-conscious intellect—in the same way as the whole rhythm of the world may seem to pass from inorganic matter, through vegetables and unreasoning animals, to man.

If M. Jouffroy vindicates the science of man's soul from a confusion with the sciences of nature, M. Paul Janet tries to recall our attention from physical pursuits to the problems of ethics. Yet his book appears to us to be an admirable witness for the opposite party. For, though it is elegantly written, and though its graceful thoughts are expressed with a French happiness of lucid language, it is, after all, but a poor *réchauffée* of old speculations which agitated the minds of Greece and Rome. We feel, in reading its pages, that while physical science, month by month, marches upward with sure and rapid steps—never falling back or returning on its pathway, but scaling the heights of knowledge with a ladder which it builds of adamant as it advances—ethics can do no more than illuminate the thoughts of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and the Stoics with some light of Christian inspiration, or emasculate them with flimsy modern sentiment. It may be well to turn aside and illustrate what has been said by a reference to M. Janet's book. The questions which it asks are:—"What is happiness? How is it affected by external comforts or privations? Is it contained in contemplation, or in pleasure, or in virtue, or in active life? How far does the imagination colour it, and can the passions be made to play their part in its production?" The mere enumeration of these questions instantly recalls to mind the headings of our School Analyses of Aristotle's Ethics. Nor are the answers given much at variance with those old definitions which we used to get by heart in Greek. M. Janet tells us that the happiness of which he is in search must be the happiness of men, and not of children, slaves, or brutes. It must be the happiness of one who acts and lives, and not of one who sleeps. The exercise of our faculties, the development of our vital forces, the absence of all obstacles to our free action—these are conditions without which to be happy is impossible. Moreover, the essence of happiness is to be found in the life of contemplation; but this, if it were perfect, would make of man a God; and, therefore, he must be content to temper it with the agitations and reverses of the world. This imperfection of our nature makes it needful to suspend our judgment of a man's happiness till life is over; for who can tell whether Priam's disasters may not wait for him at its conclusion? In a word, happiness is "*le déploiement harmonieux et durable de toutes nos facultés dans leur ordre d'excellence*," *φωχὴς ἐνεργία κατ' ἀρίστην ἐν βίῳ τελείῳ*. We might continue our illustration, and show how M. Janet proceeds to confute the Cynic and the Hedonist, to define the amount of external comfort necessary to happiness, to praise the pleasures of thought, and wisely to allow the moderate exercise of the imagination and the passions—in all things following "the great master," and proving that modern minds are even less original in morals than they are in metaphysics.

Perhaps M. Janet's power of analysis appears to best advantage in his account of the Passions. It is both eloquent and more original than what he has written about the other elements of human happiness. The early growth of passion in a youth, the splendour with which it invests the most trite and trivial objects, and the bloom which life puts on for a short space beneath its genial influence, are described by M. Janet with a tenderness of feeling that passes into pathos when he mourns its sure and steady decadence. For passion rarely can renew the innocence and beauty of its youth. It either becomes a fierce and furious tyrant, or else it abandons the soul to a common-place of feeling in which it looks back longingly to the golden ages of the past. Perhaps this is the reason why the ancients dwelt with such melancholy on the brief springtime of our life. There is an infinite depth of tenderness in all their allusions to youth, which blossoms for an hour and then vanishes away. In it they saw a symbol of the world which has grown old in crime and pain and common duties, leaving far behind the age of Arcadian happiness, "when love was an unerring light, and joy its own security." It is this feeling which the Greeks embodied in many of their statues, which pervades their pastoral and elegiac poetry, and which Theognis seems to have summed up in a couplet thus admirably rendered into English:—

Ah me! my youth! alas for old's dark day!

This comes apace, while that fleets fast away.

Nor could they point to those calmer pleasures of the family and of society which remain when the fire of youth is spent, and which it is the special privilege of modern times to enjoy. M. Janet, after bewailing the misery of misdirected passion, leads our mind to simple joys and pure interests, such as may be found in our own home. Still, though they make a graceful figure in his argument, they appear to better advantage when we use them, for the French *chez soi* is but a poor substitute for our Saxon word, with all its various associations. Here truly is to be sought the light ripple on the waves which Aristippus yearned for as a relief from the storm of passion on the one hand, and the dead calm of inaction on the other. The ancients, owing to their imperfect society and their rude notions of man's position in the world, could devise no better means of attaining this end than by cultivating pleasures without passion, and simple freedom from disturbance. In modern times we recognise that such pleasures must degenerate into sluggish self-indulgence, and such *ἀραγῶν* become a helpless *ennui*. It is a man's life of action under the eye of duty—of work as the father of his family, not of war as an idle citizen—which constitutes our conception of true energy, as distinguished from that of the Greek. Nor do we forget the lesson of finding our highest happiness in attention to the wants of others, which has been so deeply impressed on modern thought by Christianity, that *Vivre pour autrui* has even become the motto of an anti-Christian system. Indeed, this conception of duty as capable of conferring happiness is the only real point of originality in modern ethics. It was this which formed the basis of Kant's system, and enabled him to unify the Stoic and Epicurean ideals. And in this, when rightly understood, must ever be found the principles of true freedom and true happiness. For man, left to himself, pursues a phantom which ever escapes his grasp and assumes a thousand varying and delusive shapes. The happiness of one age is the *ennui* of another; all life is a continual yearning, during which we cry, "Oh, life! oh, beyond! thou art strange, thou art sweet." And it is only when we have ceased to hug the "unchartered liberty" that Wordsworth complains of, and have forgotten to ransack heaven and earth in search of happiness, that little by little, doing our daily work, obeying the laws which God and society impose upon us, and not permitting the past or the future, what has been or what might be, to interfere with the inevitable present, we find ourselves both free and happy, as far as human beings can be.

Nor is it a small thing to learn that happiness, after all, may not be the supreme good. Aristotle, at the beginning of his Ethics, assumes it must be so. All men, he says, agree in calling the good happiness. Therefore, his only problem was to define well-being. But the constitution of the world clearly proves to us that happiness, after all, is only relative, and is never more than the expectation of an imperfect being growing to perfection. If we compare the amount of so-called happiness with the amount of real misery—if we consider the long ages of painful struggle which have raised man from a combat with wild beasts about him to that more complex combat which he now carries on within himself and with his fellows—we may truly learn that for any one to expect unmixed happiness, or to pine because his ideal ever flies before him, is nothing but selfish and shortsighted ignorance.

Moralizing upon human happiness naturally ends in sermon preaching. And as we feel our inability to perform this office so eloquently and pathetically as M. Janet has performed it, we will conclude by recommending his work to our readers, after having pointed out one defect which mars its excellence, like that of so many French books. We allude to its intense nationality. The same spirit which prompts the French to claim for themselves the glory of great battles and the foremost place in human progress—to paint their soldiers seizing the cannon which were really wrested from Russian ramparts by English hands, or to make their Francis the hero of an Italian Renaissance—is disagreeably prominent in some of their philosophical and literary criticisms. It is the chief privilege of philosophy that she can be most widely Catholic. Human thought, in its broader aspects, is rarely at

* *La Philosophie du Bonheur*. Par Paul Janet. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères, 1863.

variance with itself, and all races have borne their part in the progress of speculation. But French authors are the last to feel this truth. Either from defective education or from national arrogance, they invariably regard the history of opinion from a French point of view. They quote French authors exclusively, and they ascribe to French brains those thoughts which have been pilfered from the more fertile but less elegant lucubrations of their neighbours. Thus M. Janet tells us that Descartes and Pascal first emancipated the human intellect from its obedience to opinion, and that Voltaire completed and confirmed this liberty; and, for one vague allusion to Kant or Bacon, he gives us twenty extracts from the works of Pascal, Montaigne, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, or De Tocqueville. It may be gratifying, from one point of view, to observe this literary patriotism, and the simplicity with which it is displayed; but we cannot help feeling that to any but Frenchmen it must become insipid and monotonous, while such habits of reading must so far impoverish their critical power and narrow their horizon that we feel inclined to suggest to their attention the line of Persius:—

Tecum habita et noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

EASTWOOD'S HISTORY OF ECCLESFIELD.*

AS one of the largest parishes in England—containing, as it does, nearly 50,000 acres, or 78 square miles—Ecclesfield may be thought, perhaps, to deserve a large book. But we confess that we wish the excellent clergyman, who so laudably employed his leisure while curate of the parish in collecting materials for its history, had remembered that occasionally there is a time for silence as well as for speech. Yorkshire is a fine county, and Hallamshire, for all we know, may be its finest district; but the enumeration of Hallamshire petty squires is not of the deepest interest or importance to the rest of England. We know how much it costs a "painful" antiquary—and no man ever deserved this old epithet more than Mr. Eastwood—to reject large portions of his accumulated memoranda; but the process is a necessary one. And a writer who can quote with approbation the sensible advice about preaching contained in the Directory of the Westminster Assembly might be expected to exemplify in his own case the benefits of brevity and selection. Still, a well-indexed volume like this has a certain local value so long as it confines itself to matters, however little important, which are not recorded elsewhere. No one can tell what may be the worth, some day or other, of even obscure pedigrees and trifling genealogical facts which are preserved nowhere else. But when Mr. Eastwood devotes many pages to a succinct history of the Dukes of Norfolk, as great territorial lords in Hallamshire, we fear he must be accused of deliberate book-making, which is a far worse literary offence than mere garrulity. He does not even pretend to adduce a single new fact as to the ducal genealogy; and no human being would ever refer to the *History of Ecclesfield* for particulars of the House of Howard which could be found at greater length in the Peerage.

Nevertheless, our author, though he has not known where to stop in his compilation, deserves credit for great diligence and much honest labour as an antiquary. Freely acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Joseph Hunter, the lamented author of *Hallamshire and South Yorkshire*, Mr. Eastwood has supplemented his predecessor's labours by diligently consulting many fresh sources of information. For example, he has gained access to an almost illegible account of the goods and chattels of the old Priory preserved in the Rolls' House, besides other documents in the State Paper Office and Herald's College. A new mine was also opened in the Manor Rolls, &c., belonging to the Norfolk Estate, and another in the Archbishop's Archives at York, which, with a liberality deserving all commendation, and contrasting strikingly with the conduct of some other Diocesan Registrars, were placed at his disposal. Then, again, inasmuch as the priory of Ecclesfield had been dependent upon the great religious house of St. Wandrille in Normandy, Mr. Eastwood bethought himself of consulting the *Archives de la Seine Inférieure* kept at Rouen. His search was rewarded, and the inquiry led to further results. For soon afterwards he was invited by the Comtesse de Casette to inspect and transcribe a roll of about forty parchments, all connected with Ecclesfield, which had been discovered in the library of her château at Roquefort, near Yvetôt. This idea of seeking for documents in foreign quarters, where a connexion with some Continental religious house is known to have existed, is well worth the attention of English antiquaries. There are many, we know, who believe that records of inestimable value as to the ecclesiastical state of mediæval England are still preserved at Rome, and who live in hope of these supposed treasures being laid open to historical students. In consideration of Mr. Eastwood's painstaking recourse to original records and documents, and of our sense of the real value of parochial histories, we may, perhaps, pardon his prolixity, and recommend his volume to topographical collectors.

The parish of Ecclesfield is the most southern part of Yorkshire on the Derbyshire boundary, at that point where the eastern extremity of Cheshire is not more than a mile distant. A large part of it is still uncultivated moorland. Mr. Eastwood's physical description of the district is not very scientific. We observe that, like all other topographers, he assumes that the present barren

moors of Derbyshire and Yorkshire were formerly covered with timber. Of this we confess we have great doubts. Next, as to the derivation of the name of the place—Mr. Hunter decided, rightly, as we think, that the word does not come from *ecclesia*, meaning "the church clearing," but from the name of some former lord of the soil. Mr. Eastwood manfully contends for the more obvious but erroneous derivation; but his own quotation, in another part of the book, of the spelling Aiglefield, by Pope Eugenius III., in 1145—not to mention other etymological forms—might have guarded him from this error. Proceeding to the manorial history of the place, Mr. Eastwood finds, what is certainly an unusual fact, that the manor has descended in an unbroken line from the time of the Conquest to the present lord, the Duke of Norfolk, without one forfeiture or attainder. The history of the priory of Ecclesfield naturally leads to a description of the great Norman Benedictine abbey of St. Wandrille, near Caudebec, on the Seine, to which it was affiliated. But we see nothing worth quoting till we come to some rather curious documents about the original establishment, in 1310, of the "perpetual vicarage" of the parish of Ecclesfield by the Abbot and brethren of the Norman convent. The vicar was to have all the small tithes—"viz. of wool, lambs, fowls, calves, pigs, broodgeese, eggs, pigeons, lime, hemp, and fruits growing in orchards and virgults within the said parish," and all the oblations and mortuaries whatsoever. The parsonage-house was to contain a hall, two chambers, a pantry, and a stable with two stalls. And the abbey further supported two chaplains, or, as they would now be called, curates. One Dominus Robertus de Bosco, a monk of St. Wandrille's, was the first incumbent. About thirty years later, an inquisition was taken, from which it appears that the vicar's income amounted to 43*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*, besides thirty acres of meadow land, valued at sixty shillings per annum—no bad endowment, considering the value of money at that time. The chaplains' stipends amounted to only five marks, equal to 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a year. The church of Ecclesfield dates from the latter part of the fifteenth century. It seems, from a view given in the frontispiece of the volume, to be a rather fine and stately specimen of the latest Gothic style. An old name for it was "The Mynster of the Moors." Our author gives a detailed description of the structure. There are no very remarkable architectural peculiarities about it. But there is one dated oak stall, which has much interest as bearing on the question of the first introduction of pews or boxes into churches. The inscription reads thus:—"James Carre and Ellene his wyffe, of Sowthae" (a distant hamlet), "made these stalls, Anno. D. 1578." The churchwarden's accounts begin with the year 1520. The names of "Master John Talbot" and "Sir Thomas Dreary" occur in the first year as vicar and chaplain respectively. Vestry meetings were sometimes angry and turbulent even three centuries ago. Thus, in 1527, we read of the violence of one William Brown, supposed to have been a churchwarden:—"Minutus est Will. Browne archas et cistas diffringere." A certain vicar named Edward Hatefeld, about 1550, gave his books to the church, each to be chained to a desk with the sentence, "Liber in perpetuum catenandus." In 1606 there was quite a library of theology chained to the desks. For instance, we find Dionisius the Carthusian, Origen, Lyræ, Theophylact, Bede and Augustine. "A stawil," supposed by Mr. Eastwood to be a reading-desk, was set up in the church in 1569, at the cost of ten shillings. The earthquake of the year 1580 is commemorated in the parish accounts by the purchase of the form of prayer ordered for Wednesdays and Fridays, in consequence of that calamity. In 1690, an entry shows that the people of Ecclesfield shared the not uncommon belief that strong ale, when mixed with mortar, would add much to its tenacity and durability. Modern masons, says Mr. Eastwood, consider that they may put beer to a more sensible and natural use. The destruction of so-called vermin was encouraged at Ecclesfield, as elsewhere, by liberal gifts of head-money:—

Foxes and badgers, the latter called also *lawsons* and *grays*, were especially persecuted, being paid for at the rate of 1*s.* a head, at a time when "the dynners of eight persons at Rotherham" came only to 4*s.* 2*d.* A fox-cub's head, 6*d.* An urchin, or hedgehog, 2*d.* A wild cat, 2*d.* A bullspynck, or bullfinch, 1*d.* A crow, 1*d.* Fowmarts, 4*d.* each. In 1741 the prices of fox-heads had risen to 2*s.* 6*d.*, and there were paid for in that year no less than five foxes at that price, and fourteen fowmarts at 4*d.*

The register is not rich in curious entries. Such names as Bethelina, Anthanna, Avarilda, Archelau, Rocksinella, Ouneriffa, Bodishai, and Dud, are found; and in 1774 was baptized one Phæbus, daughter (!) of Thomas Turner. Again, in 1780, one Charles France named a son and daughter Ulysses and Penelope. The late Joseph Hunter, so well known as an antiquary, was a native of Ecclesfield, and was buried in a spot which he had himself chosen in the churchyard. Mr. Eastwood goes patiently through the history of all the parochial charities and trusts. We can sympathize with his disgust at finding that all particulars about a Lady Mallory, who founded a Dole, perished in 1780, when, at the "restoration" of the church of Rawmarsh, where she was buried, "the alabaster stone that covered her remains was sold for a guinea to the proprietors of the Swinton pottery." Ecclesfield is said by the historian to be one of the few places where the old custom of having a village pack of hounds still lingers. Almost every man who can afford it keeps a hound. The dogs are kept from hunting out of season on their own account by "the cruel expedient of passing a wire through the ball of the foot and twisting it fast, a remnant of the barbarous custom of *lawing* and *expediating* enjoined by the old forest charters." Occasionally, during the season, a day is given by the neighbouring landlords,

* *History of the Parish of Ecclesfield in the County of York.* By the Rev. J. Eastwood, M.A. London: Bell & Daldy. 1862.

and the whole village turns out for a hunt. Our readers will see that the present volume, tedious and spun out as it is, deserves a place in a topographical library. It is pretty sure, we think, to be popular in Hallamshire itself; and it is a great benefit to genealogists and archeologists when local patriotism is at the cost of printing such a volume as this, which enshrines innumerable facts that may possibly be of more general value, and that would certainly have perished altogether but for such a publication.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

COLONEL HELMUTH'S *History of Prussian Wars** is a work which will be gratifying at this moment to all patriotic Prussians who desire to forget the present in the past. The *History of Prussian Wars*, in effect, contains all that is inviting in the history of Prussia. Naturally, it also contains some passages which it requires a favourable annalist to invest with glory. The work before us includes both kinds of subject-matter. It begins with the Polish campaign which was the result of the alliance between Charles X. of Sweden and Frederic William of Prussia; and it closes with the campaign against Mieroslawski in Baden, which is the latest exploit of Prussian valour. The mass of the work, however, is made up of more creditable materials. The Seven Years' War and the War of Liberation occupy the greater portion of Colonel Helmuth's two volumes. His style is very technical, and presents perhaps a closer array of names, dates, and military details than would be endurable to the enervated taste of the English reader. He mixes up very little of general history with his chronicle of military operations, and he makes no pretensions to word-painting of any kind. He scarcely intimates even a passing opinion on the political transactions through which he threads his way, except such as an occasional epithet may convey. He stops for a moment to defend Prussia against the charge of having conspired to bring about the downfall of Poland, by proving that the Poles in general, and Kosciuszko in particular, were arrant Jacobins; and to lament the trimming policy which brought Prussia so near to destruction in the year 1809, and which may possibly perform for her the same service again. But in the main he is silent as to his opinions, and is only careful to maintain the dutiful attitude to his sovereign which is generally characteristic of soldier-writers in every country. For the rest, he confines himself scrupulously to a laborious compilation of strategical details. There is something almost quaint in the statistical accuracy with which he sums up the glory of a reign:—

If, in conclusion, we put together the result of the battles and engagements which took place under the reign of King Frederick William the Second, the sum total reaches to 444, of which 349 were won, 54 remained undecided, and only 41 were lost.

It is hardly necessary to prove that a chronicler who can produce such numerical results for a reign which was neither very long nor very warlike, has not been remiss in his researches.

In the years 1860, 1861, and 1862, it was thought desirable, in furtherance of the German project of founding a maritime Power, to send an expedition to the ports of China, Japan, and Siam. The professed object of the voyage was to negotiate commercial treaties, and also to impress Asiatic nations with a due idea of the power of the Prussian fleet. M. Werner was commander of one of the vessels selected for this service; and he has given to the world a narrative† of his experiences and observations during that period. He does not appear to have penetrated at all into the interior of the countries which he visited, or to have gone to any ports hitherto unfrequented; but he made the best use of his time in seeing what was to be seen, and has produced a very agreeable and readable book. All the peculiarities of Chinese and Japanese manners are by this time familiar to most people; yet a description of the impression which they made upon a fresh observer, who describes from what he himself saw, will not be unwelcome. In passing, he enters upon many political considerations, chiefly with a view of inducing his countrymen to consent to the expense of maintaining a permanent squadron in those waters. He entirely agrees with those who uphold the necessity of a "spirited policy" in transactions with Asiatics. He tells, with great commendation, a story of an English admiral, who, being informed that an English ship had been wrecked on the island of Formosa, and the wreck plundered by the inhabitants, forthwith sent up some gunboats, bombarded the town near which the wreck had taken place, took the mandarin prisoner, and ultimately exacted, not only the return of the stolen goods, but also a considerable sum by way of damages to boot. He bids his countrymen do likewise, and lays down that a "consul without cannon" is a very useless institution. He appears to have been irritated into the utterance of these warlike sentiments by the "national pride" which our countrymen are unquestionably in the habit of making as much of as they can. However, he promises his countrymen that, if they will only spend a sum of about thirty thousand pounds yearly upon a Chinese fleet, they will soon become the first commercial Power in Eastern Asia; and he attributes the slanders which all German efforts to create a fleet invariably call forth in the English papers entirely to a con-

sciousness of this fact. He adds, moreover, a statement which is no less gratifying than surprising to an Englishman, that one of the chief causes of England's supremacy in those seas is the singular honesty of her manufacturers in sending out genuine goods—a point in which the author's countrymen, in his judgment, wholly fail. The statement is not intended as a compliment to us, but only as a warning to the Germans; but it is not the less astonishing to those who are acquainted only in the English market with the dealings of English manufacturers.

M. Theodore Colshorn*, being much struck with the success of Herodotus's gossiping style of mixing up history and fable in the same narrative, has conceived the idea of becoming himself a second Herodotus in behalf of the German Empire. Accordingly, he has produced a popular history of the German Emperors, in which the true and the untrue are combined in artistic proportions. It is difficult, however, to play Herodotus with the ungraceful accuracy of modern history. Anecdotes fill the place of sagas very indifferently. M. Colshorn, therefore, finds himself forced to devote far the largest part of his volume to the Emperors who preceded the Reformation, up to which time something of poetry still lingered in popular traditions. There is no doubt that the history of the Emperors is rendered more attractive both by the colouring of fable that is lent to it and by the exclusion of the prosaic successors of Maximilian. Whether it is thereby made more available for education, which is the use to which the author destines his labours, may well be doubted. The imitation of Herodotus is questionably successful. The sagas are not related with undoubting faith, or matter-of-fact scepticism; they are patronizingly recited as by one who looks down upon them from the immeasurable height of modern German enlightenment. The book closes with a disquisition on the condition of Germany since the abolition of the Empire, in which the author drops his Herodotean mummery and speaks out as a hearty modern partisan. He is, of course, a strong Unionist. It is in perfect consistency with his dominant idea, and yet to our ears sounds odd from an advocate of unity, that he should speak of the peace of Villafranca as a "disgraceful peace." He concludes with a grandiloquent burst of patriotism:—

Away with the un-German Concordat, away with the whole government of the Romish priesthood; but no foot's breadth of German earth must be shut out from Germany. What is German in Schleswig must remain German. Venice must not be relinquished, Lombardy not given up for lost, till Alsace and Lorraine have been recovered.

Dr. George Berner, M. Carl Vogt, and three other adventurous spirits, were inspired apparently by Lord Dufferin's book to attempt a rival visit to high latitudes. Being all keen republicans, they were somewhat stung with the reflection that a votary of constitutional monarchy, like the English Peer, and a supporter of democratic Imperialism, like Prince Napoleon, should have accomplished this exploit, but that no representatives of true republicanism should yet have been seen on the border of the Polar ice. To this enthusiasm a very handsome and agreeable book‡ is due. The grandiloquence of the language with which the narrative is introduced produces a disappointing effect upon the reader. He expects Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla at the very least. He is hardly prepared to find it issue in a journey scarcely beyond the ordinary reach of the postal steamers. Setting aside, however, the pretension with which it is introduced, it is a sufficiently interesting voyage. The party began by sailing up the Norwegian coast, beginning with Bergen northward. They visited Drontheim, and then the Lofoden Islands; and then they coasted along among the fjords, until they reached Hammerfest. From thence they made an excursion to the North Cape, which was the utmost verge of their explorations upon the continent of Europe. They then turned westward, and visited the desolate island of Jan Mayen, which lies not far from the line at which the permanent polar ice begins. They spent two or three days off this inviting spot, and landed upon it twice. They found it to be an extinct volcano which had left a deep and well-defined crater. Beyond the sea birds, a white fox was the only living thing it was ascertained to contain. The vegetable kingdom was represented by a few very starved grasses and mosses, a stone-crop, a ranunculus, and one or two other Arctic flowers. They then made for Reikjavik, and explored the hacknied lions of Iceland. They did not penetrate very far into the island, and do not contribute so much to a knowledge of it as several previous German travellers have done. From Iceland they sailed to Greenock, through the storm in which the *Great Eastern* suffered so severely, but which they were fortunate enough to meet in the open sea. The work is illustrated by a considerable number of drawings by Professor Hasselhorst, who was one of the party. It is concluded with a scientific appendix, also from his pen, upon the geological characteristics of the countries which they visited. In memorial of their exploit, the party, despising apparently Lord Dufferin's possible claims, gave their own names to the bay in which they landed, and the volcanic mountain, or hill, which they explored.

Dr. Tischendorf has fulfilled the promise which he gave of publishing his precious Sinai MS. in three years. It‡

* *Die deutschen Kaiser in Geschichte und Sage.* Von Theodor Colshorn. Leipzig: Hörnecke. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Nord-Fahrt, entlang der Norwegischen Küste nach dem Nordkap, den Inseln Jan Mayen, und Island.* Von Dr. G. Berner, &c. Erzählt von Carl Vogt. Frankfurt a. M.: Jügel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Novum Testamentum Sinaiticum ex Codice Sinaitico.* Accurate descriptio A. F. C. Tischendorf. Lipsiæ: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

* *Preussische Kriegsgeschichte.* Kurzgefasste Darstellung der Feldzüge von 1640-1850. Von C. Helmuth. 2 Bände. Leipzig: Hörnecke. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Die preussische Expedition nach China, Japan, und Siam, in den Jahren 1860, 1861, und 1862.* Reisebriefe von R. Werner. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

has now appeared in quarto form, printed at length, exactly in the lines in which it is written. The printing is done with exquisite clearness—a merit of no small consequence for purposes of reference and collection. A "Prolegomena" is prefixed, in which, among other things, the age of the MS. is discussed. Dr. Tischendorf still adheres to his opinion that it dates from the fourth century. He founds his view mainly upon the fact that readings which Fathers, about or just after that time, have recorded to have been ancient readings that had nearly disappeared, are still to be found in this MS. Especially there are some readings upon which Porphyry had founded ingenious objections, and which the copyists of succeeding ages had gradually, with pious prudence, expunged; and these are to be found in the Codex Sinaiticus. Before the text is printed a list of the erasures and corrections which appear in the MS.; and at the end is appended a fac-simile of the uncial characters employed. The MS. contains, besides the New Testament, the epistle of Barnabas, and a fragment of the Shepherd of Hermas.

The fourth volume of *Decisions* compiled by Jacob Grimm* has been published. The object of the compiler has been to collect from various local archives the records of the decisions of the small local courts in the middle ages, both for the purpose of providing materials for the elucidation of the old Teutonic law-traditions, and also with the subordinate view of throwing light upon the language. It has not been without great labour that his task, not yet completed, has advanced thus far. He has had to contend, not only with the scattered distribution of the materials themselves, but with the eccentric jealousy of their keepers. At Carlsruhe, the librarian insisted on being allowed to strike out of the transcript anything which he thought might operate to the discredit of the Government; and his sensitiveness on this point extended to a period so remote, that M. Grimm gave the matter up in despair. At Spire, without any hesitation whatever, the faithful guardians of the public records refused to let him in at all. In spite of these difficulties, however, he has succeeded in collecting a goodly volume. He complains that hitherto his collection has not met with a very ardent reception, which, considering that it consists of decisions by unknown persons upon minute lawsuits, in a language wholly antiquated, is not a very unintelligible circumstance.

The second volume† of *Historical Documents*, published by V. Döllinger, under the auspices of the Bavarian Government, fully sustains the promise of the first. It contains a list of the taxes payable as first fruits to the Pope by every church in the world in the middle of the fifteenth century. It exists in MS. in the library of the town of Bologna, to which it was bequeathed by Benedict XIV. The churches are arranged alphabetically, and the sums due from them stated in golden florins in each case. Dr. Silbernagl has accompanied the list with a commentary, in which the founder, date of foundation, and ultimate fate of each are briefly stated. The Italian names are far the most numerous; but the German churches appear to have been the richest. English names occur comparatively seldom. In the same volume are contained some records connected with the Councils of Constance and Basle, drawn partly from German and partly from Spanish libraries. It concludes with the annals of Kilian Leib, Prior of Rebdorf, recounting the events of his time during the most eventful period of the Reformation—the years 1524-1548. He was a man of some consideration, a strong opponent of the Reformation, and was acquainted with many of the most prominent men of the time. The first part of the Chronicle, reaching up to the year 1524, has been previously published.

Another edition has been published of Nettelbeck's autobiography, a book of some note forty years ago. He was a citizen of Kolberg, and had obtained a reputation in Germany for the part he took in defending it against the French in the year 1806. The autobiography, however, extends over a much wider space than this solitary patriotic exploit. Among several other trades which he had followed in the course of his wandering life, he had been a sailor, and in that capacity had spent some time on board an English man-of-war. His evidence of the condition of the English navy in the year 1774 may be of interest:—

The roughness and harshness that prevail on board the ships of this nation are beyond conception. There is no honour and no respect; you have nothing but "Goddam," and brutal speeches without number. Every one, from the meanest sailors upwards, is in antagonism to the officers. . . . Of the necessary order I have, moreover, seen but scanty traces on these ships. There is not even any fixed time for eating and drinking. Often enough, a cooked piece of meat of ten or twenty pounds weight is hung against the mast, and every one cuts off from it what he wants whenever he likes. On either side of it, to make the open table complete, stands the bread-basket and the grog-can.

A useful dictionary of German proverbs‡, from the pen of M. Wander, is coming out in numbers. The second number has just been issued. It appears to be arranged with clearness and brevity, and the catalogue of proverbs is abundantly complete. Many of the sayings contained in it would not, with us, rise to the dignity of proverbs.

* *Weistümer*. Herausgegeben von Jacob Grimm. Theil IV. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Beiträge zur Politischen Kirchlichen und Cultur-Geschichte der sechs letzten Jahrhunderten*. 2 Bände. Regensburg: Manz. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Joachim Nettelbeck, Bürger zu Kolberg*. Hgn. von J. C. L. Hakem. 3te Auflage. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Deutsches Sprichwörter Lexikon*. Von R. F. Wander. Zweite Lieferung. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

*A Life of Mahomed**, by Theodor Nöldeke, is merely a compilation in popular style of all the accessions to our knowledge of the false Prophet's life and character, which have been derived from the numerous researches that have been conducted in recent years. It does not make any pretension to a higher character.

* *Das Leben Muhammeds*. Von Theodor Nöldeke. Hanover: Rümpler. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mendelssohn Night on Monday Evening, May 23. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Violin, Herr Japha (his first appearance in England). Vocalists, Fraulein Liebart and Mr. Santley. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Soloists, 2s. 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

MENDELSSOHN NIGHT at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS on Monday Evening, May 23, at St. James's Hall.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ and SIGNOR PIATTI at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Monday Evening, May 23. Solo, Violoncello, Piatti (first time); Solo, Pianoforte (Chopin). M. Jules Lafont will sing New Compositions. Accompanist, Engel. Visitors are admitted on payment of Five Shillings, and Members Half-a-Crown each, at the Hall. Tickets, Five Shillings each, to be had at the usual places.

MUSICAL UNION.—EXTRA MATINEE.—Tuesday, May 19, Half-past Three.—Quintet in A, Clarinet, &c. (Mozart); Lazarus, Carrodus, Webb, &c. Trio Concertante in E, Op. 53 (Hummel); Miss Madeline Scheller (debutante), Eies, and Piatti. Solo, Violoncello, Piatti (first time); Solo, Pianoforte (Chopin). M. Jules Lafont will sing New Compositions. Accompanist, Engel. Visitors are admitted on payment of Five Shillings, and Members Half-a-Crown each, at the Hall. Tickets, Five Shillings each, to be had at the usual places.

J. ELLA, Director.

S. THALBERG'S MATINEES MUSICALES.—First Matinée, Monday, May 23.—S. THALBERG has the honour to announce that he will give FOUR MATINEES at the Hanover Square Rooms (being his only appearance in London this season), which will take place on Monday, May 23; Monday, June 1, June 8, and June 15; to commence at Half-past Two. Small subscription for the series, Three Guineas; family ticket to admit four (stalls), Three Guineas; single stall ticket, One Guinea; reserved seats, Half-a-Guinea; to be had at the Music Sellers and Librarians, and of Mr. Fish, Hanover Square Rooms, where the plan of the seats may be seen.

MR. DAVID FISHER'S FACTS and FANCIES Musically and Dramatically Illustrated. Mr. David Fisher will appear at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday Evening next, May 18, and continue to perform every Evening (except Saturday), and Saturday Afternoons at Three. Stalls, 3s. and 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

LEVASSOR en VISITE.—SCENES et CHANSONS COMIQUES.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings during the month of May, M. LEVASSOR will repeat his highly successful ENTERTAINMENT, with change of Programme, assisted by Madlle. Teissiere and M. Rey. Pianoforte, M. Rosenboom. To commence on each evening at Half-past Eight o'clock. Seats (unreserved), 2s.; Stalls (numbered), 7s.; a few Fauteuils, 10s. each, to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, W.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. On Monday Evening next, May 18, commencing punctually at Half-past Eight o'clock, Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE will read the Play of JULIUS CÆSAR. Wednesday Evening, May 20, the Tragedy of HAMLET. And on Saturday Morning, May 23, at Three o'clock, the Play of the MERCHANT OF VENICE. Seats (unreserved), 2s.; Stalls (numbered), 7s.; a few Fauteuils, 10s. each, to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, W.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-Ninth Annual Exhibition is now open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven o'clock. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The Tenth Annual EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contribution of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is now open. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

RAPHAEL.—Remarkable Discovery of one of the great Raphaels of Charles I., all record of which had been lost since the time of James II. The Picture bears evidence of having been in the fire at Whitehall, in the reign of the latter monarch. It is the most important Italian Picture ever publicly exhibited. On view daily, at 91 Piccadilly, from Ten to Seven. Admission, 1s.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—THE GALLERY, 14 BERNERS STREET, W.—In reply to numerous inquiries the Proprietor begs to inform all Artists that their works can be received until Saturday, May 16; Sculpture and Engravings by Thursday the 21st; and only those works that are commissioned will be admitted after the above dates.

FREDERICK BUCKSTONE, Secretary and Proprietor.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—June 10, 1863.—CEREMONIAL to be OBSERVED at UNCOVERING the MEMORIAL of the EXHIBITION of 1851, and the STATUE of H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, in the presence of their ROYAL HIGHNESSES the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES and other Members of the Royal Family.

The Guests invited to take part in the Procession will assemble at the West Dome of the Exhibition Building. While assembling Military Bands will play. The Royal party will be received at the West Dome entrance by the Executive Committee of the Memorial Committee.

Their ROYAL HIGHNESSES will proceed down the Nave to a Balcony over the Southern Entrance of the Horticultural Gardens, and their arrival will be announced by a flourish of trumpets. "God save the Queen" will be played by three Military Bands united in the Ante-Garden. The Council of the Horticultural Society will present an Address.

Military Bands will again play. After which the Memorial Committee will read an Address. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will order the UNCOVERING of the MEMORIAL, which will be announced by a flourish of trumpets and a salute of artillery, after which Military Music will be performed and the Fountains will play.

The Royal party, headed by the Procession, will then walk round the Gardens, stopping at various points to see the Memorial and the Garden. The route will be marked by barriers and banners; and it is requested that during the Procession the Spectators will remain stationary.

In the event of rain, the line of Procession will keep under the cover of the Arcades.

The Exhibition Building will be thrown open to the Visitors.

GEORGE GODWIN, Hon. Sec. Memorial Committee.

W. W. SAUNDERS, Hon. Sec. of the Horticultural.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—June 10, 1863.—UNCOVERING of MEMORIAL of EXHIBITION of 1851, in the presence of their ROYAL HIGHNESSES the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES.

Cards of Admission, 12s., if obtained before May 27; 20s. up to June 9; and 30s. on day.

A. MURRAY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLOWER SHOW, SATURDAY NEXT, May 23.—THE GREAT FLOWER SHOW of the SEASON. Doors open at Twelve. Admission, 7s. 6d.; Tickets taken before the day, 5s. GUINEA SEASON TICKETS FREE.

Tickets at the Crystal Palace, at 2 Exeter Hall, and of the usual agents. NOTE.—The varied Floral and Musical attractions of the Crystal Palace Flower Shows are too well known to need comment. The unusual fineness of the Season gives promise of the forthcoming Show surpassing even all previous Shows.

FLOWER SHOW.—FIVE SHILLING TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

CRYSTAL PALACE GUINEA SEASON TICKET ADMITS FREE to the GREAT FLOWER SHOW.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY of ENGLAND.—THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of MEMBERS will be held at the Society's House, No. 12 Hanover Square, London, on Friday, May 23, at Twelve o'clock.

By Order of the Council, H. HALL DARE, Secretary.

THE FIRST GREAT INTERNATIONAL SHOW OF SPORTING AND OTHER DOGS will be held at the AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington, on the week commencing May 25. Public View on MONDAY, May 25 (after 4 p.m.), when the Fox-hounds will be judged in public in front of the great Orchestra.

Prices of Admission.	
Monday, May 25th (after 4 p.m.)	2s. 6d.
Tuesday, 26th, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.	2s. 6d.
Wednesday, 27th	1s. 6d.
Thursday, 28th	1s. 6d.
Friday, 29th	1s. 6d.
Saturday, 30th	1s. 6d.

For the use of Schools, &c. Forty Tickets, admissible before 11 a.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, for 21, may be obtained on application to the Secretary, at the Office, Bedford Street, Liverpool Road, N.

KING EDWARD THE SIXTH'S SCHOOL, Norwich.—THREE EXHIBITIONS at this School, of the annual value respectively of £30, £30, and £30, will be offered for open competition on June 25 and two following days.

The Exhibitions will be tenable for four years at the School, subject to certain conditions with regard to conduct and progress. The Examination will be chiefly limited to Greek and Latin Grammar, Translation, and Composition.

Candidates must be under 15 years of age. During the Examination they will be received into the Head Master's house. The names of those wishing to compete must be sent in, on or before June 1, to the Rev. A. JAMES, School House, Norwich, of whom further particulars may be obtained.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—The GOLD MEDAL of the ATHLETIC CLUB, or a prize of Ten Guineas, will be given for the best Essay on the above subject sent to the Committee of the Club on or before June 1 next. The Essay will be read in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at the presentation of Prizes to the Victor in the Olympic Contests to be held in Liverpool, June 1863. For further particulars, apply to JOHN HULLEY, Hon. Sec., Athletic Club, Liverpool.

MALVERN PROPRIETARY COLLEGE. President and Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

Head Master.—The Rev. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. Arrangements have been made for commencing the College Buildings so that they may be opened for the reception of Pupils during the summer of 1863.

For Prospectus and Shares apply to the Honorary Secretary, from whom any further information may be obtained.

L. STUMMES, M.D., Malvern, Hon. Sec.

MAJOR R. C. BARNARD, late of H.M. 41st Regiment, B.A. (1861) of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, F.L.S., receives PUPILS to be prepared for Public Schools, or for College, the Army, or other Professions.—Cambridge House, Bays Hill, Cheltenham.

PRIVATE TUITION by the SEA-SIDE.—The Rev. EDWARD BRICE, B.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, receives into his family SIX PUPILS to prepare for the Army, Navy, Public Schools, &c. Terms, £100 a year.—Address, 1 Leamington Villas, Ellenborough Park, Weston-super-Mare.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and DIRECT COMMIS-SIONS.—The Rev. L. EDWARDS, M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS.—Address, Dorney, near Windsor.

MILITARY EDUCATION at Bromsgrove House, Croydon.—Twelve PUPILS are prepared by the Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for many years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the Military College, Addiscombe (late dissolved).

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, and THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE. TWO CAMBRIDGE MEN, experienced in Tuition, receive

TWELVE PUPILS, who are reading for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and quickly. Terms moderate.—M.A., 6 Ansell Terrace, Brixton, S.

PRIVATE TUITION on the MALVERN HILLS.—A married Clergyman, experienced in Tuition, without parochial charge, who takes a limited number of Pupils to prepare for the Public Schools, Professions, and Universities, has Vacancies. References, Rev. Dr. VACCAN, late Head Master of Harrow, and parents of pupils.—Address, Rev. E. PONS, West Malvern Park.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.—A Military Tutor, who has several Candidates for the above reading with him, will be happy to meet with others, resident or non-resident. At the India Civil Service Examination in 1862, four were successful out of five Candidates that proceeded from his house, and were placed 12th, 13th, 15th, and 16th.—Address, A. D. SPENCER, M.A., 13 Prince's Square, Bayswater, W.

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD.—NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

In consequence of the immediate Extension of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway across Lugate Hill, the Committee have been compelled to REMOVE their OFFICES to 100 FLEET STREET, where, from this date, all communications are to be addressed.

May 5, 1863.

HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

TO AUTHORS.—TALES WANTED.—Good Original Stories, MS., containing 5000 to 10,000 words, will be liberally paid for; and rejected MSS. returned at the Author's risk. Of short Stories most are required; and when religious opinions are involved, they should be in favour of the National Church. Translations quite unnecessary. Letters and parcels to be addressed NARRATOR, care of Messrs. C. Mitchell & Co., 13 and 15 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

TO WEST END PUBLISHERS.—To Let, a Shop, with Rooms above, in the immediate vicinity of Paternoster Row.—For particulars, address Y. Z., care of Adams & Francis, Advertisement Agents, 30 Fleet Street, E.C.

WANTED, in an Engineering Establishment in Lancashire, a GENTLEMAN, to undertake the Mechanical Correspondence and negotiation of the Business in conjunction with the Partners. Liberal salary, a fixed minimum, and a percentage, according to amount of business done. Apply by letter (if possible accompanied with testimonials), addressed N. Y. Z., James Street, Esq., Solicitor, Manchester.

PATENT.—To be Sold, a PATENT for the Manufacture of a Scientific Article of great and unexceptionable utility and demand. Facilities for payment. A Partnership might be arranged. Address, PATENT, care of Gilbert Heard, Esq., Solicitor, 31 Cannon Street West, London, E.C.

MONEY.—£10,000.—Immediate ADVANCES are MADE to Officers in the Army and others, with secrecy and despatch, by a Private Gentleman, upon note of hand, life interests, reversions, legacies, land, houses, or other property. Interest, 5 per cent.—Address, A. B., 6 Norris Street, St. James's, S.W.

WITHOUT RESERVE.—At the Commercial Sale Rooms, Mining Lane, London, on THURSDAY, May 21, at Twelve for One precisely, about 300 lots of FINE WINE. The wine will be on show at the Docks and Brokers' Office, on Monday, the 18th instant, and until the time of sale.—For Catalogues and Particulars apply to Messrs. MURRAY, SON, & HITCHINS, Solicitors, 11 Birch Lane; or to SELLERS & CO., Sweet Brokers, 21 Mark Lane, E.C.

IMPORTANT to Noblemen and Gentlemen forming or adding to their Libraries, Amateurs of Rare, Curious, and Fine Books, Curators of Public Libraries, &c.

On May 18 will be published, svo. pp. 160, a Catalogue Raisonné of Fifty Thousand Volumes of Rare, Curious, Useful and Valuable Books, Ancient and Modern, in various Languages and Classes of Literature, Splendid Books of Prints, Picture Galleries, Illustrated Works, Beautifully Illuminated Manuscripts on Vellum, &c. &c., interspersed with Biographical Notices and Extracts, now on Sale at very greatly Reduced Prices offered.

J. LILLY having determined in the Thirty-seventh year of his continuance in business to commence Selling off his very extensive and valuable Stock of Books, all those in this Catalogue are marked at very greatly reduced prices; and to prove this to be the case, the present and the former prices are printed in parallel columns.

This very interesting and valuable Catalogue will be forwarded, post free, on the receipt of Twelve Postage Stamps.

JOSEPH LILLY, 17 and 18 New Street (removed from Bedford Street), Covent Garden, London, W.C.

SIXTEEN VOLUMES at a time are supplied to Country Subscribers paying £13s. per annum to COOMES' LIBRARY; a larger number than is allowed by any other Library in Town or Country. Town Subscriptions, One Guinea and upwards. Prospectus sent on application.—141 Regent Street, W.

CHEAP BOOKS.—Good Surplus Copies of the following Works are NOW ON SALE, at BULL'S LIBRARY, at very greatly reduced prices: Smiles's Lives of the Engineers, Du Châtelier's Africa, Earl Stanhope's Life of Pitt, Mrs. Trench's Remains, Guizot's Embassy to the Court of St. James's, Gorton's Vacation Tourist, and many other superior books. Catalogues gratis.—Bull's Library, 19 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W.

WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT? is a thought often occurring to Literary Men, Public Characters, and Persons of Benevolent Intentions. An immediate answer to the inquiry may be obtained. A SPECIMEN BOOK OF TYPES, and information for Authors, sent on application, by

RICHARD BARRETT, 13 Mark Lane, London.

MALVERN.—THE WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT and HOME for INVALIDS. Erected by Dr. Wilson when he introduced the Water Cure into England. Receives 70 Patients, and has now a Turkish Bath attached.—For terms, &c., apply to Dr. WILSON.

HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION and DISEASES of the CHEST, Brompton, S.W., supported by voluntary contributions. Liberal and continuous support is required to meet the current expenses of this charity.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec. HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. The TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in London at the City Turkish and Hydropathic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between 1 and 4.

THE WATER CURE in CHRONIC DISEASE.—BEN RHYDDING, ILKLEY.—This is one of the most complete and most comfortable Establishments in England for the reception of Patients and Visitors. For a full description of Ben Rhydding, with Map of Routes, see Third Edition of "Ben Rhydding, the Asclepiion of England—Its Beauties, Its Ways, and Its Water Cure," to be had, by enclosing 13 stamps, of Mr. Shuttleworth, Bookseller, Ilkley, Yorkshire.

V.R.—ROYAL TURKISH BATHS, BLOOMSBURY. BEST for GENTLEMEN. (2s. 6d.) ONLY ONE for LADIES. (3s. 6d.) ALWAYS READY, Public and Private.—25 Queen's Square, Russell Square. ** From Six to Nine p.m., ONE SHILLING, with every luxury.

INDIA OUTFITS.—THRESHER & GLENNY, next door to Somerset House, Strand, forward (on application) Lists of the necessary Outfits for every appointment, with Prices of each Article. N.B.—THREE PRIZE MEDALS awarded for THRESHER'S KASHMIR FLANNEL SHIRTS, INDIA GAUZE WAISTCOATS, and INDIA TWEED SUITS, which can only be procured at this Establishment. 132 Strand.

FOR THE FORTHCOMING RACES.—H. J. & D. NICOLL have now ready for inspection, or immediate use, a New Style of Dress for Gentlemen attending Races, &c., at the Frontiers, &c. As of old, their Shower-proof Tweed Coats, One Guinea. Nicoll's Liama, new Patent Elastic Melton Cloth Paletots, and other Overcoats, Two Guineas.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, 114 to 120 Regent Street, W.; 27 Cornhill, E.C.; and 10 St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

G. M. INNES & CO., Wine Merchants, 69 Strand, offer their SHERRIES, of the Shipments of Messrs. Gonzalez, Dubosc, & Co., Patrick Garvey, Manuel Misa, and Penarrita & Co., of Xeres de la Frontera, at 2s., 2s. 3d., 2s. 4d., 2s. 5d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 7d., 2s. 8d., 2s. 9d., 2s. 10d., 2s. 11d., 2s. 12d., 2s. 13d., 2s. 14d., 2s. 15d., 2s. 16d., 2s. 17d., 2s. 18d., 2s. 19d., 2s. 20d., 2s. 21d., 2s. 22d., 2s. 23d., 2s. 24d., 2s. 25d., 2s. 26d., 2s. 27d., 2s. 28d., 2s. 29d., 2s. 30d., 2s. 31d., 2s. 32d., 2s. 33d., 2s. 34d., 2s. 35d., 2s. 36d., 2s. 37d., 2s. 38d., 2s. 39d., 2s. 40d., 2s. 41d., 2s. 42d., 2s. 43d., 2s. 44d., 2s. 45d., 2s. 46d., 2s. 47d., 2s. 48d., 2s. 49d., 2s. 50d., 2s. 51d., 2s. 52d., 2s. 53d., 2s. 54d., 2s. 55d., 2s. 56d., 2s. 57d., 2s. 58d., 2s. 59d., 2s. 60d., 2s. 61d., 2s. 62d., 2s. 63d., 2s. 64d., 2s. 65d., 2s. 66d., 2s. 67d., 2s. 68d., 2s. 69d., 2s. 70d., 2s. 71d., 2s. 72d., 2s. 73d., 2s. 74d., 2s. 75d., 2s. 76d., 2s. 77d., 2s. 78d., 2s. 79d., 2s. 80d., 2s. 81d., 2s. 82d., 2s. 83d., 2s. 84d., 2s. 85d., 2s. 86d., 2s. 87d., 2s. 88d., 2s. 89d., 2s. 90d., 2s. 91d., 2s. 92d., 2s. 93d., 2s. 94d., 2s. 95d., 2s. 96d., 2s. 97d., 2s. 98d., 2s. 99d., 2s. 100d., 2s. 101d., 2s. 102d., 2s. 103d., 2s. 104d., 2s. 105d., 2s. 106d., 2s. 107d., 2s. 108d., 2s. 109d., 2s. 110d., 2s. 111d., 2s. 112d., 2s. 113d., 2s. 114d., 2s. 115d., 2s. 116d., 2s. 117d., 2s. 118d., 2s. 119d., 2s. 120d., 2s. 121d., 2s. 122d., 2s. 123d., 2s. 124d., 2s. 125d., 2s. 126d., 2s. 127d., 2s. 128d., 2s. 129d., 2s. 130d., 2s. 131d., 2s. 132d., 2s. 133d., 2s. 134d., 2s. 135d., 2s. 136d., 2s. 137d., 2s. 138d., 2s. 139d., 2s. 140d., 2s. 141d., 2s. 142d., 2s. 143d., 2s. 144d., 2s. 145d., 2s. 146d., 2s. 147d., 2s. 148d., 2s. 149d., 2s. 150d., 2s. 151d., 2s. 152d., 2s. 153d., 2s. 154d., 2s. 155d., 2s. 156d., 2s. 157d., 2s. 158d., 2s. 159d., 2s. 160d., 2s. 161d., 2s. 162d., 2s. 163d., 2s. 164d., 2s. 165d., 2s. 166d., 2s. 167d., 2s. 168d., 2s. 169d., 2s. 170d., 2s. 171d., 2s. 172d., 2s. 173d., 2s. 174d., 2s. 175d., 2s. 176d., 2s. 177d., 2s. 178d., 2s. 179d., 2s. 180d., 2s. 181d., 2s. 182d., 2s. 183d., 2s. 184d., 2s. 185d., 2s. 186d., 2s. 187d., 2s. 188d., 2s. 189d., 2s. 190d., 2s. 191d., 2s. 192d., 2s. 193d., 2s. 194d., 2s. 195d., 2s. 196d., 2s. 197d., 2s. 198d., 2s. 199d., 2s. 200d., 2s. 201d., 2s. 202d., 2s. 203d., 2s. 204d., 2s. 205d., 2s. 206d., 2s. 207d., 2s. 208d., 2s. 209d., 2s. 210d., 2s. 211d., 2s. 212d., 2s. 213d., 2s. 214d., 2s. 215d., 2s. 216d., 2s. 217d., 2s. 218d., 2s. 219d., 2s. 220d., 2s. 221d., 2s. 222d., 2s. 223d., 2s. 224d., 2s. 225d., 2s. 226d., 2s. 227d., 2s. 228d., 2s. 229d., 2s. 230d., 2s. 231d., 2s. 232d., 2s. 233d., 2s. 234d., 2s. 235d., 2s. 236d., 2s. 237d., 2s. 238d., 2s. 239d., 2s. 240d., 2s. 241d., 2s. 242d., 2s. 243d., 2s. 244d., 2s. 245d., 2s. 246d., 2s. 247d., 2s. 248d., 2s. 249d., 2s. 250d., 2s. 251d., 2s. 252d., 2s. 253d., 2s. 254d., 2s. 255d., 2s. 256d., 2s. 257d., 2s. 258d., 2s. 259d., 2s. 260d., 2s. 261d., 2s. 262d., 2s. 263d., 2s. 264d., 2s. 265d., 2s. 266d., 2s. 267d., 2s. 268d., 2s. 269d., 2s. 270d., 2s. 271d., 2s. 272d., 2s. 273d., 2s. 274d., 2s. 275d., 2s. 276d., 2s. 277d., 2s. 278d., 2s. 279d., 2s. 280d., 2s. 281d., 2s. 282d., 2s. 283d., 2s. 284d., 2s. 285d., 2s. 286d., 2s. 287d., 2s. 288d., 2s. 289d., 2s. 290d., 2s. 291d., 2s. 292d., 2s. 293d., 2s. 294d., 2s. 295d., 2s. 296d., 2s. 297d., 2s. 298d., 2s. 299d., 2s. 300d., 2s. 301d., 2s. 302d., 2s. 303d., 2s. 304d., 2s. 305d., 2s. 306d., 2s. 307d., 2s. 308d., 2s. 309d., 2s. 310d., 2s. 311d., 2s. 312d., 2s. 313d., 2s. 314d., 2s. 315d., 2s. 316d., 2s. 317d., 2s. 318d., 2s. 319d., 2s. 320d., 2s. 321d., 2s. 322d., 2s. 323d., 2s. 324d., 2s. 325d., 2s. 326d., 2s. 327d., 2s. 328d., 2s. 329d., 2s. 330d., 2s. 331d., 2s. 332d., 2s. 333d., 2s. 334d., 2s. 335d., 2s. 336d., 2s. 337d., 2s. 338d., 2s. 339d., 2s. 340d., 2s. 341d., 2s. 342d., 2s. 343d., 2s. 344d., 2s. 345d., 2s. 346d., 2s. 347d., 2s. 348d., 2s. 349d., 2s. 350d., 2s. 351d., 2s. 352d., 2s. 353d., 2s. 354d., 2s. 355d., 2s. 356d., 2s. 357d., 2s. 358d., 2s. 359d., 2s. 360d., 2s. 361d., 2s. 362d., 2s. 363d., 2s. 364d., 2s. 365d., 2s. 366d., 2s. 367d., 2s. 368d., 2s. 369d., 2s. 370d., 2s. 371d., 2s. 372d., 2s. 373d., 2s. 374d., 2s. 375d., 2s. 376d., 2s. 377d., 2s. 378d., 2s. 379d., 2s. 380d., 2s. 381d., 2s. 382d., 2s. 383d., 2s. 384d., 2s. 385d., 2s. 386d., 2s. 387d., 2s. 388d., 2s. 389d., 2s. 390d., 2s. 391d., 2s. 392d., 2s. 393d., 2s. 394d., 2s. 395d., 2s. 396d., 2s. 397d., 2s. 398d., 2s. 399d., 2s. 400d., 2s. 401d., 2s. 402d., 2s. 403d., 2s. 404d., 2s. 405d., 2s. 406d., 2s. 407d., 2s. 408d., 2s. 409d., 2s. 410d., 2s. 411d., 2s. 412d., 2s. 413d., 2s. 414d., 2s. 415d., 2s. 416d., 2s. 417d., 2s. 418d., 2s. 419d., 2s. 420d., 2s. 421d., 2s. 422d., 2s. 423d., 2s. 424d., 2s. 425d., 2s. 426d., 2s. 427d., 2s. 428d., 2s. 429d., 2s. 430d., 2s. 431d., 2s. 432d., 2s. 433d., 2s. 434d., 2s. 435d., 2s. 436d., 2s. 437d., 2s. 438d., 2s. 439d., 2s. 440d., 2s. 441d., 2s. 442d., 2s. 443d., 2s. 444d., 2s. 445d., 2s. 446d., 2s. 447d., 2s. 448d., 2s. 449d., 2s. 450d., 2s. 451d., 2s. 452d., 2s. 453d., 2s. 454d., 2s. 455d., 2s. 456d., 2s. 457d., 2s. 458d., 2s. 459d., 2s. 460d., 2s. 461d., 2s. 462d., 2s. 463d., 2s. 464d., 2s. 465d., 2s. 466d., 2s. 467d., 2s. 468d., 2s. 469d., 2s. 470d., 2s. 471d., 2s. 472d., 2s. 473d., 2s. 474d., 2s. 475d., 2s. 476d., 2s. 477d., 2s. 478d., 2s. 479d., 2s. 480d., 2s. 481d., 2s. 482d., 2s. 483d., 2s. 484d., 2s. 485d., 2s. 486d., 2s. 487d., 2s. 488d., 2s. 489d., 2s. 490d., 2s. 491d., 2s. 492d., 2s. 493d., 2s. 494d., 2s. 495d., 2s. 496d., 2s. 497d., 2s. 498d., 2s. 499d., 2s. 500d., 2s. 501d., 2s. 502d., 2s. 503d., 2s. 504d., 2s. 505d., 2s. 506d., 2s. 507d., 2s. 508d., 2s. 509d., 2s. 510d., 2s. 511d., 2s. 512d., 2s. 513d., 2s. 514d., 2s. 515d., 2s. 516d., 2s. 517d., 2s. 518d., 2s. 519d., 2s. 520d., 2s. 521d., 2s. 522d., 2s. 523d., 2s. 524d., 2s. 525d., 2s. 526d., 2s. 527d., 2s. 528d., 2s. 529d., 2s. 530d., 2s. 531d., 2s. 532d., 2s. 533d., 2s. 534d., 2s. 535d., 2s. 536d., 2s. 537d., 2s. 538d., 2s. 539d., 2s. 540d., 2s. 541d., 2s. 542d., 2s. 543d., 2s. 544d., 2s. 545d., 2s. 546d., 2s. 547d., 2s. 548d., 2s. 549d., 2s. 550d., 2s. 551d., 2s. 552d., 2s. 553d., 2s. 554d., 2s. 555d., 2s. 556d., 2s. 557d., 2s. 558d., 2s. 559d., 2s. 560d., 2s. 561d., 2s. 562d., 2s. 563d., 2s. 564d., 2s. 565d., 2s. 566d., 2s. 567d., 2s. 568d., 2s. 569d., 2s. 570d., 2s. 571d., 2s. 572d., 2s. 573d., 2s. 574d., 2s. 575d., 2s. 576d., 2s. 577d., 2s. 578d., 2s. 579d., 2s. 580d., 2s. 581d., 2s. 582d., 2s. 583d., 2s. 584d., 2s. 585d., 2s. 586d., 2s. 587d., 2s. 588d., 2s. 589d., 2s. 590d., 2s. 591d., 2s. 592d., 2s. 593d., 2s. 594d., 2s. 595d., 2s. 596d., 2s. 597d., 2s. 598d., 2s. 599d., 2s. 600d., 2s. 601d., 2s. 602d., 2s. 603d., 2s. 604d., 2s. 605d., 2s. 606d., 2s. 607d., 2s. 608d., 2s. 609d., 2s. 610d., 2s. 611d., 2s. 612d., 2s. 613d., 2s. 614d., 2s. 615d., 2s. 616d., 2s. 617d., 2s. 618d., 2s. 619d., 2s. 620d., 2s. 621d., 2s. 622d., 2s. 623d., 2s. 624d., 2s. 625d., 2s. 626d., 2s. 627d., 2s. 628d., 2s. 629d., 2s. 630d., 2s. 631d., 2s. 632d., 2s. 633d., 2s. 634d., 2s. 635d., 2s. 636d., 2s. 637d., 2s. 638d., 2s. 639d., 2s. 640d., 2s. 641d., 2s. 642d., 2s. 643d., 2s. 644d., 2s. 645d., 2s. 646d., 2s. 647d., 2s. 648d., 2s. 649d., 2s. 650d., 2s. 651d., 2s. 652d., 2s. 653d., 2s. 654d., 2s. 655d., 2s. 656d., 2s. 657d., 2s. 658d., 2s. 659d., 2s. 660d., 2s. 661d., 2s. 662d., 2s. 663d., 2s. 664d., 2s. 665d., 2s. 666d., 2s. 667d., 2s. 668d., 2s. 669d., 2s. 670d., 2s. 671d., 2s. 672d., 2s. 673d., 2s. 674d., 2s. 675d., 2s. 676d., 2s. 677d., 2s. 678d., 2s. 679d., 2s. 680d., 2s. 681d., 2s. 682d., 2s. 683d., 2s. 684d., 2s. 685d., 2s. 686d., 2s. 687d., 2s. 688d., 2s. 689d., 2s. 690d., 2s. 691d., 2s. 692d., 2s. 693d., 2s. 694d., 2s. 695d., 2s. 696d., 2s. 697d., 2s. 698d., 2s. 699d., 2s. 700d., 2s. 701d., 2s. 702d., 2s. 703d., 2s. 704d., 2s. 705d., 2s. 706d., 2s. 707d., 2s. 708d., 2s. 709d., 2s. 710d., 2s. 711d., 2s. 712d., 2s. 713d., 2s. 714d., 2s. 715d., 2s. 716d., 2s. 717d., 2s. 718d., 2s. 719d., 2s. 720d., 2s. 721d., 2s. 722d., 2s. 723d., 2s. 724d., 2s. 725d., 2s. 726d., 2s. 727d., 2s. 728d., 2s. 729d., 2s. 730d., 2s. 731d., 2s. 732d., 2s. 733d., 2s. 734d., 2s. 735d., 2s. 736d., 2s. 737d., 2s. 738d., 2s. 739d., 2s. 740d., 2s. 74

NORTH BRITISH and MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1800.
Incorporated by Royal Charter and Special Acts of Parliament.
Accumulated and Invested Funds £1,125,000.
Annual Revenue £425,001.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Insurances granted both at Home and in Foreign Countries on the most liberal terms.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Every facility offered to Insurers.
90 per Cent. of the profits divided among the Insurers on the participating principle.

The New Life Business transacted in 1862 as follows:

Policies.	Amount Insured.	Premiums.
1867	£768,234	£35,641

Forms of Proposal and every information will be furnished on application at the Office.

LONDON 56 THREADENEEDLE STREET.
NEW BANK BUILDING, LOTHBURY.
West-End Office, 6 WATERLOO PLACE, PAUL MALL.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

LONDON.—71 and 73 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.
Liverpool.—BROWN'S BUILDINGS, EXCHANGE.

Fire—Capital £1,000,000
Life—Capital 100,000

Chairman—F. W. RUSSELL, M.P., Esq. (Chairman of the National Discount Company).
Deputy-Chairman—(Fire)—Mr. Alderman Dakin (Dakin Bros.). (Life)—J. H. Mackenzie, Esq., Gresham House.

Extracts from Fire Company's Report.

Fire Premiums for the first nine months, to December 31, 1862, exceed £25,000
Of which amount, during the last quarter, upwards of £16,000 have been received,
being an increase of 173 per cent. over the second, and 500 per cent. over the first quarter.

The losses are under 4,000
Or 16 per cent. of the net Premiums, after deducting for Re-insurances.

The Balance on the nine months' business is upwards of 11,000
The Insurances on House Property have been 51 per cent. of the Home Insurances. The risks ordinarily termed special being only 9 per cent.

The new Life Premiums for the first six months exceed £14,000, assuring £141,700.
Home and Foreign Fire and Life Insurances at moderate Premiums.

Mercantile Insurances at the reduced rates.
Commission allowed to solicitors and others.

Special features, see Book Prospectus.
WILLIAM PALIN CLEREHUGH, General Manager.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, FLEET STREET, LONDON. Instituted 1863.

Invested Assets £5,000,000
Annual Income 400,000

For Prospectuses and Forms for effecting Assurances, apply to the Actuary, at the Society's Office, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNS, Actuary.
April 1863.

NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.

Instituted 1808, upon the principle of Mutual Assurance.
This Society affords Unusual Advantages to the intending Assurer.
The Rates of Premium are 10 per cent. less than those of most Offices.

The whole of the Profits belong to the Assured.
One-half of the first five Annual Premiums may remain as a permanent charge upon Policies effected for the whole duration of life.

Present Position of the Society.

The Accumulations exceed	£2,000,000
The Amount Assured is upwards of	£5,570,465
Capital in hand	£2,027,863
Annual Income exceeds	£240,000

£2,112,512 have been paid to the representatives of deceased Members during the last Ten Years.

For further information and Prospectus apply at the Society's Office, Surrey Street, Norwich; Crescent, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—Established 1824.

All Persons who effect Policies on the Participating Scale before June 30, 1863, will be entitled at the NEXT DIVIDEND to one year's additional Share of Profits over later Assurers.

Table of Rates, and Forms of Proposal, can be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or of GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Actuary and Secretary.

13 St. James's Square, London, S.W.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE.

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

The Right Hon. Lord TREDEGAR, President.
Wm. Fred. Pollok, Esq., V.P.
James Spicer, Esq., V.P.
John Charles Burgoyne, Esq.
Lord G. H. Cavenish, M.P.
Frederick Cowper, Esq.
Charles Curling, Esq.
Charles Dineley, Esq.

The EQUITABLE, established in 1762, was one of the earliest Offices on the mutual principle.

The entire profits are divisible among its Members, no portion of the same being diverted either for dividends on shares, as in "Proprietary" Offices, or for "Commission" to agents.

During the century of its existence it has paid £16,600,000 in claims, and £15,200,000 for bonuses on the same.

The invested capital, on December 31, 1862, exceeded Five millions sterling.

The reserve at the last "rest," in December 1860, exceeded £750,000, as a basis for future dividends.

Under the Bye-Law of December 19, 1816, the oldest 5,000 policies are admitted to participation in the bonus.

New Assurers in the current year (1863) will be placed among that number after payment of their first premium, and will become entitled to a rateable share in the bonus to be made in December 1869, and in all future benefits of the Office.

SCHEMES OF POLICIES.—The full value is paid on surrender, without any deduction.

LOANS ON POLICIES.—The Directors will make advances on deposit of the Policies.

A Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive proposals for New Assurances; and a Short Account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, at the Office.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA, and CHINA.

Head Office.—20 THREADENEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

Incorporated by Royal Charter. Paid-up Capital, £644,000.

With agencies and branches at Bombay, Kurrachee, Calcutta, Hongkong, Singapore, Hongkong, and Shanghai.

The Corporation buy and sell bills of exchange, payable at the above-named places, issue letters of credit, undertake the purchase and sale of Indian Government and other securities, and receive deposits at interest, the terms for which may be known on application.

CEYLON COMPANY (LIMITED).

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £250,000.

Directors.
LAWFORD ACLAND, Esq., Chairman.
Sir J. D. H. ELPHINSTONE, Bart., M.P.
HARRY GEORGE GORDON, Esq.
GEORGE HIRLAND, Esq.
DUNCAN JAMES KAY, Esq.

Debentures at 5, 10, and 6 per Cent.

The Directors of the CEYLON COMPANY (LIMITED), being authorized by a Resolution of the Shareholders, at the General Meeting of the Company, held in London, April 4, 1863, to borrow a sum of money not exceeding the unpaid portion of their Subscribed Capital, are prepared to issue Debentures for one, three, and five years, at 5, 10, and 6 per cent. respectively, and for longer periods as may be specially arranged.

The Directors are also prepared to invest for Constituents, at Colonial rates, Money on Mortgage in Ceylon and Mauritius, either with or without their guarantee, as may be arranged. Applications for particulars to be made at the Office of the Company, 12 Old Broad Street.

INNS of COURT HOTEL COMPANY (Limited).—Notice is

hereby given that the CERTIFICATES for the SHARES allotted will be ready to be exchanged for the Bankers' receipts on and after the 27th inst.

Applications for the remaining unallotted Shares must be made to the Secretary on or before the 27th inst.

62 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. By Order, H. T. L. BEWLEY, Secretary.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.—FOUR PER CENT. DEBENTURE STOCK.

The Directors are prepared to entertain Applications for Allotments of the Company's PERPETUAL FOUR PER CENT. DEBENTURE STOCK, which is entitled to the same Priority against the Property and Income of the Company as the present Mortgage Debt, ranking before the Consolidated Stock (amounting to £7,453,700), the Guaranteed Four and a Half per Cent. Stock (£164,300), the South-Eastern Annuities (£41,000 per Annum), and the Four and a Half and Five per Cent. Preference Shares (£2,001,200).

The Four per Cent. Debenture Stock is inscribed in the Books of the Company in the names of the Allottees, without payment of Stamp Duty or other expense. The fixed Dividend will commence from the day on which the money is received by the Company, and be paid by Half-yearly Warrants on June 30 and December 31 in each year respectively.

Applications for any amount of the Stock, in sums of £100 and upwards, may be made to the undersigned.

London Bridge Railway Terminus, May 12, 1863. S. SMILES, Secretary.

FURNISH your HOUSE with the best ARTICLES: they

are the cheapest in the end.—DEANE & Co.'s priced FURNISHING LIST may be had on application or post free. This list enumerates the leading articles from all the various departments of their establishment, and is arranged to facilitate purchasers in the selection of goods. It comprises table cutlery, electro-plate, lamps, basins, fenders, fire-irons, iron bedsteads, bedding, Britannia metal, copper, tin, and brass goods, culinary utensils, tannery, brushes, mops, &c.—DEANE & Co., London Bridge. Established A.D. 1760.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE

DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate to the quality, so that it is impossible to make his Establishment more distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads from	12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.
Shower Baths, from	8s. 6d. to £5 0s. each.
Lamps (Moderator), from	6s. 6d. to £3 10s. each.
(All other kinds at the same rate.)	
Pure Colza Oil	4s. 9d. per gallon.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence of workmanship. Bedsteads, from £2 10s. to £3 10s.; iron bedsteads, from £3 10s. to £5 10s.; steel fenders, £3 10s. to £5 10s.; ditto, with rich ornamental standards, from £3 10s. to £5 10s.; chimney-pieces, from £1 10s. to £10 10s.; fire-irons, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING

IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations of his limited Stock of Bedding Silver and Electroplate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, 1044-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Taxis, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room, Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show-Rooms, at 39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman's Yard.

THE JURY of CLASS 30, of the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 1862, in

regarding to SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS, Tucker's Patent, or "SOMMER TUCKER," the ONLY PRIZE Medal or Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description, say in their Report, page 6, No. 2965, and page 11, No. 2914.

"The Sommer Tucker is perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderate in price." "A combination as simple as it is ingenious." "A bed as healthy as it is comfortable."

To be obtained of most respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen, or wholesale of the Manufacturers, WM. SMEE & SONS, Fishmongers, London, E.C.

LE SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF.—The foundation

for all Mattress Bedding should be elastic, and the usual Spring Mattress is too heavy and cumbersome. HEAL & SON'S new Patent LE SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF is made in three separate parts, and is therefore light and portable; it is also cheap and durable; and as it has no stuffing on the top, it cannot harbour moth.

HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, con-

taining Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads, as well as of 150 different articles of Bedroom Furniture, sent free by post.—HEAL & SON, Bedstead, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, Tottenham Court Road, W.

CHUBB'S PATENT SAFES.—the most secure against Fire

and Thieves.
CHUBB'S FIRE-PROOF STRONG-ROOM DOORS.
CHUBB'S PATENT DETECTOR and STREET-DOOR LATCHES.
CHUBB'S CASH and DEED BOXES.

Illustrated Price List gratis and post free.

CHUBB & SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London: Liverpool; Manchester; Wolverhampton.

ECCLIASTICAL and DOMESTIC DECORATION, &c.

HARLAND & FISHER, Ecclesiastical Decorators, &c., and Manufacturers of every description of CHURCH and DOMESTIC MEDIEVAL FURNITURE, Paper Hangings, &c. Designs and Estimates furnished, or an Illustrated Priced Catalogue, upon application.—Show Rooms, 33 Southampton Street, W.C.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

FOR CHURCHES and DWELLINGS.
HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE.—Interior and Exterior Exhibitions, 1862.

An ILLUSTRATED PRICED CATALOGUE, with TREATISE, Post-free, 2s. 6d. WORKS—21 CARDINGTON STREET, HAMSTEAD ROAD, N.W.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.

Wall Lights and Lustres, for Gas and Candles, Table Glass, &c. Glass Dinner Services, for Twelve Persons, from £7 10s. Glass Dessert Services, for Twelve Persons, from £2. All Articles marked in Plain Figures.

Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents. Mess. Export, and Furnishing orders promptly executed.

LONDON.—SHOW ROOMS, 45 OXFORD STREET, W.
BIRMINGHAM.—MANUFACTORY and SHOW ROOMS, BROAD STREET.
Established 1807.

DINING-ROOM and LIBRARY CHANDELIERS for

Candles and Gas, Candelabra, Moderator Lamps, in Bronze, Ormolu, China, and Glass. Statuettes in Porcelain, Vases and other Ornaments.

OSLER, 45 Oxford Street, W.

ALGERIAN ONYX MARBLE.—HOWELL, JAMES, & CO.

respectfully announce that they are NOW EXHIBITING upwards of One Thousand OBJECTS Manufactured of this beautiful MARBLE, which comprehend almost every imaginable variety of Work of Decorative Art, including Clocks, Candelabra, Vases, Gourdons, Inkstands, Tazis, Card Trays, Jardinières, Porte Bouquets, Lamps, Ring Stands, &c. &c. These elegant articles are specially suitable for marriage gifts. H., J., & Co. are the exclusive Agents for the Company, whose representative is in constant attendance at their Establishment—5, 7, & 9 Regent Street.

MINTON, HOLLINS, & CO., Stoke-upon-Trent, beg to inform

Architects, the Gentry, and others, that in consequence of the increasing demand for their Encaustic and Mosaic Pavements, and with the view of facilitating the execution of orders, they have opened an additional SHOW ROOM at their Establishment, 50 Conduit Street, London, where experienced Draughtsmen will be constantly in attendance to afford all information required.

Drawings and Estimates, on the receipt of Plans, will also be promptly furnished on application at the manufactory, Stoke-upon-Trent.

MINTON & CO. take the present opportunity of stating that they have always in stock a large and varied assortment of Tiles suitable for Flower Boxes, Stoves, and other ornamental purposes.

Parcels and Packages to All Parts of the World by

WHEATLEY & CO'S (late Waghorn) Parcel Express, Passenger, and Insurance Agency.

TARIFFS WITH THROUGH RATES TO FIVE HUNDRED PLACES.

Apply at 23 Regent Street, S.W.; Chaplin's, Regent Circus, W.; 156 Cheapside, E.C.; and the Chief Office, 150 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

PENCILS, Black Lead, and Coloured Chalks.—A. W. FABER'S

Polygraph Lead Pencils, sold by all Stationers and Artists' Coloursmen. Sole Agents: HURSTMAN & BROTHERS, 9 Friday Street, London, E.C.

THE ALEXANDRA HAIR WAVE.—A simple and novel

invention for giving a graceful, permanent Wave to the Hair, in the present favourite fashion worn by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Invented by UNWIN & ALBERT, Court Hairdressers, 24 Piccadilly, London, at 1s. the pair; by post 1s. stamps, with illustrated directions.

DUTY OFF TEA.—All Prices reduced Sixpence per pound. Strong to Fine Black Tea, 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s.—**PHILLIPS & COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8 King William Street, City, London, E.C.** All goods carriage free within eight miles. Tea, Coffee, and Spices carriage free to any railway station or market town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards.

E. LAZENBY & SON, Foreign Warehousemen and Family Grocers.—**STRAVBURG and YORKSHIRE FIES.**—York Hams, 1s. 1d. per lb. West-Philadelphia Hams, 1d. per lb. Priced Catalogues, post free.—**Edwards Street, Farringdon Square, London, W. N.B.**—Sole Proprietors of the Receipt for Harvey's Sauce.

SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
Pronounced by Connoisseurs "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE."
None Genuine without Name on wrapper, label, bottle, and stopper.
*² Sold by **CROSSLAND & BLACKWELL; Barclay & Sons; and Grocers and Oilmen generally.**

LIGHT WINES.—Hock, Moselle, Beaujolais, direct from Growers.—**Imperial Wine Company, 314 Oxford Street, W. City Offices, 15 John Street, Crutched Friars, E.C.**

ALLSOPP'S ALE and GUINNESS'S STOUT.—**JOHN F. BROS & Co., Sole Contractors for Bottled Beer to the International Exhibition; Agents for Samuel Allsopp & Son's India Pale and Burton Ales, and Guinness, Son & Co.'s Extra Stout; Importers of Wines and Spirits. Offices and Stores: the Royal Exchange, E.C. The Trade Supplied on Liberal Terms for Cash.**

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—NEW SERIES.—No. XLVI., APRIL 1863.

CONTENTS:
I. AUSTRIAN CONSTITUTIONALISM.
II. THE REFORMATION ARRESTED.
III. RESOURCES OF INDIA.
IV. THE JEWS OF WESTERN EUROPE.
V. LADY MORGAN.
VI. TRUTH versus EDIFICATION.
VII. THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE:—1. Theology and Philosophy.—2. Politics, Sociology, and Travels.—3. Science.—4. History and Biography.—5. Belles Lettres.
London: TRUBNER & Co., 60 Paternoster Row.

On Monday, June 1, will be published No. II., to be continued Quarterly, 8vo. 1s. 6d., or 5s. 6d. per annum post free if paid in advance.

THE ALPINE JOURNAL: a Record of Mountain Adventure and Scientific Observation. By Members of the ALPINE CLUB. Edited by H. B. GEORGE, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford.

CONTENTS:
THE SEDIA JOCH. By H. B. GEORGE, M.A. (with Maps).
THE LAUTERBAAR SATTEL. By Captain CAMPBELL.
THE COL DU MONT BRULE. By Rev. C. H. PIERCE, M.A.
AN EXCURSION IN DAUPHINE. By Rev. T. G. BONNET, M.A.
THE COL DELLE LOCCE. By J. A. HUDSON, B.A.
ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN IN WINTER. By T. S. KENNEDY.
THE MÜNCH. By CORRIE TROTTER, M.A.
REVIEW OF SIR CHARLES LYELL'S Chapters on the GLACIAL PERIOD in his Work on THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.
With other Narratives, and Notes on a variety of subjects.

*² Advertisements intended for insertion are requested to be forwarded by the 23rd inst. to the Publishers,
Messrs. LONGMAN & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Latest Direct Southern War News.

THE INDEX OF MAY 14 contains:
Further Southern Accounts of the Attack on Charleston.
Extracts from the Charleston Papers from 9th to 13th April.
Telegraphic War News in the Southern Papers to 13th April.
The Richmond Press on the recall of the Confederate Commissioners.
Letter from Mobile on Southern War Songs.

THE INDEX is published every Thursday afternoon at 15 Boulevard Street, E.C. 6d. Thanks to arrangements now in successful operation, by which Papers from all parts of the Confederate States are received within from twenty-four to thirty days of their date, the Index is enabled to present, by means of copious extracts, a faithful reflex of the opinions and tone of the South in press, as well as the latest war news direct from Southern sources. Regular correspondents of "the Index" are located in the three principal centres of the Confederate States—at Richmond, Charleston, and Mobile.

THE CONDUCT of the "TIMES" NEWSPAPER in RELATION to the CHURCH of ENGLAND. See the May Number of "THE CHURCHMAN'S FAMILY MAGAZINE." Illustrated, 1s.
London: JAMES HOGG & SONS.

CATHEDRAL of ST. FINN BARR, CORK.—THE BUILDER of this Week contains:—Fine View of Interior of proposed Cathedral for Cork, with Plan. Also, Articles on Japanese Art, with Illustrations, the Architectural Works at the Royal Academy—American Bridges—Recent Excavations in Rome—British Sculptors, Sanitary Matters and other Subjects, and the Art News of the Week. 4d.; or by post, 5d. 1 York Street, Covent Garden; and all Newsagents.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—The Synopsis of Opinion on this highly important question, commenced in "PUBLIC OPINION" of Saturday, May 9, will be continued in the issue of Saturday, May 16. The Number for May 9 has been reprinted, and is now on Sale. To be obtained to order by any Newsvendor, or from the Office, 11 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. 3d.; free by post, 5d.

New Serial. No. 1 on May 20. Published weekly. One Penny.
THE REFLECTOR; a Journal of Useful and Entertaining Reading, consisting of Original Articles on Questions of the Day, and Selections from the Works of Good Authors, on subjects of Interest.
Office of "The Reflector," 22 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
To be had of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.
Crown 8vo. 500 pp. half-bound, 7s. 6d.

THE STANDARD PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Based on the labours of Worcester, Webster, Ozilvie, Richardson, Craig, Goodrich, and other eminent Lexicographers, comprising many thousand new words which modern Literature, Science, Art, and Fashion have called into existence.
*² The above work is being also issued in Seven 1s. Monthly Parts, the first of which was published on May 1.

A Specimen, gratis, will be forwarded on application to any Bookseller.
London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE, Farringdon Street.

WANDERINGS of a BEAUTY. By MRS. EDWIN JAMES.
One Shilling.
London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE, Farringdon Street.

3 vols. royal 8vo. cloth, 22 1/2s.; or half-calf, gilt, 27 1/2s. 6d. With 500 original Illustrations by John Gilbert.

ROUTLEDGE'S SHAKESPEARE. Edited by HOWARD STANTON.

"We have said enough to show our appreciation of Routledge's Shakespeare. For such an edition there is room. The Pen, the Pencil, and the Printer have striven together in honourable rivalry, combining clearness of text, elegance of illustration, and beauty of type. The result is worthy of the labour, and we can say with safe conscience to all who wish to receive or present the Bard in a becoming dress, buy 'Routledge's Illustrated Shakespeare.'—The Times, Dec. 26, 1860.

London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE, Farringdon Street.

1 vol. imp. 4to. 319 pp. with 22 Plates, 31s. 6d.

INTRODUCTION to the STUDY of the FORAMINIFERA.
By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.; assisted by W. K. PARKER, Esq., and T. RUPERT JONES, Esq., F.G.S.

London: Published for the Ray Society by ROBERT HARDWICK, 192 Piccadilly.

Just published, 1s.

ENGLAND'S RELATION with her COLONIES. A Reply to the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P. By the Hon. JOSEPH HOWE, Premier of Nova Scotia.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 Charing Cross, S.W.

New Novel.—Crown 8vo. 400 pp. cloth, 7s. 6d.

JOSEPH ANSTEE; or, The Patron and the Protégé. By D. S. HENRY. "Told with cleverness and spirit. The story is one that will be read with much interest."—Observer, April 10.

London: JOHN WILSON, 93 Great Russell Street, W.

DR. CUMMING'S ANSWER to BISHOP COLENSO.
MOSES RIGHT and BISHOP COLENSO WRONG: being Popular Lectures in Reply to Parts I and 2 of "Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch." By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Complete in 1 vol. cloth, 3s. 6d.
JOHN F. SHAW & Co. Paternoster Row, and Southampton Row.

Fifth Edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
BACON'S ESSAYS, with Annotations. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.
London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

This day, 1 vol. crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. Reprinted from "Fraser's Magazine."
London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

This day, 8vo. 6s.
TOWN and COUNTRY SERMONS. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

By the same Author.
NATIONAL SERMONS. 2 vols. Second Edition, 10s.
THE GOOD NEWS OF GOD. Third Edition, 6s.
SERMONS FOR THE TIMES. Third Edition, 3s. 6d.
VILLAGE SERMONS. Sixth Edition, 2s. 6d.
London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

This day, Third Edition, 5s.
ANDROMEDA, and other Poems. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

By the same Author.
THE SAINTS' TRAGEDY. Third Edition, 5s.
MISCELLANIES. Second Edition, 2 vols. 12s.
YEAST: a Problem. Fourth Edition, 2s.
London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

This day, demy 8vo. 15s.
A TREATISE on the CONTINUED FEVERS of GREAT BRITAIN. Illustrated by Coloured Plates, Diagrams, &c. By CHARLES MURCHISON, M.D., F.R.C.P., Senior Physician to the London Fever Hospital, and Assistant-Physician to Middlesex Hospital.
London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

This day, 8vo. 12s. the Fourth and concluding Volume of
THE HISTORY of ENGLAND during the REIGN of GEORGE THE THIRD. By WILLIAM MAHET, M.P. Vol. I. to III. 12s. each.
London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

DR. WORDSWORTH on the RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT in ITALY.
2 vols. post 8vo. 15s.

TOUR in ITALY. By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster.
RIVINGTONS, Waterloo Place, London.

Now ready, small 8vo. 2s. 6d.
THE LIFE of MOSES, in a Course of Village Lectures, with a Preface Critical of Bishop Colenso's Work on the Pentateuch. By the Rev. T. THORNTON, M.A., Curate of Gorborne, Lancashire, and Fellow of the University of Durham.
RIVINGTONS, Waterloo Place, London.

Third Edition, corrected, with Appendix incorporated, 21s.
A COPIOUS PHRASEOLOGICAL ENGLISH-GREEK LEXICON, founded on a work prepared by J. W. FAZLERSHOFF, Ph. D., of the Taylor Institution, Oxford. Revised, enlarged, and improved by the Rev. T. K. ARNOLD, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Haverly Browne, M.A., Vicar of Fennyway, and Rector of Chichester.

A Prospectus, with Specimen Page, may be had of the Publishers.
RIVINGTONS, Waterloo Place, London.

Just published, 1 vol. 12mo. 12s. pp. 2s. 6d.

WILLIAM and RACHEL RUSSELL; a Tragedy, in Five ACTS. By ANDREW MUNCH. Translated from the Norwegian, and published under the special sanction of the Poet, by JOHN HENRIK BERG.
"The drama before us is worthy of the subject, which it treats with both power and skill."
Dial.

"Very well done."—Globe.
TRUBNER & Co., 60 Paternoster Row, London.

ARCHITECTURAL ART.
Now published, 1s.

A LECTURE on the CONDITION and PROSPECTS of ARCHITECTURAL ART. Delivered at the Architectural Museum by A. J. B. BRESFORD HOPE, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., President. Published by request.
London: JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

This day, crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

WHAT IS FAITH? A Reply to Dr. Bayley's Challenge to Dr. Colenso. A Letter addressed to the Rev. Joseph Bayley, D.D., St. Aidan's College, and to all Theologians and Divines, Roman Catholics as well as Protestant. By A. B. a Layman. This Letter raises a new and startling question, namely, whether Revealed Truth is indeed incomprehensible, and whether God ever expected men to believe without understanding. The author maintains that it is a downright absurdity to say that Truth of any kind, natural or revealed, is incomprehensible; that Truth is to the understanding exactly what light is to the eye, and that Revealed Truth in particular is so simple and easy that it was understood by illiterate fishermen, and is revealed to children and babes, and is only hidden from the wise and learned, in whom preconceived ideas and prejudices hinder the perception of truth.
London: Printed and Published for the Author by ROBERT HARDWICK, 192 Piccadilly.

Fifth Edition, 1 vol. large 8vo. 35s.

THE LAW of CONTRACTS. By C. G. ADDISON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Treating of Sales, Warranties, Mortgages, Landlord and Tenant, Works and Services, Building Contracts, Bailments, Charter Parties, Carriers, Insurance, Suretyship, Agency, Partnership, Public Companies, Bills, Notes, &c.
London: STEVENSON, SONS, & HAYES, Bell Yard, Lincoln's Inn.

Second Thousand, cheaper Edition, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

THE DIVINE LITURGY: a Manual for the Altar Office; from Ancient Sources. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. A few Copies of the Edition on toned paper, with Plate, remain, 3s. 6d.

London: MASTERS, Aldersgate Street, and New Bond Street.

MR. HARVEY ON DEAFNESS.
Just published, Third Edition, 2s. 6d.; post free, 3s. stamps.

THE EAR in HEALTH and DISEASE, and on the Prevention of Deafness. By WM. HARVEY, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Soho Square.

Just published, Third Edition, 1s.; post free, 1s. stamps.
On DEAFNESS and NOISES in the EAR, arising from Rheumatism, Gout, and Neuralgic Headache.
REXHAM, 356 Strand, W.C.

Just published, crown 8vo. cloth, 2s.

THE PENTATEUCH and its RELATIONS to the JEWISH and CHRISTIAN DISPENSATIONS. By A. NORTON, late Prof. of Sacred Hist. Harvard Univ. Mass. U.S. Edited by J. J. TAYLOR, B.A., Principal of Manchester New College, London.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

THE REV. DR. HOWSON'S HULSEAN LECTURES.
Preparing for publication.

ON the CHARACTER of ST. PAUL; being the Hulsean Lectures for 1862. By the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool; Joint-Author of the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul;" Author of an Essay on "Deaconesses."
London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.
Cambridge: DEIGHTON, BELL, & Co.

Now ready, 8vo. cloth, 10s.; or with a Memoir on Northumberland prefixed, cloth, 12s.

MISCELLANIES—HISTORICAL and BIOGRAPHICAL; being a Second Series of "Lectures, Essays, and Reviews." By W. SIDNEY GIBSON, M.A. of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, F.S.A., F.G.S., &c.
London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

Just published, 1 vol. post 8vo. cloth, 5s.

THE HOUSE OF SCINDEA: a Sketch. By JOHN HOPE, late Superintending Surgeon of Scindea's Contingent, and Surgeon to the Court of Gwalior.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

Just published, 8vo. cloth, 6s.

CHRISTIANITY and COMMON SENSE. By Sir WILLOUGHBY JONES, Bart., M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

NEW EDITION OF PROF. HALL'S WORK ON CALCULUS.

Now ready, post 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

A TREATISE on the DIFFERENTIAL and INTEGRAL CALCULUS, and the CALCULUS of VARIATIONS. By THOMAS G. HALL, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in King's College, London; Prebendary of St. Paul's; and late Fellow and Tutor of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Sixth Edition, carefully revised.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

NEW, GREATLY IMPROVED, and CHEAPER EDITION OF BUTLER'S MODERN ATLAS, with 4 ENTIRELY NEW MAPS.

Now ready, royal 8vo. half-bound, 10s. 6d.; or, royal 4to. (full size of the Maps) cloth, 10s. 6d.

AN ATLAS of MODERN GEOGRAPHY. By the Right Rev. S. BUTLER, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Lichfield, and formerly Head Master of Shrewsbury School. New Edition, enlarged to Thirty-three full-coloured Maps, drawn and engraved on Steel by E. WELLES, F.R.G.S.; accompanied by a complete Alphabetical Index. Edited by the Author's Son, the Rev. T. BUTLER, M.A., F.R.G.S., Rector of Langur.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

COMPLETION OF DR. KALISCH'S HEBREW GRAMMAR.

Now ready, 8vo. cloth, 12s. 6d.

A HEBREW GRAMMAR, with Exercises. By M. M. KALISCH, Ph.D., M.A. Part II. *The Exceptional Forms and Constructions;* preceded by an Essay on the History of Hebrew Grammar.

* Part I. *The Outlines of the Hebrew Language, with Exercises;* being a Practical Introduction to the Study of Hebrew, 12s. 6d. The work complete in 2 vols. 25s.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

GALBRAITH AND HAUGHTON'S SCIENTIFIC MANUALS.

Now ready, fcp. 8vo. sewed, 3s.; or cloth, 3s. 6d.

MANUAL of ARITHMETIC; Fourth Edition, carefully revised, containing 2000 Examples. By Rev. J. A. GALBRAITH, M.A., and Rev. S. HAUGHTON, M.A., F.R.S., Professors in the University of Dublin. Also, Improved Editions of the following Manuals by the same Authors:—

MECHANICS 3s. PLANE TRIGONOMETRY 3s.
ASTRONOMY 3s. ALGEBRA, Part I. 5s.
HYDROSTATICS 3s. EUCLID, 2 Parts, each 5s.
OPTICS 3s. MATHEMATICAL TABLES 3s.

Or Sixpence more each Manual in cloth lettered.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

THE REVISED CODE.

On Wednesday next will be published Part I., 9d., and Part II., 1s., to be followed in a few days by Part III., and completed without delay in SIX PARTS.

THE GRADE LESSON BOOKS, in Six Standards; each embracing Reading, Spelling, Writing, Arithmetic, and Exercises for Dictation. Especially adapted to meet the requirements of the Revised Code. By E. T. STAVENS, Associate of King's College, London; and CHARLES HOLE, Head Master, Loughborough Collegiate School, Brixton, late Master of St. Thomas's Collegiate School, Colombo, Ceylon.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Lately published, 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

A BRIEF EXAMINATION of PREVALENT OPINIONS on the INSPIRATION of the SCRIPTURES of the OLD and NEW TESTAMENTS. By a LAY MEMBER of the Church of England. With an Introduction by HENRY BRISTOW WILSON, B.D., Vicar of Great Staughton, Hunts.

The object of this work is to show, from discrepancies observable in the Pentateuch and Gospels, and from mistakes in opinion and reasoning discoverable in the Apologetical

Epistles, that the theory of the absolute and universal infallibility of Scripture is untenable.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

NEW WORK by PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL, F.R.S.

Crown 8vo. with 101 Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

HEAT considered as a MODE of MOTION: a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By JOHN TYNDALL, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution.

"Beyond question the best and clearest. Force been so admirably set forth. That motion, heat, electricity, and magnetism respectively produce and are produced by one another, may be well known to us as a theory; but here we have it proved and illustrated by hundreds of experiments and examples, arranged in such a manner that they conduce to an inevitable conclusion."—*Lancet*.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

Now ready, crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION of FAITH critically compared with the Holy Scriptures and found wanting; or, a New Exposition of the Doctrines of the Christian Religion, in Harmony with the Word of God, and not at Variance with Modern Science. By JAMES STARR, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

Just published, 12mo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

WHARTON'S COMPLETE SOLUTIONS of EVERY CLASS of EXAMPLES in ALGEBRA; forming a complete Course on the subject, and calculated to facilitate and extend the study of Mathematics as a Logical Course. By J. WHARTON, B.A., M.C.P., late Mathematical Examiner for the College of Preceptors.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

On Tuesday next will be published, 8vo. 15s. a New and thoroughly revised

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY of ENGLAND, since the Accession of George III. 1760-1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C.B.

* The Second Volume may also be had, 18s., and the work complete in 2 vols. 33s.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

MR. READE'S NEW POEMS.

Next week will be published, with Portrait on Steel,

THE LAUREATE WREATH, and other POEMS. By JOHN EDMUND READE.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Just published, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

JOURNAL of a RESIDENCE on a GEORGIAN PLANTATION in 1836 and 1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

Now ready, post 8vo. cloth, 6s. 6d.

HISTORY of FEUDALISM, BRITISH and CONTINENTAL. By ANDREW BELL, Author of the "Imperial Dictionary," &c. New Edition, with Examination Questions and Introductory Essay by CYRUS R. EDMONDS.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

HURST & BLACKETT'S ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR MAY.

LOST and SAVED. By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. 3 vols. [Now ready.]

TRAVELS on HORSEBACK in MANTCHU TARTARY: being a Summer's Ride beyond the Great Wall of China. By GEORGE FRANKS. 1 vol. royal 8vo. with Map and 50 Illustrations. [Next week.]

ADVENTURES and RESEARCHES among the ANDAMAN ISLANDERS. By Dr. MOCAT, F.R.G.S., &c. 8vo. with Illustrations.

RESPECTABLE SINNERS. By Mrs. BROTHERTON, Author of "Arthur Brandon." 3 vols.

ALSO, NOW READY,

LIFE AMONG CONVICTS. By the Rev. CHARLES B. GIBSON, M.R.I.A., Chaplain in the Convict Service. 2 vols. 21s.

"A very interesting account of convict life. It deserves to be carefully read."—*The Reader*. "All concerned in that momentous question, the treatment of our convicts, may peruse with interest and benefit the very valuable information and the very useful suggestions laid before them by Mr. Gibson, in the most pleasant and lucid manner possible."—*Gen.*

HISTORY of ENGLAND, from the ACCESSION of JAMES I. to the DISGRACE of CHIEF JUSTICE COKE. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDNER, late Student of Christchurch. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

POINTS of CONTACT BETWEEN SCIENCE and ART. By His Eminence CARDINAL WISEMAN. 8vo. 5s.

HEROES, PHILOSOPHERS, and COURTIERS of the TIME of LOUIS XVI. 2 vols. 21s.

"A book which no one can read without interest. It is well written, animated, and vivid; and has something interesting to say of almost every celebrity of the days of Louis XVI."—*Star*.

THE LAST DECADE of a GLORIOUS REIGN. Completing "The History of Henry IV., King of France and Navarre." From Original and Authentic Sources. By M. W. FREER. 2 vols. with Portraits, 21s.

THE LIFE of EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London; illustrated by his Journal and Correspondence. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Second Edition, revised. 2 vols. with Portrait.

MEMOIRS of CHRISTINA, QUEEN of SWEDEN. By HENRY WOODHEAD. 2 vols. with Portrait, 21s.

THE REAL and the IDEAL: Poems. By ARTHUR LLEWELLYN. Bound, 5s.

NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

HEART and CROSS. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland." 1 vol.

"A delightful work. The interest of the narrative is preserved from the opening to the closing page. It cannot fail to add to the reputation of the author, and is in many respects so charming that it would in itself suffice to make a reputation for any writer."—*Post*.

LIVE IT DOWN. By J. C. JEAFFRESON. Third Edition, revised. 3 vols.

"This story will satisfy most readers: it is full, well considered, and well worked out. The plot is broad, and the interest goes on increasing to the last page. It is by far the best work of fiction Mr. Jeaffreson has yet written. The episode of 'Little Fan,' the physician's daughter, may take its place beside 'Little Dombey' for its pathos."—*Athenaeum*.

CECIL BEAUMONT. By the Hon. C. STUART SAVILE.

"A pleasant, well-written book. The style throughout is animated, and the scenes and characters described are full of freshness and vigour."—*Gen.*

THE DESERTED HOUSE of HAWKSWORTH. 3 vols.

"A novel of absorbing interest, closed by a denouement as unexpected as it is elaborate and consistent. The work is valuable as vividly illustrating female character and passion; and it everywhere presents undoubted traces of a highly cultivated intellect, united with subtle powers of reflection and analysis, and with the skill of a well-practised pen."—*Post*.

TRUE AS STEEL. By WALTER THORNHURST. 3 vols.

"A clever book; full of genuine feeling."—*Saturday Review*.

This day, New Editions, at all Booksellers and Railway Stalls throughout the country.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NO NAME."

THE WOMAN in WHITE. 6s.

THE DEAD SECRET. 5s.

ANTONINA. 5s.

HIDE and SEEK. 5s.

QUEEN of HEARTS. 5s.

BASIL. 5s.

Each Volume handsomely bound in cloth, with a Steel Engraving from Drawings by John Gilbert, Esq.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON, & CO., 47 LUDGATE HILL.

NEW BOOKS TO ASK FOR AT THE LIBRARIES. READY THIS DAY.

WAYFE SUMMERS: a Novel. By THOMAS ARCHER. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

ARABIAN DAYS and NIGHTS. Rays from the East. A Narrative. By MARCERTE R. POWERS. Post 8vo.

THE KING'S MAIL: a Novel. By H. HOLL, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON, & CO., 47 LUDGATE HILL.

Royal 8vo. 1s.

THE INSECURITY of BRITISH PROPERTY in PERU.

Imprisonment of a British Subject.
Contempt of British Authority.
Bad Faith and Fraud in the Administration of the Law.
Persecution endured in the Attempt to obtain Justice.

An Appeal to the Representatives of the British Nation. By HENRY DE WOLFE CANNELL.

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

Demy 8vo. 2s. 6d.

EILER and HELVIG. A Danish Legend. By Mrs. GEORGE LENOX CONYNGHAM.

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

Demy 8vo. 1s.

COMMENTARY on the MERCHANT of VENICE. By FRANÇOIS VICTOR HUGO. Translated, with the permission of the Author, by EDWARD L. SAMUEL.

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. with Atlas in folio, 30s.

ITALIAN IRRIGATION; a Report Addressed to the Hon. the Court of Directors of the East India Company, on the Agricultural Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy; with a Sketch of the Irrigation System of Northern and Central India. By Lieut.-Col. DAVID SMITH, C.B.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IN-DOOR PLANTS, and HOW to GROW THEM. For the Drawing-room, Balcony, and Greenhouse. Containing clear Instructions by which Ladies may obtain, at a small expense, a constant Supply of Flowers. By E. A. MALING. New and cheaper Edition, 1s.

* * An Edition on fine paper, bound in cloth gilt, with coloured Frontispiece, may be had, 2s. 6d.

By the same Author,

FLOWERS for ORNAMENT and DECORATION, and HOW to ARRANGE THEM. With coloured Frontispiece, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

SONG BIRDS, and HOW to KEEP THEM. With coloured Frontispiece, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE: containing a Familiar Description of Diseases, their Nature, Causes, and Symptoms, the most approved Methods of Treatment, and the Properties and Uses of Remedies, including many New and Valuable Medicines, with Directions for Preparing them, and Rules for the Management of the Sick Room. Expressly adapted for Family Use. By JOHN GARDNER, M.D., of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. Second Edition, revised and enlarged, with numerous Illustrations, demy 8vo. 12s.

[In a few days.]

AGNES of SORRENTO. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c. New and cheaper Edition, fep. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

[Now ready.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of LUTFULLAH, a Mohamedan Gentleman (chiefly resident in India), and his Transactions with his Fellow Creatures: interspersed with Remarks on the Habits, Customs, and Character of the People with whom he had to deal. Edited by EDWARD B. EASTWICK, F.R.S., F.S.A. New and cheaper Edition, fep. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

[Now ready.]

NEW NOVELS.

CHESTERFORD. By the Author of "A Bad Beginning." 3 vols. post 8vo.

[Nearly ready.]

FORBIDDEN FRUIT. 2 vols. post 8vo.

[Nearly ready.]

ADRIAN L'ESTRANGE; or, Moulded out of Faults." 1 vol. post 8vo.

[Nearly ready.]

ARROWS in the DARK. By the Author of "Said and Done." 1 vol. post 8vo.

[Ready.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. By Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," &c. (Reprinted from "All the Year Round.") 1 vol. post 8vo.

[Ready.]

THE STORY of ELIZABETH. (Reprinted from the "Cornhill Magazine.") With 2 Illustrations. 1 vol. post 8vo.

[Ready.]

SYLVIA'S LOVERS. By Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Life of Charlotte Brontë," &c. Third Edition, 3 vols. post 8vo.

[Ready.]

SRIRMISHING. By the Author of "Who Breaks Pays," "Cousin Stella," &c. 1 vol. post 8vo.

[Ready.]

A SIMPLE WOMAN. By the Author of "Nut-Brown Maids," &c. 1 vol. post 8vo.

[Ready.]

THE MOORS and the FENS. By F. G. TRAFFORD, Author of "Too Much Alone," "City and Suburb," &c. New Edition, with 5 Illustrations, crown 8vo. 5s.

[Nearly ready.]

AFTER DARK. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," &c. New Edition, with 5 Illustrations, crown 8vo. 5s.

[Now ready.]

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65 CORNHILL.

MR. BENTLEY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

DIARY of a PEDESTRIAN in CASHMERE and THIBET. By Captain KNIGHT. Demy 8vo. with many Lithographs and Woodcuts.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES. A popular Edition, with 2 Illustrations, 6s.

THE LIFE of FATHER LACORDAIRE. By the Count DE MONTALEMBERT.

AN ERRAND to the SOUTH in the SUMMER of 1862. By the Rev. W. W. MALEY.

THE THIRD and CONCLUDING VOLUME of WASHINGTON IRVING'S LIFE and LETTERS. Post 8vo.

* * This Work is Copyright, and Booksellers are hereby cautioned against any infringement of such Copyright.

A SECOND EDITION of SIRENIA; or, Recollections of a Past Existence. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

NARRATIVE of the LATE WAR in NEW ZEALAND. By Lieut.-Col. CAREY, Deputy Adjutant-General. Post 8vo. with an Illustration. [On Monday.]

INCIDENTS of the LAST MAORI WAR. By Col. Sir JAMES E. ALEXANDER. Post 8vo. with an Illustration and Map, 10s. 6d. [Ready this day.]

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

TEA CULTIVATION, COTTON, and other AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTS in INDIA: a Review. By W. NASSAU LEECH, LL.D., Calcutta. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

SALE of WASTE LANDS, and the IMMIGRATION of LABOUR in INDIA: the Resolutions, Regulations, Despatches, and Laws relating thereto. Compiled by W. NASSAU LEECH, LL.D., Calcutta. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

THE POLISH CAPTIVITY. By SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, Author of "Russians at Home." 2 vols. 8vo. with Illustrations, 26s.

THE HORSES of the SAHARA and the MANNERS of the DESERT. Containing the Origin of the Arab Horse—the Barbs—Weight carried by African Horses—Breeds—the Sire and Dam—Rearing and Breaking-in—Diet—Grooming—Coats—Variety of Colours—On Choosing Horses—Shoeing—Harness—the War Horse—War between Desert Tribes—Usages of War—Ostrich Hunting—Gazelle Hunting—the Greyhound—Hawking—the Chase, by Abd-el-Kader—the Camel—the Sheep—Life in the Desert—the Arab Aristocracy, &c. &c. By General E. DAUMAS. With Commentaries by the Emir ABD-EL-KADER. Translated from the French by JAMES HUTTON. 8vo. 15s. 6d.

THE NATIONALITIES of EUROPE. By Dr. R. G. LATHAM. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.

THE ILLUSTRATED HORSE DOCTOR: an Account of the various Diseases to which the Equine Race are subjected, the latest Mode of Treatment, and all the requisite Prescriptions in plain English. By EDWARD MAYHEW, Esq., M.R.C.V.S. A Book which should be in the possession of all who keep Horses. Third Edition, 8vo. with 400 Illustrations, 18s. 6d.

A COURSE of ELEMENTARY MATHEMATICS. By J. R. YOUNG, formerly Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College. Second Edition, 8vo. 64s. closely-printed pages, 12s.

"By far the best elementary course of mathematics in our language."—London Review.

A GAZETTEER of INDIA, compiled from Documents at the India Office, and other Official Returns made in India. By EDWARD THORNTON. 1 large closely-printed vol. with Map, 21s.

THE HISTORY of INDIA. Containing a copious Glossary of Indian Terms, and a complete Chronological Index of Events. By EDWARD THORNTON. 1 closely-printed 8vo. vol. 12s. Students who have to pass an examination in the History of India will find Mr. Thornton's the best and cheapest volume to consult.

NEW MAP of INDIA—1863. 5ft. 6in. high, 5ft. 8in. wide, in a case, £2 12s. 6d. This Map, which has been drawn by Mr. John Walker, Geographer to the India Office, from the latest Surveys executed by order of the Government of India, indicates the Railways and Telegraphs made and in progress; it also shows the British Territories subdivided into Districts or Collectorates, and the position and boundary of each Native State.

ALLEN'S INDIAN MAIL and OFFICIAL GAZETTE, issued weekly, supplies all the Government Orders, Promotions, Appointments, Removals, &c., to the latest date, together with a complete summary of events, all local, individual, domestic, and other news which is likely to interest residents at home. Subscription, 24s. a-year, post free; specimen copy, 6d.

LONDON: WM. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

AN OFFERING to LANCASHIRE.

Just published, 300 pp. 5s.

SOMETHING NEW; or, Tales for the Times. Edited by EUSTACE W. JACOB, late Captain 90th Regiment.

"A charming story book."—Naval and Military Gazette.
"Something New" is worth buying."—Hampshire Chronicle.

EMILY FAIRFAX, Victoria Press, 31a Farringdon Street.

Just published, fep. 8vo. 33s. pp. 8s. 6d.

PHILIP of KONIGSMARKT, and POEMS. By MARESCO PEARCE.

BASIL MONAGU PICKERING, 106 Piccadilly, W.

Third Edition, 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ORACLES from the BRITISH POETS: a Drawing-room Table Book and pleasant Companion for a Round Party. By JAMES SMITH.

VIRTUE BROTHERS & CO., 1 Amen Corner.

Just out, 8vo. with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

DR. HARLEY on JAUNDICE, its Pathology and Treatment; and on DISEASES of the LIVER and PANCREAS. WALTON & MARESCU.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON.

Immediately, 2 vols. fep. 8vo.

DENISE. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori."

Just ready, crown 8vo.

LEGENDS of the LINTEL and the LEY. By W. S. DENDY, Esq.

Fep. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

MILDRED'S LAST NIGHT; or, the Franklyn. By the Author of "Aggesden Vicarage."

"A very pleasant, well-written, High Church novelette. The story is well put together, and really contains a secret which is very fairly veiled from the penetration of the reader."—*Spectator*.

Fep. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

GLIMPSES into PETLAND. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

"In this book Mr. Wood introduces us to a variety of new and pleasant acquaintances. Cats and dogs, of course, are there; and anecdotes of their intelligence never tire us; but there is also a less usual pet in the shape of a chameleon, which is very interesting. Tortoises and toads, a leopard and a porcupine, are thrown in promiscuously, and even spiders and butterflies claim their share of attention."—*Guardian*.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

KATIE; or, the Simple Heart. By D. RICHMOND, Author of "Annie Maitland." Illustrated by M. J. Booth.

"It is a book that may with confidence be placed in the hands of little maidens, and we are quite sure that even without the charming illustrations the tale itself will be read with pleasure and profit."—*Daily News*.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

CHURCH STORIES. Selected and Revised by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., Editor of the "Parish Magazine." Containing "Winnie Barton," "Nature's Nobleman," "How Ben Cliffe Changed his Mind," "God's Hammer."

"Everything that bears the stamp of Mr. Erskine Clarke's name is sure to be sound, strong, and manly. There are tales of working men's lives, which for truth, and pathos, and simplicity of diction we have seldom seen equalled."—*Guardian*.

Second Edition, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE OLD FOLKS from HOME; or, a Holiday in Ireland. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY.

"Far too readable, and even amusing, to pass without notice; English people may be very well content that their country should be presented in Ireland by such tourists."—*Saturday Review*.

Fep. 8vo. 6s.

THE HOME LIFE of ENGLISH LADIES in the SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford," "Romance and its Hero," &c.

"It contains matter of much general interest."—*Athenaeum*.

Second Edition, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

DOMESTIC LIFE in PALESTINE. By M. E. ROGERS.

"Possesses the great merit of being, not the work of a mere writer-tourist hurrying over the ground, with an imperfect acquaintance with the language of the inhabitants, but of one who has resided and felt at home amongst the scenes described, and who has enjoyed the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with the inner life of the tent and the harem."—*Examiner*.

Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 9s. 6d.

SERVIA and the SERVIANS. By the Rev. W. DENTON, M.A.

"Valuable to students of ecclesiastical antiquities, as well as to those who desire to compare national peculiarities."—*English Churchman*.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS about THINGS: being Essays on Schools, Riches, Statues, Books, Place and Power, the Final Cause, &c.

"This is no ordinary book. Its quaint humour and its recondite anecdotes would alone make it worth perusal."—*Farthermore*.

8vo. 12s.

The EARLY and MIDDLE AGES of ENGLAND. By C. H. PEARSON, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and Professor of Modern History, King's College, London.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

Fep. 8vo. 5s.

BALLADS and SONGS. By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

"The already acquired reputation of Miss Parkes entitles anything bearing her name to welcome and consideration."—*Reader*.

Fep. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE STORY of QUEEN ISABEL; and other Verses. By M. S.

"Real insight into feeling and character, and a power to express both by touches as subtle as they are true. . . . Full of graphic details, which appear no less to the eye than to the mind. . . . The point of tragic terror is here reached and without straining. . . . Some of the minor poems are not less healthy than sweet."—*Athenaeum*.
"A gem of price. There is hardly a line in this little volume that can be read without pleasure, and not one of the poems it contains which does not bear witness to the faculty divine."—*Westminster Review*.

Fep. 8vo. half-morocco, Roxburgh binding, 5s. 6d.

THE ODES and CARMEN SÆCULARE of HORACE. Translated into English Verse by JOHN CONINGTON, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford.

"Before opening the volume we can guess the characteristics of it. There will be true and faultless renderings, for the Author's vocation is to discern sound interpretations from unsound; commensurate metres, for the Professor knows Horace so well, that he would think it sin to err in less or more; and accurate rhymes, for Mr. Conington's ear is known to be sensitive and fastidious."—*Literary Times*.

First Series, Seventh Edition, Fep. 8vo. 5s.; Second Series, Third Edition, Fep. 8vo. 5s.

LEGENDS and LYRICS. By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

"Rich in beautiful thoughts, beautifully expressed."—*Museum*.

In a few days, crown 8vo.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY of the PEN-TATEUCH VINDICATED. By the Rev. DANIEL MOORE, Incumbent of Camden Church, Camberwell.

Fep. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

A MANUAL for COMMUNION CLASSES and COMMUNICANT MEETINGS. Addressed specially to the Parish Priests and Deacons of the Church of England. By C. PICKERING CLARKE, M.A., Author of "The Acts and Writings of the Apostles."

4to. cloth, gilt edges, 18s.; or coloured, 31s. 6d.

BRITISH BEETLES. Transferred in 259 Plates from Curtis's "British Entomology;" with Descriptions by E. W. JAXSON, Esq., Secretary of the Entomological Society.

4to. 803 Figures, cloth gilt, £3 2s.

BRITISH SEAWEEDS. Drawn from Professor Harvey's "Phycologia Britannica," with Descriptions in Popular Language. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY.

"Those who are acquainted with Mrs. Gatty's 'Parables from Nature,' and especially with her delightful 'Parables about Red Snow,' need not be told that the literary part has been ably executed by a competent and loving observer. In her present work, she has endeavoured, and we think most successfully, to translate the terms and phrases of science into the language of amateurs. Mrs. Gatty's familiarity with the plants themselves has enabled her to do this office without falling into the errors to which a mere compiler, in departing from a beaten track, would be liable."—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HALCYON; or, Rod Fishing with Fly, Minnow, and Worm. To which is added a short and easy Method of Dressing Flies, with a Description of the Materials used. By HENRY WADE, Hon. Sec. to the Wear Valley Angling Association. With 8 Coloured Plates, containing 117 Specimens of Natural and Artificial Flies, Materials, &c., and 4 Plates illustrating Fishing, Baiting, &c.

"By selecting the best portions from the various works extant, and simplifying the descriptions, Mr. Wade has succeeded admirably in his task of clearly and concisely describing all the paraphernalia of the angler."—*Bell's Life*.

Fep. 8vo. 6s.

THE SCHOLE MASTER. By ROGER ASCHAM. Edited, with Notes and a complete Glossary, by the Rev. J. S. B. MAYOR, M.A.

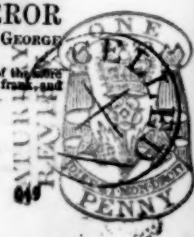
"It is a book already sufficiently appreciated by scholars and antiquarians, but one with which general English readers have little opportunity to make acquaintance."—*English Churchman*.

Fep. 8vo. 6s.

THE THOUGHTS of the EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by GEORGE LONG, M.A.

"A work which has always been a favourite with those scholars who travel out of the beaten classical track, and such have always found a peculiar charm in his calm, frank, and unadorned pages."—*Guardian*.

LONDON: BELL & DALDY, 186 FLEET STREET.



NOTICE.—*THE SCHOOLMASTER* of *ALTON*, a Novel, by *Kenner Deene*, Author of "*The Dull Stone House*," will be published in a few days.

"A publication well worth your having."—*WILKINSON'S LETTERS TO PIER* (Lynn, Vol. III.)

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA:

A Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Manufactures, Commerce, History, Geography, Biography, and General Literature.

Eighth Edition, 91 vols. 4to. Illustrated by upwards of 5000 Engravings on Wood and Steel, £25 4s.; or half-bound russet, £31 10s.

A complete Index, published separately, forms a ready and useful Key to the contents. Cloth, 8s.; or half-bound russet, 12s. 6d.

EDINBURGH: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

WORKS ON BOTANY

By *J. H. BALFOUR*, A.M., M.D., F.R.S.S. L. & E.

Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, and Regius Keeper of the Royal Botanic Garden.

MANUAL of BOTANY: an Introduction to the Study of the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants. Crown 8vo. pp. 700, with 229 Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

CLASS-BOOK of BOTANY: being an Introduction to the Study of the Vegetable Kingdom. 8vo. pp. 1114, with 1800 Illustrations, price 31s. 6d.

The same may also be had in Two Parts.

PART I. STRUCTURAL and MORPHOLOGICAL BOTANY. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

PART II. Comprising the ELEMENTS of VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, CLASSIFICATION, BOTANICAL GEOGRAPHY, and FOSSIL BOTANY. With a Glossary of Terms. 8vo. 21s.

THE BOTANIST'S COMPANION; or, Directions for the Use of the Microscope, and for the Collection and Preservation of Plants. With a Glossary of Botanical Terms. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

OUTLINES of BOTANY. New Edition, revised and enlarged, designed for Schools and Colleges. Illustrated with nearly 600 Woodcuts, pp. 712, fcp. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

FLORA of EDINBURGH: being a List of Plants found in the Vicinity of Edinburgh, with Map. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

EDINBURGH: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK. LONDON: LONGMAN & CO.

CHEAP EDITION OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."

Now ready, a New and Cheaper Edition, 1 vol. 6s.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By the Author of "*Aurora Floyd*." [Ready.]

Now ready, a New and Cheaper Edition, 6s.

BARREN HONOUR. By the Author of "*Guy Livingstone*." [Ready.]

Nearly ready, a New Work on the Artificial Culture of Fish, entitled,

FISH HATCHING. By *FRANK BUCKLAND*. [Now ready, at all the Libraries, 3 vols.]

TAKEN UPON TRUST. By the Author of "*Recommended to Mercy*." [Ready.]

Now ready, the 2d. Edition of

GUY LIVINGSTONE. By the Author of "*Barren Honour*," "*Sword and Gown*."

AURORA FLOYD. By the Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*." The Fifth Edition is now ready at all the Libraries, 3 vols.

Ready this day, 3 vols. revised, corrected, and Four Chapters added.

CAPTAIN DANGEROUS. By *GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA*.

A TANGLED SKEIN. By *ALBANY FOWLER*. 3 vols. [Now ready.]

THE HOUSE by the CHURCHYARD. By *J. SHERIDAN LE FANE*. 3 vols.

LONDON: TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

Mr. NEWBY has this day published, 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

YESTERDAY and TO-DAY; a Sequel to "*Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Political*." By *CYRUS REDDING*.

"For half a century and upwards *Cyrus Redding* has occupied a prominent place amongst men of letters, and been on terms of personal intercourse with our most celebrated literateurs and politicians. He was intimately acquainted and in correspondence with *Levis, Wolcott, Topham, Sheridan, Lockhart, Canning, Lamb, Scott, Wilson, Hoger, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Lady Morgan, Leigh Hunt, &c.* and with *Cuvier, Lamour, Suchet, Du Houre, Schlegel, De Stael, Montemont, Humboldt*, and other distinguished foreigners. A portion of his experiences and his chat were given in his '*Fifty Years' Recollections*,' but he reserved, like a skilful general, for the present Sequel to that work (which is appropriately entitled '*Yesterday and To-day*,' his principal observations and most racy anecdotes."—*Globe*.

T. C. NEWBY, 30 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.

Now ready, crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE POLITICS of CHRISTIANITY. By *EDWARD MIALLE*. ARTHUR MIALLE, 18 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

This day, complete, 2s.

THE DUKE'S MOTTO. The popular Drama at the Lyceum Theatre is founded upon this tale. London: Ward & Lock, 156 Fleet Street.

This day is published, 1s.

THE CORRELATION OF THE NATURAL HISTORY SCIENCES.

The "Rede" Lecture

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE-HOUSE BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE ON TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1863.

By *D. T. ANSTED*, M.A., F.R.S.

Late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge; Honorary Fellow of King's College, London, &c.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE.

This day is published, fcp. 8vo. cloth, 3s.

THE SUBJECTION OF THE CREATURE TO VANITY.

THREE SERMONS

PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE IN LENT 1863.

To which are added

Two Sermons preached at Cambridge on Special Occasions.

By *RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH*, D.D.

Dean of Westminster, and of the Order of the Bath.

MACMILLAN & CO., CAMBRIDGE; and PARKER, SON, & BOURN, LONDON.

NEW WORK BY THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

This day, handsomely printed in small 8to. with 2 Illustrations by *J. Noel Paton*, R.S.A., and Initial Letters to each Chapter, 7s. 6d.

THE WATER BABIES:

A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby.

By the Rev. *CHARLES KINGSLEY*.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. HENRY KINGSLEY.

Nearly ready, 2 vols. crown 8vo.

AUSTIN ELLIOT.

By *HENRY KINGSLEY*,

Author of "*Ravenshoe*," &c.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE.

NEW VOLUME OF THE GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.

This day, handsomely printed in 18mo. with Vignette by *J. Noel Paton*, R.S.A., and Initial Letters to each Story; extra cloth, 1s. 6d.; morocco, 7s. 6d.; extra, 10s. 6d.

THE FAIRY BOOK.

The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew by the Author of "*John Halifax, Gentleman*."

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE.

Just ready, 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth, 21s.

WAR PICTURES FROM THE SOUTH.

By *B. ESTVÁN*, Colonel of Cavalry in the Confederate Army.

With Portraits of

JEFFERSON DAVIS.	GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON
GENERAL JOHNSTONE.	" R. LEE.
" BEAUREGARD.	" HENNINGSEN.
" McCLELLAN.	" BURNSIDE.

AND PLANS OF BATTLES.

LONDON: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE, FARRINGTON STREET.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

REVISED TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

CLASS A.

For all Books in the Library, including the New Works as they appear,
One Guinea per Annum.

CLASS B.

For recent Works, the first demand for which has subsided,
Half-a-Guinea per Annum.

CLASS C.

For the Standard and other Books in the Class C Catalogue,
Five Shillings per Annum.

The Class C Catalogue comprises a large and varied selection of Works published before January 1862.

The Terms of Subscription to the London Book Society; the City Office; and the Branch Establishments, with List of Surplus Copies of recent Works withdrawn for Sale, will be forwarded, postage free, on application.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

This day is published, 1s.

THE WAR IN POLAND, 1830-31.

By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L.

A Chapter from his "History of Europe from the Battle of Waterloo to the Accession of Louis Napoleon."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

2 vols. 18s.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE IN THE SPENSERIAN STANZA.

By PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, M.A.

Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

"If the translator has produced a work which, having caught the spirit of the poem, can delight those to whom the original is a sealed book, he can desire no higher praise; and this praise belongs jointly to Mr. Worsley. . . . He has pleased in the hands of English readers a poem which deserves to outlive the present generation."—*Edinburgh Review*, April 1863.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

This day is published, fcp. 8vo. 5s.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

By PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, M.A.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Dedicated by Special Permission to Her Majesty.

THE ROYAL ATLAS

OF

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

IN A SERIES OF ENTIRELY ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC MAPS.

By A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.

Author of the "Physical Atlas," &c.

With a complete Index of easy reference to each Map separately, comprising nearly 150,000 Places contained in the Atlas.

Imperial Folio, half-bound in Russia or Morocco, £5 15s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

RE-ISSUE OF

LORD ST. LEONARDS'S**HANDYBOOK ON PROPERTY LAW.**

Seventh Edition; to which is now added,

A Letter on the New Laws for obtaining an Indefeasible Title.

With a Portrait of the Author, engraved by Holi.

Now ready, 3s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Lately published, with Map, demy 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A VISIT TO THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ CANAL WORKS.

By GEORGE PERCY BODGER.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65 CORNHILL.

NEW WORK ON NEWFOUNDLAND.

Now ready, crown 8vo. with Map and 4 Engravings, 5s. 6d.

LIFE AND WORK IN NEW-FOUNDLAND:

Reminiscences of Thirteen Years spent there.

By the Rev. JULIAN MORETON,

Colonial Chaplain at Labuan; late Missionary at Greenspond, Newfoundland.

RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

VINDICATION OF OLD TESTAMENT PROPHECY.

This day, 8vo. 14s.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BOOK OF DANIEL,

And other portions of Holy Scripture; with a Correction of Profane and an Adjustment of Sacred Chronology.

By W. R. A. BOYLE, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister.

RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

Royal 8vo. 6s.

THE FINE ARTS' QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Edited by B. B. WOODWARD,
Librarian in Ordinary to the Queen.

[PART I. in a few days.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 103 PICCADILLY.

MR. THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE'S NEW NOVEL.

3 vols. post 8vo.

GIULIO MALATESTA:

A Novel.

By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE,

Author of "La Beata," "Marietta," &c.

[Next week.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 103 PICCADILLY.

NEW SPORTING NOVEL.

3 vols. post 8vo.

CHARLIE THORNHILL:

Or, THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

A Novel.

By CHARLES CLARKE,

[On Monday.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 103 PICCADILLY.

NEW WORK IN PROSE, BY OWEN MEREDITH.

2 vols. post 8vo.

THE RING OF AMASIS.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A GERMAN PHYSICIAN.

Edited by OWEN MEREDITH.

[Nearly ready.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 103 PICCADILLY.

NEW NOVEL BY MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

2 vols. post 8vo.

FALSE POSITIONS.

By Mrs. OSBORNE.

[Nearly ready.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 103 PICCADILLY.

1 vol. post 8vo.

STRANGE THINGS AMONG US.

By H. SPICER.

[Next week.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 103 PICCADILLY.

DYCE'S SHAKSPEARE.

New Edition, in the press, to be complete in 3 vols. demy 8vo.

THE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Edited by the Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE.

This Edition is not a mere reprint of that which appeared in 1837; on the contrary, it will present a text very materially altered and amended from beginning to end, with a large body of critical Notes almost entirely new; and with a Glossary, in which the language of the poet, his allusions to customs, &c., will be fully explained.

A Volume will be published every alternate Month.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 103 PICCADILLY.

To be completed in Twelve Monthly Parts, each 5s.

THE FARM HOMESTEADS OF ENGLAND.

A Collection of Plans of English Homesteads existing in different Districts of the Country,

Carefully selected from the most approved Specimens of Farm Architecture, to illustrate the Accommodation required under Various Modes of Husbandry; with

A Digest of the Leading Principles Recognised in the Construction and Arrangement of the Buildings.

Edited by J. BAILEY DENTON, M. Inst. C.E., F.G.S.

Engineer to the General Land Drainage and Improvement Company.

PART I. is published this day.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 103 PICCADILLY.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S

'NEW ROOMS, 50 NEW BOND STREET.

PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, NEW AND SECOND-HAND,
FOR SALE OR HIRE.

ALEXANDRE'S PRIZE EXHIBITION MODELS.

No. 1.—FOR THE CHURCH.

With Thirteen Stops, Four Rows of Vibrators; with the addition of the new Venetian Swell, worked by the heel of the right foot, by which means a *crescendo* can be produced without the use of the Expression Stop. Oak Case. Price 32 Guineas; or without the Swell, 30 Guineas. Also, in Rosewood, at 35 Guineas.

No. 2.—FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

In Handsome Rosewood Case, with Percussion Action, and Fourteen Stops. This Instrument, finished in a style superior to any other kind, the whole of the interior mechanism being French polished, is consequently more calculated to withstand the effects of dust and damp. It has a Venetian Swell worked by the heels, thus doing away with the knee Pedals, which are sometimes objected to by Ladies. Price 60 Guineas.

These Instruments gained the Prize Medal, with the following award:—"Novelty of construction of Harmoniums, cheapness, combined with excellence of manufacture, and fine quality of tone."

CHAPPELL & CO.'S NEW PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL'S NEW TWENTY GUINEA PIANOFORTE, with check action. French Mahogany Case. Compass 6½ octaves, C to A. This Instrument has only just been brought to perfection at a Foreign Factory, expressly built with the view of making a really superior Instrument at the lowest price possible. It has the very best Check Action, the Full Compass, is made in hard and durable wood, and is in all respects a nice piece of Furniture as well as a perfectly satisfactory Pianoforte. Messrs. Chappell strongly recommend it as superior in all respects to Second-hand or other Cheap Instruments; the advantage to pupils in practising on a good Pianoforte, with a perfect touch, will be found inestimable; and the price is so low as to be only attainable by the best machinery in a part of France where skilled labour is plentiful and cheap.

CHAPPELL'S FOREIGN PIANINO: a very elegant Pianoforte, of small size, but with the full compass, check action, and perfect touch; admirably adapted to small rooms, yachts, boudoirs, &c. Excellent for keeping in tune; and the cheapest Pianoforte with check action yet made. Price 25 Guineas in Mahogany; 26 Guineas in Rosewood or Walnut; ditto, with Ornamental Fret, 27 Guineas. Height, 3 ft. 4 in.

CHAPPELL'S ORIENTAL MODEL PIANOFORTES.—No. 1. Size, 4 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 1 in.; height, 3 ft. 10 in. Compass, 6½ oct. C to A. Neat case, with square fall, 35 Guineas. No. 2. Size, 4 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 3 in.; height, 4 ft. Compass, 6½ oct. C to A. Handsome case, 45 Guineas net cash. The above Instruments are thoroughly secured, and are constructed of solid mahogany. They are of such excellent manufacture throughout, that they are confidently recommended as being admirably adapted for India and for the Eastern Empire generally. The price includes (1) packing-cases of tin and wood; (2) a suitable tuning hammer or key; (3) a tuning fork; (4) some additional strings; (5) a Book on Tuning and Preserving the Instrument; (6) and the carriage to the Docks.

CHAPPELL'S ENGLISH MODEL COTTAGE PIANOFORTE.—To amateurs preferring the pure English tone of the BROADWOOD and COLLARD quality, the English Model will be found the most perfectly satisfactory instrument at a moderate price. The action is of the same simple description as the above makers', and therefore especially adapted to the country, where the more complicated actions are objectionable to the tuners. In elegant Rosewood Case, with full Fret (similar in all respects to other instruments at 50 Guineas), price 35 Guineas. In best Walnut (similar to other 60 Guineas instruments), 40 Guineas.

An immense Stock of Second-hand Pianofortes and Harmoniums.

Descriptive Lists sent on Application.

SOLE AGENTS FOR ANTOINE COURTOIS' CORNETS-À-PISTONS, TROMBONES, EUPHONIUMS, &c. &c.; ALSO FOR ALBERT'S CLARINETS AND THE SICCAMO FLUTE.

Military Bands supplied with every necessary. Drawings of Instruments, &c., sent on application.

CHAPPELL'S STANDARD WORKS.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S EDITION of BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS, carefully fingered and edited, complete in 3 vols. 21s. each; or separately, 3s., 4s., or 5s. each Sonata.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S EDITION of MOZART'S SONATAS, carefully fingered and edited, complete in 2 vols. 21s. each; or separately, 3s., 4s., or 5s. each Sonata.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S EDITION of MENDELSSOHN'S LIEBES OHNE WORTE, carefully fingered and edited, complete in 1 vol. 10s. 6d.; or separately, Books 1, 2, 3, each 1s.; ditto 4, 5, 6, each 5s.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S EDITION of BEETHOVEN'S FAVOURITE AIRS with Variations, carefully fingered and edited, complete in 1 vol. 2s.; or separately, from 2s. 6d. to 5s. each.

RIMBAULT'S NEW SINGING TUTOR. Adapted from the valuable work of Lablache. 5s.

RIMBAULT'S HARMONIUM TUTOR. A concise and easy Book of Instruction for this popular instrument, adapted to Sacred and Secular Music. 5s.

CHURCH HARMONIUM, with Two Rows of Keys. Just published, a GUIDE to the USE of the NEW ALEXANDRE CHURCH HARMONIUM with TWO ROWS of KEYS; to which is added, a Selection of Pieces by Classical Masters, expressly arranged for this instrument by Dr. RIMBAULT. 5s.

NEW SACRED WORK for the HARMONIUM.—Twenty-five Full or Concluding Voluntaries for the Harmonium, selected from the works of Mozart, Haydn, Handel, &c., and expressly suited to small Churches and Chapels. By Dr. RIMBAULT. 4s.; in cloth, 5s.

50 OPERATIC MELODIES for the PIANOFORTE. 1s. Being No. 41 of CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE. Just published, post free, 1s. 2d.

RIMBAULT'S 100 PSALM and HYMN TUNES for the HARMONIUM, selected from the most eminent Church Composers. 4s.; cloth, 5s.

RIMBAULT'S 100 Original INTERLUDES for the HARMONIUM, adapted to the Psalm and Hymn Tunes in common use, composed and arranged expressly for the Harmonium by Dr. RIMBAULT. 4s.; cloth, 5s.

RIMBAULT'S 200 CHANTS by the best Church Composers, ancient and modern; selected from the Books of the various Cathedrals, and arranged expressly for the Harmonium, by Dr. RIMBAULT. 4s.; cloth, 5s.

RIMBAULT'S 50 SHORT VOLUNTARIES for the HARMONIUM, expressly suited to small Churches and Chapels. 4s.; cloth, 5s.

BOOTH'S WESLEYAN PSALMIST. New Edition of this celebrated work. The Organ or Pianoforte Score, 15s.; cloth, 21s. Separate Voice Parts—Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass—each 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

NAVA'S CLASSICAL FAVOURITES, selected from the works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Rossini, and Weber, arranged for the Pianoforte. Just published:

No.		s.	d.
1.	Kyrie Eleison, 18th Mass, Mozart	3	0
2.	March from Okeana, Weber	2	6
3.	Gloria in Excelsis, 18th Mass, Mozart	3	0
4.	Andante, Symphony C Minor, Beethoven	2	6
5.	La Fugheria, Moet in Egitto, Rossini	2	6
6.	Benedictus, Requiem, Mozart	3	0
7.	Prisoners' Chorus, Fidelio, Beethoven	3	0
8.	Andante, 7th Symphony, Haydn	2	6
9.	Benedictus, 18th Mass, Mozart	3	0
10.	Andante, 1st Symphony, Beethoven	3	0
11.	Agnus Dei, 1st Mass, Mozart	2	6
12.	With verdure clad, "Creation," Haydn	2	6

100 IRISH MELODIES for the PIANOFORTE.

1s. Being No. 42 of CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE. Just published, post free, 1s. 2d.

100 SCOTCH MELODIES for the PIANOFORTE.

1s. Being No. 43 of CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE. Just published, post free, 1s. 2d.

SATURDAY
REVIEW

LONDON: CHAPPELL & CO., 50 NEW BOND STREET, W.

Printed by GEORGE ANDREW SPOTTISWOODE, at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by DAVID JONES, at the Office, No. 28 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, May 16, 1863.